

VOLUME I.

OCTOBER, 1910

NUMBER I.

Ourselves

"A Magazine for Cheerful Canadians."

PETER McARTHUR

EDITOR

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OURSELVES PUBLISHING COMPANY

PETER McARTHUR, Editor

F. W. SUTHERLAND, Sec.-Treas.

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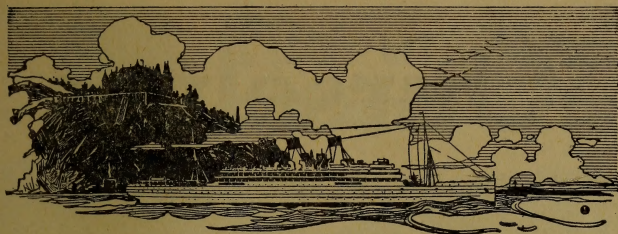
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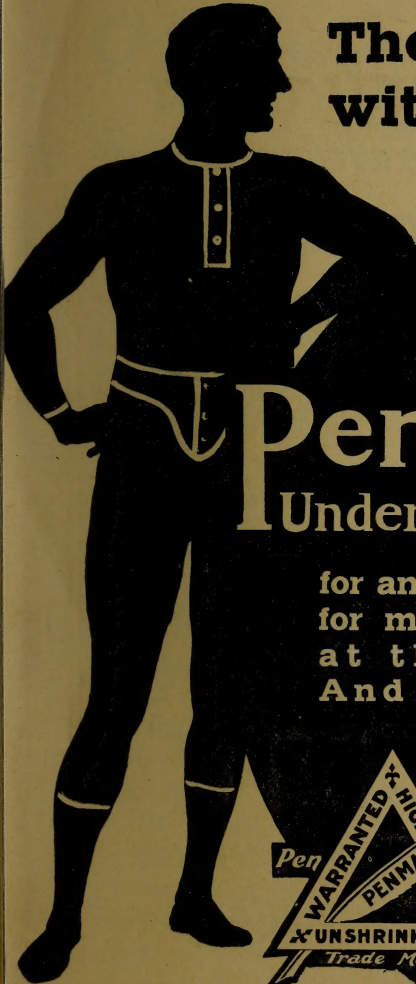
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OURSELVES

"A Magazine for Cheerful Canadians"

VOL. I.

OCTOBER, 1910.

NO. 1.

¶ THE MONTHLY TALK

This is a word for word report of a political argument I heard one day :

"He didn't !"

"He did !"

"He didn't !"

"He did !"

Two of our leading citizens, a Liberal and a Conservative (they are really too important to be called a Grit and a Tory), were having a quiet talk at the post office when one of them made a remark about the conduct of a certain public man. Neither of them knew anything about him except what he had learned from a party paper, but they both boiled over at once. Though they were standing close enough to be able to talk in the deaf and dumb language they began to yell at the tops of their voices.

"He didn't !"

"He did !"

Now this little argument, in its close-packed brevity, interested me more than would a debate by a couple of party leaders. It showed such conviction, such settled opinions on the part of each man that I

thought, as they are both personal friends, I might by a little study get some insight into politics. I may as well confess that as far as politics is concerned I am strangely lacking. I have never seen an election that I did not feel about it as the wife of a Western Ontario pioneer did when she saw her husband fighting with a bear. She said reflectively :

"I don't know as I ever see a fight where I cared so little which won."

After waiting for at least a week so that they would have time to cool down I quietly began my investigations. First I called on my good friend Summersox, the Liberal. Of course I didn't raise the question of politics at once. I wanted to find out how strong his political feelings were as compared with his other feelings.

I began by making a slurring remark about the church to which he belongs.

With the most considerate patience, but without a trace of anger or annoyance, he defended his church and his religious views. I would have felt ashamed of myself and probably would have apologized if he had shown any real feeling. He treated his religious views as something that two gentlemen might disagree about without quarreling.

I next tried him on his pride of family.

He laughingly admitted that some of his ancestors were probably hanged and that most of them should have been. In fact he seemed to feel that a graft of deviltry on the family tree was rather amusing, if not something to be proud of. Then he went on to whisper

things about his wife's relatives that were positively scandalous. It was quite evident that he could not be deeply moved on the score of family pride.

Then I gently criticized the record of the Liberal party in regard to the tariff.

Whew ! As Hosea Bigelow says :

"You'd fancy the eternal bung was loose."

He called me everything that he could put his tongue to. He raved and roared for ten minutes without stopping to take breath. In fact he treated me as if I were an idiotic nincompoop. I stood it as long as I could and then got up and went away mad, and he yelled things at me as far as I could hear down the road.

After I had cooled down myself I went and called on my friend Doodlecum, the Conservative. Although my interview with Summersox was a failure the scientific spirit is strong in me and when I once start out to learn about a thing it takes more than a few harsh words to stop me. I adopted the same comparative method in sounding Doodlecum.

The slur I made on his church simply prompted him to criticize it severely himself. As a matter of fact he'd like to see a number of reforms put through, and above all he'd like to fire the present minister. I didn't find out till afterwards that the present minister is a Grit.

When I tried him on his family pride he went into a fit of blues and confessed how hard it was for a man to maintain a respectable position in society with such a family history as he had.

Then I criticized the Naval Policy of the Conservative party.

What followed was very hurried and feverish. Before he had said half of what he wanted to say I reached over and yanked him from the feed-box where he was sitting. I frisked all over his person with my farm boots, rolled him in the puddle beside the watering trough and then deliberately plugged his ears full of blue mud. No man is going to call me a pin-headed cross between a kangaroo and a rib-nosed baboon and get away with it while my fighting weight stands at one hundred and sixty and my wind is good. I wot not.

* * *

This little dip into the psychology of politics convinced me of two things. First, I was forced to the conclusion that politics as it affects most people is a form of mental disease to which we all have a hereditary tendency and that when once caught it is incurable. In the experiments I made I found that you can safely insult a man's religion and family, but you must be respectful to his politics.

I also discovered that I suffer from certain infirmities of temper that make it impossible for me ever to be a politician.

In spite of all this I am forced to take a real interest in politics, for I expect to cast my first vote in the next election. This is not because I am just coming of age, unless you use the term in the sense of some of the ancient republics where a man did not come of age until he was forty-five. I have never voted because before leaving Canada I wandered around so much

that I did not give a vote time to ripen. In the States I did not take out citizenship papers but continued to be a Canadian. The only time I ever had a vote was in England, and I was so impressed by the circumstances that I could not use it lightly. As I knew nothing about the questions involved in the town election at which I was entitled to vote, and had no time to learn, I did not vote. There was something quietly dramatic about the discovery that I had a vote that tempts me to record the incident.

* * *

One day when out walking on Harrow Hill I turned in at the old church to enjoy the view and the historic associations. This is one of the sacred places of British civilization, not because of the church that was built in the eighth century, or earlier, but because a schoolboy once used to lie on a flat tombstone while he looked out over the treetops in the little valley to the west, and dreamed dreams. It was here that Lord Byron spent his "Hours of Idleness."

On the day I have in mind I was chiefly interested in the old church. In a way its history is interwoven with that of the Empire. In the foundations of the pillars there are Roman bricks that date back almost to the time of Caesar. The church that was built here was one of the first Christian churches on British soil. The tower was originally a fortress and the slot-like loopholes for bow-men or musketeers are still to be seen. These reminded me of the fact that churches were not originally sacred, but public buildings, and only the chancel was consecrated

to religious services. The rest of the building was used as a court-room, market-place, or assembly room, just as the town hall of every municipality is now.

It is of interest that some of the civil customs still persist and I was delighted to find that the Harrow church serves one of its old uses. On the door I found the voters' list, where it had been tacked in compliance with some law governing the purity of the ballot. It seemed strangely appropriate. This old stronghold may have seen many a battle for human freedom, and here on the stout door, the voters' list, our very modern guarantee of freedom was securely tacked. Perhaps this old tower had once served as a place of refuge for the serfs when harried by some plundering over-lord, or it may have protected some baron fleeing from the anger of a people made desperate by their wrongs. And now in an age of peace its door is used to proclaim the right of humble citizens to say by whom and how they shall be governed. The stones of this old church have seen the struggle for freedom that has stretched through the centuries since the time when the Roman eagles flew over our seat of the Empire. It has been a long struggle, but as he who was once a schoolboy out there sang, with immortal authority :

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won."

While stirred by these thoughts and appreciating to the full the significance of those little pages tacked to

the church door, I began to read over the names of the voters. . Imagine my surprise on finding my own name in the list. There it certainly was. Though working in London, my residence was in Harrow, and I had a right to vote. It was with strange emotions I went home from my walk, realizing that for the first time I was a fully empowered citizen of the Empire. The impression can never pass from me and it will never be possible for me to regard my vote lightly. Discovering my privilege in that way I also realized my responsibilities. My vote is a sacred trust that has come to me through struggle and bloodshed, and I must use it as a sacred trust. And yet my vote is no more sacred than any other man's.



¶ JIM COOK'S VOTE

Though all votes are equally sacred, all votes are not equally important. By no means. When an election is on, the high are made low, and the low are made high. I am told on the best authority that when an election is at hand the party managers get together in the back room of a saloon or the classroom of a church, or wherever such men meet, and go over the voters' list. As the names are put in alphabetical order, Mr. Abou Ben Adhem, the righteous and virtuous, comes first as usual. What about him?

"Aw, he don't count. He's sure to vote the Grit ticket, just as his father did before him. Scratch off his name!"

Another highly respected name is read off.

"Scratch off Mr. Ollie Alright" says a voice of authority. "He is a Tory, as all his folks are. No one needs to bother about him."

In that way all the outspoken, important citizens are dealt with. They are sure to vote, and to vote in a known way,—and consequently their votes are of no importance.

But how about Jim Cook?

Now we are getting down to business! Nobody knows how Jim will vote. He is a half-witted citizen who does chores around the village. We simply must get Jim's vote or else the other fellows will get it. A committee is appointed right there to look after Jim Cook. Exactly the same little comedy is gone through with by the managers of the other party, where they have met in the back room of another saloon or classroom. Jim Cook's vote is so important that two committees have to be appointed to get control of it.

* * *

In the last election it was my privilege to watch the comedy of getting Jim Cook's vote from start to finish. Just after the Jim Cook committees had been appointed, the Reeve, who was a member of the Tory committee, was coming up town when he spied the object of his care.

"Hello, Jim," he called cheerily, addressing him for the first time since he had needed his vote for his own election. But Jim was too simple-minded to notice such neglect. He sunned up instantly.

"Hello, Dan."

"Are you busy today?"

"Yes, I got quite a lot to do today. I got to clean out the box-stall at the livery and—a lot of other things."

In a way Jim was vaguely fond of work. That is, he liked to have something in sight to do so that if anyone came along and offered him a job of real work he would have an excuse for refusing. When the Reeve spoke to him in that cheery way he suspected real work, and lied about the box-stall job as readily and instinctively as a child.

"Oh, there's no hurry," said the Reeve, with a touch of relief in his voice. "Our back yard needs cleaning up, and I thought you might like to earn a dollar by doing it. But there's no hurry. Any time you are not busy will do." He had dealt with Jim before and knew how useless it was to secure his favor too early in the campaign. Jim was entirely lacking in what Croker, of Tammany Hall, called the great political virtue of staying bought. He had no memory and he always voted with the man who had been good to him last. Of course, he was such a leaky vessel that he could not be bought in the usual straight-forward way of passing him two dollars. He had to be fawned upon and flattered like the sovereign voter he was. The Reeve was really glad that Jim was not ready to go to work at once. It was enough to have him on the string. He could attend to him later.

The arrangement also suited Jim to a dot. He had the honor of having a job to do for the Reeve, and

there was no hurry about doing it. When the completeness of his good luck dawned on him his big moon face glowed with pleasure, and he started up town about a block behind the Reeve.

Now the leading grocer was the chairman of the Grit Jim Cook committee, and he hailed Jim's approach with real pleasure.

"Hello, Jim."

"Hello, Bert."

"Busy today?"

"Yes, I am. I got a job to clean up the Reeve's back yard."

"Well, I'm in no hurry, but I thought you might like to make a dollar by cleaning out the cistern for me. It has been dry all summer and it won't be a hard job. After you have cleaned the Reeve's back-yard you come and clean my cistern." The grocer winked at himself as he closed this deal, for he, too, knew the advantage of being the last man to be in Jim's good graces. Jim went on up town so happy he walked past a lot of old friends without noticing them. Two jobs on hand, one for the Reeve and one for Elder Brown, and both so far away in the future that he had no need to worry! The pay would be sure when he did the work and he was in a position to refuse all work that might be offered to him by common people! He was full of these happy reflections when he reached the post office, where Al Hyse was just in the act of taking a chew of Mule Ear tobacco.

"Hello, Jim."

"Hello, Al."

"Have a chaw."

"I don't care if I do." Mule Ear was Jim's favorite "chewin'," though it seldom came his way. He took a bite worthy of so important an occasion and started to hand back the plug.

"That's all right," said Al in his largest manner, "just keep that Jim. I laid in five pounds of it last night."

Five pounds of Mule Ear ! Gee Whizz ! Al Hyse was surely a man worth standing in with. Of course, it goes without saying that Al was a member of the Tory Jim Cook Committee.

Only a little was lacking to make Jim's cup overflow and it was not lacking long. He had barely softened the edges of his cud when Sim Bremner and Hank Black slanted across the street towards the American House. Both were members of the Grit Jim Cook committee.

"Hist ! Jim !"

Jim looked around slowly. He caught Hank Black's eye.

Hank winked significantly and jerked his thumb towards the side door of the bar. Jim obeyed the summons with surprise but without hesitation.

From that time on life for him was one grand sweet song. I don't know that I ever saw anyone who had things come his way more delightfully than Jim did, unless, perhaps, a member of parliament just before the appropriations are voted on. To see a new member and a lobbyist together at such a time is a touching sight. While the head waiter has

the towel-covered bottle of champagne between his knees and is drawing the cork the emotion-shaken lobbyist leans over and tells how happy he is—and there is a little choke of joy in his voice as he tells it. He never knew what friendship meant, and life was as flat as a bran-mash to him before he won the friendship of Mr. Gladdened Hand, M.P. Oh, yes, it is a touching sight, but unfortunately in the end it is ourselves, the taxpayers, who get touched.

Of course, they overdid the thing, but it was a close riding and as there was a fellow of the Jim Cook stripe in practically every polling division the energies of both parties were centered on their votes. As for Jim, he took everything that was coming to him. He sat in the front window of the American House with his feet up on the window sill, chewing Tory Mule Ear tobacco and sweating out Grit beer and developing an independent spirit.

Hardly a day passed but a new favor came his way. A member of one Jim Cook committee or the other would be sure to have a ticket for a circus or a ball game that he did not need, and Jim saw that it was not wasted. Both sides had Jim's pledge of support at least fifty times since the campaign began. He had cheered for both parties, according to which committee it was that took him to the political rally. On such occasions the scorn with which he looked at all members of the other party was fine and convincing to people who did not know Jim, but on the following night he might be found at another rally scorning his previous friends and tearing a lung loose cheering for some new

political hero. It was all very discouraging to the practical men who look after such matters.

On the day before the election a desperate move was decided upon. The Tory Jim Cook Committee decided to kidnap their charge and keep him in seclusion until voting time. Al Hyse took the job in hand.

"I say, Jim," he remarked after passing over another plug of Mule Ear, "I just feel like playing hookey and getting out of town till all this election fuss is over. I know of a quiet little place where they have plenty of good beer on tap and no one around."

"Gee, that would be fine!"

"Well, say, suppose you and I leg it the same as we used to when kids."

As Jim was still in the child stage of development the idea swept him off his feet.

"Great. When will we start?"

"Oh, we mustn't be seen going together. You sneak out of town quietly and hide in the bushes at the other side of the saw mill. I'll be along with my fast driver by four o'clock, and we'll skip out."

Prompt to the minute Jim was at the appointed place, full of mystery and excitement. Al took him straight to an old road-house of ancient evil repute, known as "The Deadfall." It was located seven miles from town and they could rest there in peace until Jim was needed. It was a beautiful plan and would have worked all right if it had not been the yearly practise to kidnap him and Elder Brown was not taken by surprise. He had hired Willie Carsons to shadow Jim for a week before the election. Willie was twelve years old

and took to sleuthing as kindly as a sick kitten to a hot brick. He kept Jim in sight during his waking hours and when he spied on the meeting at the old mill he stole a bicycle and kept close to the fugitives. Luckily it was a Grit bicycle he took or an otherwise promising political career might have been nipped in the bud by a term in the reformatory. As it was Elder Brown squared matters with the owner of the bicycle and proceeded to circumvent the enemy. About midnight the occupants of "The Deadfall" were roused by the telegraph operator from a neighboring village who brought a message for Al.

"Come home at once. The Jersey fell in the well. —Mother."

The Jersey cow was Al's most treasured possession and he had been talking of having that well fixed for a year, for fear she might fall in. Perhaps his wits were scattered by the amount of drinking he had to do to keep the now seasoned Jim Cook in condition, but he never hesitated a minute. He got out his fast trotter and burned the distance home. When he found his wife asleep and the Jersey safe he did not need to be told what had happened. He swore for a while and then put up his horse and went to bed. Of course, no one could prove that it was Elder Brown who had forged the telegram, or that it was his eldest son dressed in a woman's clothes who had passed himself off to the new telegraph operator as Mrs. Hyse. Such things as forgery and impersonation are merely jokes to both parties when an election is on. Everybody seems agreed that such things must be at every famous victory.

Jim closed his period of high life by coming to the polls in an automobile, while such excellent citizens as Mr. Abou Ben Adhem and Mr. Ollie Alright trudged afoot and took his dust. Everybody knew how they would vote and their votes were unimportant, compared with Jim Cook's.

Why was Jim Cook's vote so important? Simply because no one knew how he would vote. If a respectable citizen took the position that he would vote only for the man who would give good public service, both parties might give him pledges that they would have to live up to if they expected a continuance of his support. I don't know, but it seems to me that "those of us who have good wits" might get just as much fun out of our votes as Jim Cook did out of his. If even the boys who are coming of age when I am, made up their minds to be independent they might accomplish much good and have lots of fun putting bent pins on the seats of the mighty. In any case I do not intend to let my vote be so unimportant that it will be scratched off by the political workers. It seems to me there is a moral to this Jim Cook story though I am not enough of a politician to set it down in so many words. What do you think about it?

A couple of days later the Reeve sprained his ankle kicking Jim Cook off his place because he needed money to keep up the pace at which he was living and had started to clean up the backyard. It seems to me that there is a moral connected with this also.

THE PEOPLE'S EDITORIAL

Condensed and edited from letters by a farmer, a school-teacher, a man of leisure and a factory manager. As nearly as the Editor could make it, this is the sum of their opinions :

It is in small towns that the value of manufacturing companies is most thoroughly understood and the action of mergers most keenly felt. The small company, organized by local men and using local capital is, when successful, a blessing to the whole community. The local woolen mill, flax mill, canning factory, flour mill, sugar beet refinery or what not, gets its raw material from the surrounding country. It uses local labor, buys its supplies from local merchants, insures with local insurance agents and everybody gets some good from it. Then comes the merger, and by methods best known to its promoters induces, or forces, the local company to become part of a larger company with a sounding title and city offices. A change follows quickly. The local office staff, except the manager is done away with. All the buying and selling is centralized in the head office. Prices are fixed by the head office, and the manager is instructed to "reduce expenses" and meet the prices. When the insurance policies lapse they are sent to the head office where the insurance is attended to. In short, everything that gave any profit to the small town is taken

away. In some cases when the policy of the new, big company is to limit production and raise prices the small plant is shut down altogether. The local shareholders may get more profits through the change though it sometimes happens that by juggling and reorganization they are robbed of their interests.

Theoretically, large companies, whether formed by mergers or the original investment of large capital are a good thing for the consumer. By controlling the market they buy raw material and labor to advantage and should be able to furnish the finished product to the consumer more cheaply than he could otherwise get it. But that is exactly what they do not do. They raise the prices to the consumer, and having no fear of competition furnish as cheaply made a product as they dare. The time when workmanship took precedence of profit is past. The question no longer is, how good an article can be produced, but how much profit can be squeezed out of it. The individual craftsman whose ambition to produce a good serviceable article was greater than his desire for gain, has been merged out of existence. A soulless machine has taken his place. As a result we clothe ourselves in trust-operated, machine-made garments, and eat trust-manufactured foods, thereby swelling the profits of some combine which the law of the country has permitted to stifle competition and gain control of the output. It is true that the large corporations do away with the waste of competition, but we are finding out that the waste of competition is the price we must pay for good service. We should get after the

trusts as we get after weeds and noxious insects. The two evils are strikingly alike. Both have infested the country unawares.

* * *

The most significant criticism of the trusts, combines, mergers and monopolistic corporations generally, is one that attributes their existence less to the protecting tariff than to the operations of the banks. These combinations would not be possible unless some bank provided the necessary capital to float them. Moreover, the banks would not have the idle money with which to do this if it were not for the system of branch banks. By this system the thrift of the people is turned against themselves. They are encouraged to put their savings in the banks—in other words, to lend their savings to the local branch banks at a low rate of interest. This money is then sent to the head offices in Toronto and Montreal where it is used to promote companies that stifle competition, raise prices to the consumers, and rob the people whose money, carefully saved and deposited in the branch banks, make such schemes possible. It is suggested as a remedy that the banks be subjected to rigid government inspection, and forbidden to aid or finance schemes that are against public policy.

* * *

NOTE: Write to "Ourselves" on whatever subject is most interesting to you, and when a sufficient number of letters dealing with the same subject has been received, a "People's Editorial" will be compiled from them. Why not write this month suggesting how our Educational System might be improved. Tell your occupation and say whether we may use your name with the editorial.

¶ RAISING A LOG BARN

"I wonder what became of the old log barn that was over there," asked the grey-bearded pioneer as he pointed with his cane to a new frame building with tin roof, silo, hay-forks, rack-lifters and all the modern improvements. I was giving him a lift on the way home from the post office.

"It was pulled down a few years ago and cut up into stove wood." I remembered the old barn well for more than once when a boy I had climbed up the logs, as if the wall were a great ladder, to get to the pigeon nests under the clap-boards.

"Tell me about it!" I exclaimed impetuously. "Who were the corner men? Who all was there? How did they build log barns."

He laughed good-naturedly at my enthusiasm.

"You haven't the Gaelic, have you?"

"I have. Direach cho math ris a Beurlah." (Every bit as good as the English).

"Tell it to me in the Gaelic."

What follows is a translation of his description, as well as the simple and poetic Gaelic can be rendered into common-place English. The horse was allowed to walk past the scene which he was calling to mind for I did not wish to lose a word of what he was telling. There are few men now living who took part in raising a log barn and of the younger generation there are

not many who have had a chance to hear the story.

"It was in the early summer, for I remember the peas in that field over there where the barn stood were that long," and he marked off about a foot on his cane.

"All the neighbors had been asked, and I should say there were sixty men there. No, they didn't come from far, for, though you may not believe it, there were more men in the county then than there are now. The families that moved in were large, and you would often find six or seven stout sons under the same roof. The folks in those days were neighborly, and when there was a raising or a logging bee they didn't just send one man to change work and keep track of every hour like they do now. The father would come and bring his boys with him, and they would all work hard till the job was done, and no one would think anything more about it.

"What's that—what tools did they use in framing? There was only one tool in those days and that was the axe, and the men that used it could do anything with it from making a dove-tailed corner to shaving themselves before going to church. The corner men at the raising were your Uncle Duncan, Alex. Patterson, John and Jim Thompson, or perhaps it was Alex. Thompson, I am not sure. All the Thompsons were good with their axes. Your uncle was good, too, but Alex. Patterson was the best man on the corner we ever had in these parts. It was seldom they ever had to lift a log to shave even a chip off it after he had made ready his corner. No, he didn't use any bevel or gauge of any kind. His bevel was his eye. We were three days rais-

ing that barn, for the logs in it were heavy, oak and ash mostly. They got them out with the oxen on the snow in the winter-time. Down there by the creek flats where the government drain is now, there was the finest black ash timber I ever saw. You could get logs sixty and seventy feet long without a limb, and as straight as a ram-rod, and when you were making rails they would split like a ribbon.

"No, they didn't roll up the logs on skids. They pushed them up. They didn't have ropes and they didn't have pike poles, either. They just got good crotches in the woods and rounded them out with their axes so that the logs would fit into them. Then they bored a two-inch augur hole in the middle of the crotch and fitted an iron wood pole into it. It was just like a big wooden fork, and it was easy to get straight iron-wood poles for the handles. They were in the woods everywhere in those days. All the country round here was mostly under woods then. All that block,"—and he waved his cane towards a cleared stretch of land of eight hundred acres that now has hardly a stick on it, except a few shade trees—"all that block was under woods then, and this gravel road we are riding on was a trail among the stumps. Only this field here was cleared, and the black woods came down to where you see the wind-mill now.

"Yes, we were three days building it and we had a good time, for everybody was good-natured and there was plenty to eat and drink. You know there never was a raising or a logging bee in those days—it was sixty-three years ago—without plenty of good whiskey,

and you may not believe me, but at that raising no one got the worse of it, though it was passed around all day. No, they didn't take it around in a pail with a tin dipper the way you have heard folks say. It was passed around in a bottle and each man, when it came to him, put it to his head and drank, and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. There might have been a few people that began to show signs and to be a little noisy by night, but no one ever got the worse of it.

"They killed two fat sheep and a "tore" (shoat). At some meals the meat was fried, but mostly it was boiled, and there was plenty of good bread and butter, potatoes, tea, eggs and dried apples and pumpkin pies. They used to raise great pumpkins in those days, for everyone had his good field of corn. There wasn't much beef, though if the harvest was good they would go to the Fall Fair and buy an animal. A Fair then was a place for people to buy and sell, and not a show like they have now. Sometimes a couple of farmers would go in together and buy a steer to salt down for the winter. They would divide it between them.

"Oh, yes, about the raising. Well, there wasn't much to it, except pushing up the logs on the skids and having the corner men do their work. They laid the sills first, the full size of the barn, and then built up the mows, three or four logs high. It looked at first as if they were building two barns, because the mows were built separate. When the mows were high enough they built up the rest of the height of the door by putting toggles between the logs. When the door was

high enough they put cross-beams along the mows and cut what they called squaw-notches in them to hold the first long logs that were laid the whole length of the building. These logs were always heavy—usually oak, so that they would hold the building together. Pushing up the short logs was not so hard. They would put two or three of the forks that I told you about at each end, and one or two in the middle. Then all hands would push together while someone gave the word : ‘Yeho-heave,’ ” or as he gave it in the Gaelic : “ ‘Ye-ho-suas a nis.’ (Up with it). Big strong men they were, and when they heaved at a log it had to go. And they looked older and graver than men do now, for even the young men wore beards. What clothes had they ? Homespun, mostly. Flannel shirts dyed grey with beech bark, and full-cloth pants dyed black with log-wood. Those pants were so thick, and when they got wet were so stiff, folks didn’t have to hang them up to dry ; they just stood them up in the corner behind the stove. It was hot work at that raising for the woods were around us like a wall, and the sun made the heat flicker until the whole clearing was like a furnace. What wind there was, was over the tree-tops and high above our heads. Those who had red cotton handkerchiefs used them, and those who had not snapped the sweat out of their eyes and off their burning faces with their fingers. I sometimes think the heat was worse then, for the swamps were full of water all summer long, and when the sun drew it up it made the air heavy, and hot, and damp.

“I remember that when we came to the first big log that went over the door and from end to end of the

barn, it rolled back three times into the peas before we could get it to stay up where the corner-men could get at it. You will remember that the gables were made of logs, each one of which got shorter as they built towards the top, and straight across from gable to gable they laid rafter-logs for the clap-boards. The clap-boards in those days were not nailed down, but held in place with logs laid on top of them.

“Yes, the women used to gather to help at the tables and with the cooking the same as they do now. The tables were just planks laid on wooden horses and covered with white cotton. No one had many dishes in those days and when there was a raising they would borrow the dishes, and knives, and forks, from all the neighbors. It was no china and silverware they had then, but thick crockery and steel knives and forks. It was maple sugar they used in the pies and in the tea. They would have a big cake and scrape it down as they needed it, and there would be a bowl of it on the table and it looked very much like Muscavado sugar that you never see any more. They set the tables out under the trees, but one day it was raining and they had to put it up in the house. The old log house stood where the big brick stands now. Although the folks who were better off had chairs, most people used benches and stools that they made themselves. Do you know you could walk through this settlement from one end to the other and you wouldn't find a lock on any door. If you were away from home at night and you were too far to get home, you could go and pull the latch-string on the first door you came to and go and stay for the night.

Besides that, you could leave your axes and wedges and hickory-knot mallets on a stump in the field or by the road when you were through working with them and no one would touch them, even though you left them there for six months. It was different after the railroad came. All kinds of scalawags came in with the railroad, and some of them haven't gone out.

"Oh, yes, the raising. Well, there wasn't much more that I can think of, except that when the barn was built we had a big dance, and girls that you remember as grandmothers when you were a boy were dancing. It was a piper we had to make the music. He was the grandfather of the man living on the farm now. He moved away to the States forty years ago, and I often wonder what became of him and the other sons."

"If you like I'll call him up by telephone and ask him, and I can tell you the next time I meet you at the post office." I volunteered.

"Ach, the telephone, that's another new thing. At the time of that raising people would have thought the telephone was 'buchachas,' (Black Art)."

We had reached the corner where our ways parted, and after he got out of the buggy he thanked me for the ride with a touch of olden courtesy. And I thanked him, for it was I who had profited most.

¶ NOTE: We are anxious to get good stories of pioneer life. If you know any, send them to us, and, if necessary, we will have them put in shape by one of our literary hired men.

Q A DAY'S WORK

One evening the Pathmaster came across the fields and sat on the fence. After some talk about the weather and the crops he announced suddenly :

"I have you down for a day's road-work."

I rose to the suggestion as one might to an invitation to a picnic or a barn-raising.

"Good ! When does the gang turn out ?"

"Oh, we don't do it in gangs any more. I just give each man a job and he does it whenever he has time."

This seemed too bad, for killing time together at road-work used to be a pleasant holiday. However, I bowed to the changed conditions.

"Well, I thought if you would cut the thistles and milkweeds along the Concession Line for two lots to the east and one lot north on the side-road I would let you off."

As I had noticed few thistles or milkweeds when driving over these roads I thought I was getting off easy, but a neighbor to whom I mentioned the matter laughed at me.

"Huh ! He soaked you all right."

That's the trouble of having a relative for Pathmaster. He always makes it harder for you than for anyone else.

So one bright morning I pulled on a pair of department store overalls and whetted the scythe without

cutting my fingers. Then I marched forth to my task.

There were more thistles and milkweeds than I thought, but I went at them with a will, and did not hook the scythe into the wire fence more than a dozen times before I struck my gait. I was pleased with my task, for cutting weeds and thistles is a practical sort of reform. Before I had accomplished much, however, I made a discovery that should be of interest to all who have given thought to reformers. I got so interested in cutting the milkweeds that I forgot all about the thistles, and had to go back and cut them. That is the great trouble with reformers. They get after one kind of reform and neglect others that are even more important. From this point I naturally went on to reflect on many things, and finally settled down to a meditation on road-work itself.

Outside of the good it does on the highway it should be kept up because of the good it does to the citizen. Once every year every man should be forced to do his day's work for the general good. No matter how great he may be during the rest of the time, nor how many times the newspapers publish his picture, on that one day he should be made to realize that at the bottom he is a man just like the rest of us. And it would do the rest of us good to see our great men at work in this way. It would remind us that after all they are but human, and that we need not stand so very much in awe of them.

How the imagination kindles at the thought of some of our nearly-rich and newly-great doing their statute labor on the public roads—or on the streets ! Why not

on the streets—even though they do not demand statute labor in the cities? Why not revive it? Are there not pavements to be swept, and sewers to be dug, all for the general good? Then let us all get out and do our share. Paying taxes is not enough. That can be done with stolen money, but you must do statute labor with your own hands.

Take the business district of Toronto. What an edifying sight it would be to watch the magnates, fat and scant of breath, doing their work. I hereby nominate Sir Edmund Walker as Pathmaster on King street, on the beat extending from York to Church. He is just the man for the job, for he would see that the work was done artistically, that the sweepings were piled so as not to interfere with the architectural beauties of the locality. He would also see that the lamp-posts and hydrants were painted the right color.

By the way, what a hit a man could make with the Prohibition party by being seen painting a hydrant. Let Toronto politicians think of it.

And yet I am not sure that the nomination of Sir Edmund is a good one. The gang that would turn out on that beat would need a lot of bossing, and perhaps Mr. Wilkie could handle them better. He would have the necessary Ozimandian "sneer of cold command." Yes, on the whole, Mr. Wilkie would be the better man for the job. His work might lack the artistic finish of Mr. Walker's, but it would be more uncompromisingly efficient.

By the way, I am going to have something to say about bankers some time soon. They appear so much

more important than they are because of the system which they have not created, but which they represent. They get into a way of talking from behind their whiskers and being pompous, but, as a matter of fact, it is easier to find a successor to an eminent banker than to a capable hired man.

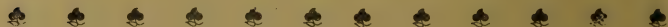
If such a statute labor law as this were enforced, we common people could cull a holiday and go out and watch our bankers and captains of industry doing real work. Moreover, having them all in sight at the same time we could feel that our valuables were safe, and could enjoy ourselves without care or worry.

Then there are the humbler offices—why should these always be filled by humble men if we are all free and equal. Take the office of Pound-keeper, for instance. It would probably seem absurd to appoint Senator Cox to such a position. And yet, why? Is not Senator Cox, in a sense, a financial pound-keeper? All his life he has been empounding stray dollars, and as under our system we cannot prove our property, they have stayed with him. He could certainly fill the office of Village Pound-keeper with distinction, and he has the right air for the position. Once I saw him in what seemed a street-corner consultation of financiers. The others were talking loudly, and gesticulating, while he—to borrow Stevenson's phrase, "contributed to the gathering the austere spectacle of a stretched upper lip." Ever since seeing him there I have felt that the country has lost a great Pound-keeper in Senator Cox.

What's this! Done already? I had certainly cut every milkweed and thistle on my part of the beat, and

had been working only two hours. I guess the Path-master didn't soak me so badly after all.

Of course this interrupted the flow of thought, otherwise I might have pierced invectively through the body of the country, city, court, and won to myself more influential enemies than I can afford to have.



FROM AN OLD LETTER

When a friend has loved thee well,
Stand by him through every test ;
Life's experience this should tell,
Love's first conquest is its best.

Do some little good each hour,
Hope that it may greater be ;
One small dewdrop on a flower
Shames a thousand in the sea.

Dream no future grandly high,
Grandeur is in little things ;
Angels looked for in the sky
Walk the earth with folded wings.

—Duncan Sinclair.

¶ A MORAL BULLY

When little Silas Bostick rose, one fine summer morning, he walked through his well-tended garden and smiled almost gleefully. He rubbed his palms together from time to time and murmured :

“Dear me ! Well, well !”

A person who did not know him might imagine he was rejoicing because his cabbages were thriving, or because some great good fortune had recently come to him. But that was not the case. The fact is, that on the previous night a horse belonging to his new neighbor, Mr. Slambang, had broken into the little garden, trampled through the cabbage-bed, rolled on the onion-bed, and had torn the grapevine from its trellis. The damage was not great, but it was of the annoying sort that would have sent a citizen of ordinary emotions on a profane mission to the home of Slambang. But Mr. Bostick didn't swear. That was not his way. He repaired the damage as best he could, still looking happy and contented. His round, smooth face usually wore a spiritual smile, and when he liked he could add to it an expression of exasperating goodness. On the morning in question the look of goodness was there.

While repairing his garden, Mr. Bostick was thinking very hard. He was trying to think of some way in which to heap coals of fire on the head of Slambang. In his youth he had been taught that a man

should never be violent, but that he should heap coals of fire on the heads of those who injured him. The good people who taught him this noble principle had no idea of its possibilities as a vehicle of revenge. They did not know how galling it can be made. Years of practice had made Mr. Bostick expert in handling the hottest and most lasting kind of coals. In fact, there was no one living within miles of the good little man who wouldn't rather injure the local bully and get thrashed for it than do the most trifling wrong to Mr. Bostick. And it was easy to get him started. It often happened that people did not know they had injured him until he came smirking around to do them a kindness. No fighting Irishman ever trailed his coat-tails in the dust hoping to have them trodden upon so industriously as he did. On this occasion he was unusually happy in finding himself wronged, for his victim was a new man. As he finished repairing his garden he assumed his kindest air and trudged over to visit the offending neighbor.

Now, Slambang was a man of about the opposite character to Bostick. He was tall and angular—his chief angles being his knees, his nose and his Adam's apple—and his path through life had not been smooth. He had wrestled with mortgages in half a dozen counties, and had been thrown every time. When he moved into the village, where Mr. Bostick prosecuted pious revenges, his temper was quick and his conduct in keeping with it. When Mr. Bostick hailed him with a cheery "Good morning, neighbor Slambang," he was in the act of sucking his thumb after having hit it

with a hammer while nailing a loose board on the stable door.

"Good morning !" he responded, as cheerfully as he could in the circumstances.

"It occurred to me that you must be very busy with your moving, so I thought I would come over to see if I could help you in any way. I have nothing in particular to do this afternoon."

"That is kind of you."

"My name is Bostick, and I live over there," he said, pointing toward the house.

Slambang looked at him for a moment and dropped his hammer. He then walked up to the little man and towering over him, snarled aggressively.

"So you are one of that kind, are you ?"

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Bostick, "I don't understand you."

"My horse broke into your garden last night ?"

Mr. Bostick backed away uneasily and replied with his sweetest smile, "Oh, yes, but such things are liable to happen to anyone. He didn't do much damage."

"You lie," roared Slambang. "I went over there and got him, and I know how much harm he did. I was going over just now to offer to pay you for what he done if you hadn't been so all-fired quick."

"Really, you misunderstand me."

"No I don't ! You have come over here to heap coals of fire on my head, and I want you to understand that the man who tries to heap coals of fire on Jonas Slambang's head is going to get his fingers burned."

“Really, I—”

“Shut up, you driveling little hypocrite ! Now go home and send me the bill for the damage my horse done.”

“I could not think of doing such an unneighborly thing,” said Mr. Bostick, with a smirk.

“You couldn’t, eh ! Then get off my lot,” and he helped Mr. Bostick with a kick that made his backbone crack and tumbled him in a heap in the roadside ditch.

That evening Jonas Slambang was sitting on the front steps of his house, waiting to be arrested for assault and battery, when a delegation of villagers came trooping through his front gate.

After cautious greetings had been exchanged, the spokesman of the party said :

“Mr. Slambang, we have heard of how you used Silas Bostick this morning, and we have come in a body to express our thanks. That measley little skunk has simply terrorized this village with his deeds of kindness for the last twenty years, because no one in the community had the moral courage to give him the larruping he deserved. You have set us a noble example that we won’t be slow to follow, and we want to assure you that on the first opportunity we are going to elect you Reeve.”

Slambang pulled out his plug of chewing, passed it around, and the fall of Mr. Bostick became an assured fact. The spell of his all-pervading goodness was at last broken, and his neighbors were able to live without the fear of his blistering kindness hanging over them.

Q TOLD AS NEW

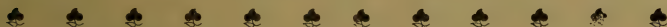
PRAISE AND THANKS

Clayton Duff contributes this one :

One day a little girl here in Bluevale was let out of school and a good-natured farmer who was passing saw her and pulled up his team so that she could catch up and get a ride home.

When she explained how she happened to get home so early her mother asked if she had thanked the farmer.

"No," hesitated the tot. "I didn't just thank him, I said, "You're the stuff !' "



INDEPENDENT JOURNALISM

I got this from my friend Jim Kerr, journalist. If you think a minute you can perhaps guess why he told it :

"I once met a Kentucky colonel who was editing a paper in the west. We were talking about the right of an editor to say just what he pleases about anything and everything.

" 'Look here,' said the colonel as he brought down his fist on the table, 'I resigned three good editorships because I couldn't say what I pleased. Now I own the paper I edit and I'll be hanged if I can say what I please'."

A GROWING PRACTICE

The young woman in the postoffice told this one. She's feeling terribly about it, too.

"I'm awfully sorrly, but I'm afraid I've offended young Dr. Bones, and I didn't mean to a bit. You know he's only getting started, and yesterday I heard that he had been called in to treat Mrs. Harrigan's rheumatism. When he came for his mail this morning I asked just as innocent as could be :

"How's your patient this morning ?"

"Which one ?" says he. "I have more than one."

"Oh, have you ?" I blurted out like a big goose, "Who's the other one ?"

"Wasn't that dreadful, and me not meaning a thing wrong. I didn't know how to apologize to him—and he's such a nice young fellow, too," she added pensively.



AN 'OME-LIKE NEIGHBORHOOD

Arthur Hawkes, publicist, tells this one :

"One morning Mrs. Hawkes was superintending the work of the laundress—a real English charwoman who had come to Canada to make her fortune. After some talk about the work which was being done the woman exclaimed suddenly :

"Oh, Mrs. 'Awkes ! Ain't it funny 'ow many Henglish families there are on this street, and all of their names begin with haitch, 'Awkes, 'Ardy, 'Armsworth and 'Astings."

A SNAKE IN THE GRASS

This is told because of the light it throws on pioneer methods of dealing with rattlesnakes. The pioneer had been commenting on a certain very able public man who has not been prominent in the affairs of his party for some time past.

"I wish you would throw an occasional paragraph at him, just to stir him," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, when I cleared that sand knoll over there it was full of rattle-snakes. I never tried to kill them because I wasn't any too fond of a scrap with a yard or so of coiled hell-fire. If there happened to be a rattle-snake near me when I was chopping, I didn't feel scared as long as I could hear him rattling, but when he stopped I would get worried. Then I'd begin to throw chips and sticks till he started rattling again and I'd know where he was. It's just the same with that man we've been talking about. When I don't know what he's doing I begin to feel worried."

¶ NOTE: Send us your good stories. While we cannot promise to use all we get, we will send a year's subscription to each person who sends a story that we consider worth printing.



Why are they abusing Kaiser William because he claims to rule by Divine right? Investigation proves that most of the other ruling done in the world is done by an alliance with the powers below. More power to the Kaiser and his noble ideals.

BENT PINS

Every clear statement of truth is a blasphemy against error.

* * *

The knowledge of most men is just enough to make them aggressively ignorant.

* * *

A man shows lack of nerve when he asks for advice and still more when he takes the advice that is offered.

* * *

Let me make some of the jokes of the Empire. I care not who makes its blunders.

* * *

It is sometimes hard to distinguish the men who are independently rich from those who are independently lazy.

* * *

The golden rule of modern science seems to be: Make sure of your facts and then lie about your modesty.

* * *

England is a place to which prominent Canadians go clothed and in their right minds, and come back wearing knee breeches and rejoicing in a title that leaves the friends of their youth in doubt whether they should be addressed as, say, Sir Jingo, Sir Mr. Jingo, or Sir Jingo McBore.

* * *

As a Canadian citizen I feel that in treating any man as an equal, be he a drayman or a duke, I am paying him the highest compliment in my power.

TO BE TAKEN WITH SALT

Being an Essay in Teaching
One's Grandmother to Suck Eggs

Chapter I.

The delicate mission of teaching my grandmother how to suck eggs was not undertaken lightly, but under the compulsion of a strong sense of duty and the guidance of a chastened sense of humor. Yielding to no man in fervent loyalty, I determined to carry through the educational and philanthropic part of my task with the austere devotion of a scientist; but at the same time I did not hold it beneath my dignity to profit by the inevitable results with the sagacity of a business man. In consequence, my motives in visiting England were mixed, but honorable, and fell naturally under the following heads:

1. To discover the foundations in fact for the almost universal belief that our grandmother knows how to suck eggs.

2. In case she has forgotten or has never known this profitable art, to enquire if she is willing at this late day to receive instruction.

3. To learn whether a colonial may, without undue presumption and with a reasonable profit, provide the eggs for the sucking.

Before recounting the adventures that befell me while prosecuting this high mission, I should, perhaps, offer a few words of explanation. From my infancy I had accepted with unquestioning faith the dogma that my grandmother knows how to suck eggs. Nor could this well be otherwise. My earliest recollections are of gentle intimations, accompanied by tolerant smiles, whose purpose seemed to be to convey to my growing mind a knowledge of the fact that in this accomplishment she is wonderfully proficient. But later in life my studies along the lines of the Higher Criticism, together with the frequent assertions of the European and American press, that my grandmother is suffering from mal-nutrition, led me to give the whole matter the critical attention which resulted in my filial and patriotic endeavors.

As is usual in such cases, the difficulties to be overcome did not at once present themselves to my mind. Being a loyal inhabitant of His Majesty's Premier Dominion Beyond the Seas, I naturally regarded Britannia as my grandmother, and without preliminary embarrassment set out to visit her in her island home. The ocean voyage was accomplished without excitement, and my mind being pre-occupied with my great designs, with perhaps a trifle less than the usual amount of gossip, gambling and flirtation.

On the ninth day out, while the last man on board was completing the task of telling me the sad story of his life, land was sighted. When the cry went round the ship, I responded with something of awe. To me the white cliffs dimly intruding on the horizon marked

the borders of fairyland, which I was now about to enter in gross material guise. Here at last was the island of my dreams, the proud land of literature and ageless romance, and I felt in my profoundest soul that to approach on other than the wing of fancy was to do a deed of sacrilege.

I had little time to indulge these foolish thoughts, however, before I found myself in London, where my awakening began.

I had always pictured my grandmother Britannia as a real, living and breathing person, and somehow expected to find her seated magnificently within the borders of her three kingdoms with great lions crouched on either hand. Because of this I was conscious of a certain annoyance on finding the streets of the metropolis crowded with men, who, like myself, appeared to have separate and individual interests. I soon realized the absurdity of this attitude, but still I could not help indulging a last fancy that somewhere behind these grimy walls my grandmother might yet be found.

One day while walking along the Strand, revolving this thought I stopped to admire the skill and authority of a courteous policeman, before whom the omnibus horses subdued their ramping spirits as the visible symbol of British law.

When he finally disentangled the traffic and had gracefully stepped to the curbstone, I accosted him in my most deferential manner.

"Pardon me," I began, "have you seen anything of my grandmother?"

"What sort of lady is she, sir? I have seen a num-



'Subdued their ramping spirits as the visible
symbol of British law'

ber the old ladies this morning."

"A goodly, portly dame, i' faith, and a corpulent," I replied, dropping into Shakespearean phrase. "Of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage."

As I said this he regarded me with a scowl of suspicion.

"How did you get separated from her?" he asked.

"We didn't get separated. The fact is I have never met her."

At this he smiled knowingly.

"In that case the best thing you can do is to keep on hunting. You know London is a big place and you can find anything you want in it if you only hunt long enough."

Thanking him kindly, I mingled again with the crowd, wondering if he knew how great a truth he had spoken, for I had long since realized that I could find anything I wanted anywhere and that the greatest egg ever cackled over by that good old hen Philosophy was sucked by the man who first said: "The head of the table is where the MacGregor sits."

This reflection reminded me of the hour, and pre-

sently I entered an eating house of literary associations to satisfy my curiosity rather than my hunger. While



The greatest egg ever oackled
over by that good old hen
Philosophy'

examining the antiquities that gave the place its character, I could not help thinking what a good investment it would be for an author or artist of great reputation to buy a public-house and make it famous by being seen eating and drinking in it at all hours. When well established he could bequeath it to his de-

scendants, and, by so doing, place them as far beyond the reach of poverty as if he had left them a landed estate. I was, furthermore, reflecting on the curious fact that so many of the best anecdotes we have about men of genius have been told by those with whom they have been drunk, and whom they would not have recognized in different circumstances, when my train of thought was suddenly interrupted by a man who was sitting at the opposite side of the table. He was worrying a rump steak, and showing marked symptoms of returning to a feral state.

Feeling that I had to do with a case of reversion to type I resolved to humor him, and began as Mowgli might when addressing one of his fellows of the jungle.

"Good killing?" I enquired, unconcernedly.

He dropped his knife and fork and glared at me for a moment, then shook his head, muttering: "No,

no, I was mistaken ; I did not hear a human voice addressed to me." He then returned with a snarl to his steak.

Something of pathos about him made me persist.

"Beastly weather we've been having lately," I remarked, adopting the usual British form of salutation.

At this he sprang from his seat and, looking across the table, asked in a voice trembling with emotion :

"Did you really speak to me ?"

"I did," I replied, relieving the embarrassment by shaking him warmly by the hand.

This action on my part touched him so deeply that he burst into tears. Waiting until his emotion had somewhat spent itself, I enquired the cause of his distress.

Striking a dramatic attitude, he exclaimed impressively :

"I am the lone New Zealander."

"Indeed," I commented with deep interest, "your coming has been both prophesied and plagiarized ; but I am afraid that like all other great men, you have come slightly before your time. When I passed St. Paul's this morning it was still standing, and judging by the general consistency of Thames water, I doubt that it offers any opportunities to a fisherman. And, by the way, was it not the fisherman rather than the New Zealander who was lone ?"

"Oh, never mind these details," he cried, "but listen ! Exactly three months ago I left the hemisphere of the moa and ornithorhynchus to visit the metropolis of the world. Despite the advice and ex-

perience of my friends, I brought with me not a single letter of introduction."

"Ah," I exclaimed, interrupting him, "I see it all. No man would speak to you without an introduction, because people never do such things here. You are indeed the lone New Zealander, but from my own experience I can assure you that you would have been just as lonely had you come from anywhere else."

In this way a cordial relationship was established, and we spent the remainder of the afternoon in lying eloquently about our respective countries and agreeing in the opinion that after all London as it stands today is merely a suburb of its marvelous reputation.

* * *

Chapter II.

Having been at various times a wayfarer on the world's highways I presently thought it advisable to ask for my bill at the hotel in which I had found shelter. The initial cost of my rooms was expressed in reasonable terms of shillings, and my meals did not go beyond the capacity of decent frugality, but to my colonial ears there were untold possibilities of bankruptcy in the excessive politeness to which I was subjected. Under "The Maple Leaf Forever" to be treated so deferentially by my fellow-subjects, would have cost much fine gold, with the added weight of a title at the front of my name, and a trail of important initials behind.

Touching an electric button, I exercised my patience

until a waiter was at leisure to attend my summons. When he finally appeared I said in my most unconcerned manner :

"Tell the clerk I should like to have my bill, please."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. Thank you, sir. Yes, sir. Anything else, sir?"

"Nothing else," I replied curtly.

"No, sir? Thank you, sir." And he bowed himself out.

"And this," I thought to myself, "is a sovereign voter and free citizen of the greatest Empire the world has ever known. There are surely some things for me to learn myself, whatever I may have in mind about teaching my grandmother."

My meditations were interrupted by the return of the waiter with the bill. He handed it to me on a silver tray, then stood before me bowing.

A brief glance convinced me that one of the things I was to learn was at that moment being presented. Rallying from the shock, I said :

"When I have had time to look this over and have checked off the items, I shall ring for you again."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. Thank you, sir. Yes, sir." And with a bow to every syllable that aroused my admiration for the flexibility of his spine, and gave me a new light on Shakespeare's phrase : "Crook the pregnant hinges of the knee," he retired.

In a moderately long and pleasantly diversified career, I have seen much to admire in the way of financial operations, but that bill surpassed them all.

On the narrow foundation of a room charge of ten shillings and sixpence a day, the ingenious clerk had reared a brilliant superstructure of "extras" that made it something to strike admiration to the heart of a plutocrat.



'With a bow to every syllable'

Everything that I had hitherto regarded as a necessity was set down as an "extra" and the whole was made top-heavy with the few luxuries I had allowed myself. But I suddenly realized that this bill was more than the shadow of a financial crisis. It was an economic revelation. I saw that in England everything

except the fundamental fact of life is "extra."

While the intellectual enjoyment I derived from this discovery somewhat softened the blow I realized the necessity for prompt action.

Not wishing to show my ignorance of the customs of the country by attempting to discuss the details with the clerk, I rang for the waiter though well knowing that every bow would cost me a penny three farthings, and every "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," would be added to the bill at twopence each.

"Did you ring, sir? Thank you, sir. I thought so, sir. Yes, sir. Thank you, sir."

"Stop," I cried desperately, throwing a couple of bank notes on top of the wonderful bill and handing it to him.

"Thank you, sir ? Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. And he bowed himself out. As nearly as I could determine he was still bowing and saying : "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," all the way down the stairs.

Presently he returned with my change, and stood bowing. Hastily giving him a handful of shillings, I started towards the door, but soon found that the worst was still before me. Two chambermaids, the house-keeper, several waiters whom I had permitted to touch their forelocks to me, an indefinite number of hall-boys, the boots and representatives from the kitchen and bar were disposed gracefully along the walls with their palms extended invitingly. Realizing that my mission would be at an end if I paused to parley with them, I assumed my haughtiest air and walked pompously down the length of the hall to the street, while they were all saying : "Thank you, sir," but with oh ! how different an intonation.

After walking about for some time to recover my nervous control, I secured a room in the house of a lady who had once known better days, and had my trunks removed to it.

She had not looked forward to taking lodgers, but the rates and taxes was so 'igh and her 'usband had had financial reverses, so she was obliged to 'elp out in this way. Her story affected me deeply, as also did that of the maid who attended to my boots, and who assured me that she had not been born "to work like this."

These humble confessions recalled to me the painful fact that everyone with whom I had enjoyed conversa-

tion since my arrival in London, had once known better days. A club man with whom I had dined had told me in a burst of vinous confidence of the ancient splen-

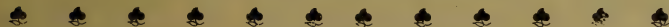


His youthful days had been spent far from the defiling haunts of trade

dors of his family and assured me that his youthful days had been spent far from the defiling haunts of trade. In a similar way an omnibus driver who was pointing out the glories of the city—which seemed to be due chiefly to great men long since dead — expatiated sadly on the charms of a “pub” he once owned up “Amstead way.”

The cumulative effect of all these confidences was to make me fear that perhaps my good grandmother had also known her best days and I felt it was now high time for me to be up and doing something definite in the way of fulfilling my mission.

[To be continued in the November Number]



If patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel, we should get busy with some of our scoundrels. We need more patriots and have plenty of material from which to make them.

* * *

The chief cause of ingratitude in this world is the exorbitant amount of gratitude some people expect for their favors.

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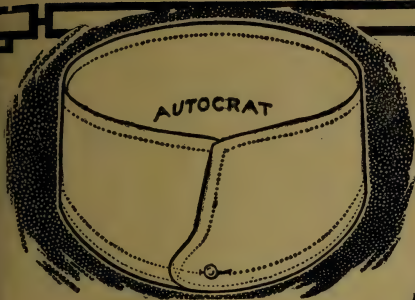
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VOLUME I.

NOVEMBER, 1910

NUMBER 2

Ourselves

"A Magazine for Cheerful Canadians."

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PETER McARTHUR
EDITOR

\$1.⁰⁰ A
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(Continued on Page 100)

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PETER McARTHUR, Editor


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St. Thomas, Ontario

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Ourselves

"A MAGAZINE FOR CHEERFUL CANADIANS"

ONE day a man came up to the Editor of Ourselves and began to speak enthusiastically about the first number.

"Where did you happen to see it?"

"Got a copy from my sister."

"Yes."

"She got it from the store-keeper's wife."

"Ah."

"I don't know where the storekeeper's wife got it."

This was very cheering and encouraging especially as he and his sister and the storekeeper's wife sent in their subscriptions. If you have borrowed this number and like it don't you think you should subscribe also? That will not only encourage us but it will enable you to get your copy every month as soon as it is out instead of waiting till your friend has read it.

Our Christmas Number, which will be issued next month promises to be something out of the ordinary. Mr. J. S. Willison, Editor of the Toronto News, has promised an article on his tour through the West and the editor is sitting up nights trying to work out all the grim humor there is in the combination of business and politics. Subscribe to-day so that you will be sure to get the Christmas Number.

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URLED back, defeated, like a child I
sought

The loving shelter of my native fields,
Where Fancy still her magic sceptre
wields,

And still the miracles of youth are
wrought.

'Twas here that first my eager spirit caught
The rapture that relentless conflict yields,
And, scorning peace and the content that shields,
Took life's wild way, unguarded and untaught.
Dear Mother Nature, not in vain we ask
Of thee for strength ! The visioned victories
Revive my heart, and golden honors gleam :
For here, once more, while in thy love I bask,
My soul puts forth her rapid argosies
To the uncharted ports of summer dream.

OURSELVES

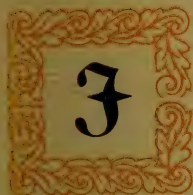
"A Magazine for Cheerful Canadians"

VOL. I.

NOVEMBER, 1910.

NO. 2

THE MONTHLY TALK



It is pleasant to find how many different ideas there are in the country about matters political. Most observers seem to be of the opinion that the people as a whole are divided into Liberals and Conservatives, with here and there a disgruntled mugwump.

The letters that have come to me since the first number of "Ourselves" appeared show that we have in Canada the raw material for a hundred different parties, if we want them. This is rather better than I hoped, though my hope is that a day is not distant when each voter will consider himself capable of laying down the law to any and every party.

The party system came in for a lot of good healthy abuse, and I am assured, although exact quotations are not given, that it was pronounced a failure by the Hon. George Brown, Dr. Goldwin Smith, and the Fathers of the American Constitution. As a matter of fact, the Fathers of the American Constitution tried to arrange matters so that there would be no party system in the United States, but in spite of that, probably no country in the world has been so completely

cursed by partisan politics.

This array of authority is very eminent and important, but at the same time I venture to think that the party system is inevitable in every country that aims at Democratic government. The reason for it lies deep in human nature, instead of in political expediency. Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, "the world is divided into two classes. Those who do things and those who sit around and ask why it wasn't done the other way."

There you have the root of the whole matter. These two classes represent the government and the opposition. Every once in a while the sovereign voters get tired of the way that the people who are doing things do them, and they rise in their might and give the fellows who think they should be done the other way a chance to show what their way of doing things is worth. Having once started parties alternate in power and the government muddles through somehow.

An examination of this party system brings to light a weakness which seems to have been overlooked or considered unimportant by those who give thought to the matter.

There is nothing wrong in having men who wish to serve their country organize themselves into a party, but when we let them organize us it is all wrong. The way to keep political parties in their proper place is to prevent them from organizing too much and each individual can do his share if he properly understands his responsibilities as a voter. The recent elections in Great Britain threw a white light on the attitude that should be taken by the sovereign power when an election is in progress.

If you take the trouble to look back you will find that the papers of that time were full of forebodings lest the King should ally himself with either party that was so anxious to serve him. Let us consider now what this means to us.

In a Monarchy the King is supposed to embody the sovereign power, and he must not be a party man. In a Democracy such as we have, the sovereign power rests with the individual voter, and the same logic that makes it wrong for the King to be a party man, makes it wrong for him. Let the parties made up of would-be office-holders shout as loudly as they wish what they propose to do, and do all they can by pointing to past performances to prove how trustworthy they are. If we stand aloof with a proper conception of the kingliness of our position and refuse to ally ourselves with them in any way they will be forced to offer nothing but the best service. If, however, we let them put down our names in little lists and tuck us away in their vest pockets they can give us that kind of service which breeds scandal, and makes muck-raking journalism a necessity.

At the present moment the sovereign voter is somewhat lacking in kingly ideas. To show how things work out under our present system, when the parties are allowed to lead us by our cute little noses, let us consider a story that everyone will recognize as being true in its essentials, though the details have been sketched in somewhat hurriedly.

¶ The Row in the North Riding



HEY have had a very pretty quarrel in in the North Riding of Massapequa. It was such a row as they are bound to have at some time in every riding, and now that there is peace—political peace—telling about it will do no harm.

One morning the Honorable Member for the North Riding went to the office of his friend Sam Fullgraff, manufacturer, captain of industry, and practical politician. They had been at college together and it came about quite naturally that Fullgraff should manage his old friend's campaign. Being a business man he knew how to look after such things and he kept the expenses from resting heavily on the ambitious candidate. When there was trouble in the riding he was consulted, as a matter of course.

"Gee ! but I'm in hot water now, all right, all right !" said the Honorable Member as he burst into Fullgraff's private office.

"What's the trouble ?"

"The appointment of the postmaster for Siasconsette, of course. What else could it be ?"

"Well ?" and Fullgraff interrogated his visitor with his steel grey eyes.

"Things have turned out just as I said they would. The whole riding is in an uproar because Jim Kennedy got the appointment. He has been half a Tory all his

life and because he got the appointment all the fellows who thought they should have it because they have supported the party all their lives, are sore clean through."

"Who are the chief kickers?"

"Henry Allen, Albert Brown, Jim Holt and Dave McMurchy. They all say they'll never support me again, and if they don't I'm a goner, for you know I only had a majority of thirty last election."

"Just so, and you wouldn't have had that thirty if we hadn't been able to swing Jim Kennedy into line by promising that he'd get the post office when old man McIvor died."

"Yes, but I thought McIvor was good for another ten years when I made that promise. Why did he die anyway? I used to think it was funny when General Grant said about office holders that 'few die and none resign.' I wish they didn't even die."

Fullgraff frowned at this digression for he was a business man of the kind that go straight to the point and do not want to be interrupted.

"Look here, Will, if you had given that appointment to any one of the four loyal supporters you have named the other three would have been madder than they are now, and you wouldn't have had Jim Kennedy and his following either."

"I suppose that's so, but what can be done about it? They are all raging, and their wives are going around the country telling what they'll do to me in the next election."

"It certainly looks pretty bad, but you just hold your horses for a while and I'll see what can be done."

You quoted General Grant to me a while ago. Let me quote Disraeli. He said that the Golden Rule for politicians was 'Never apologize and never explain.' You just keep quiet and watch what happens."

A few minutes later the two friends were walking down the street when they saw half a dozen dogs frisking and playing on a corner. Fullgraff picked up a clod and hit one of the dogs. In ten seconds there was as pretty a dog fight in progress as a crowd ever gathered to look at.

"What on earth did you do that for?" asked the Honorable Member.

"To give you a lesson in practical politics" said the man of affairs. "Didn't you notice that the dog I hit didn't start in to hunt for the cause of his trouble. He just turned and bit the dog that was next to him and none of them thought of me. Now I am going to call a meeting of the kickers in the riding."

"What good will that do?"

"I am going to throw you to the lions and then have the fun of rescuing you."

Fullgraff stopped at the office of the newspaper of which he was the chief shareholder. He wanted to have a little talk with the editor. The editor, good, easy man, had an ideal job. He was writing in support of the party he favored, and the stockholders never interfered with him—though occasionally they dropped in to have a chat.

"Have you been paying much attention to the naval question lately?" asked Fullgraff.

"N-o," hesitated the editor, "the policy of the 'Whoop' has been to support the government, as a

rule, though we have not been afraid to criticize when it seemed necessary. The naval program seemed all right to me, and while we haven't supported it strongly, we haven't criticized it."

"That's the way I've been feeling, too. But my salesmen who go into every part of the country say that the farmers are against it to a man. Some of them are hot about it, even going so far as to circulate petitions against it."

"Is that so? I hadn't heard anything about it, but of course I don't get around among the farmers much."

"That's what I thought, and it occurred to me that you wouldn't mind if I gave you a tip about it. You know it is the farmers that makes the 'Whoop' what it is. It might do no harm to jolly them along a little while, they are in this humor. A little criticism of the government on such a debatable point wouldn't be noticed. In fact it would give an air of independence to the paper, and it might help the circulation."

"That's a mighty good idea," said the editor. "I'm glad you've spoken of it. What line do you think we ought to take?"

"Well, I thought we might call a meeting of the leading Liberals in the riding to discuss the matter. You might call the meeting in an editorial and mention a few of the men who ought to be there."

"Who do you think we should have?"

"Well, there's Henry Allen and Jim Holt and Dave McMurchy and Albert Brown, and any others you might happen to think of."

The editor jotted down the names and Fullgraff

rose to go.

"I'm awfully obliged to you for this tip," said the editor warmly. "After all you are a great deal more in touch with the people than I am, and I am glad you told me so that I will not miss this chance."

"I wouldn't hit it up too hard, you know," said the business man meaningly. "And don't forget to speak of those you call on as leading Liberals."

"Oh, no, or course not. I'll just stir things up a little and get at the real thought of the people. That is what a paper should do," and the editor thanked him once more for his tip. After Fullgraff had taken his leave, the editor sat down and wrote a ringing appeal to the electors to get together and express themselves about the Naval Policy of the government.

It was a beautiful editorial, but the passages that struck home were not the ones that the editor intended.

Henry Allen was feeding chop-feed and swill to his pigs when his little boy came running home from the post office waving a copy of the "Whoop" over his head.

"Hey, daddy, your name is in the paper!" he panted, for he had run all the way home. "Everybody in the post office was talking about it."

"Where?" asked Allen, as he wiped his hands on his overalls and took the paper. The boy pointed out the place, and the farmer read the ringing editorial; but for him only one sentence was important, and that sentence stood out like an electric whiskey sign on a dark night on the roof of a prohibitionist business man.

"Among those from whom a decided expression of opinion is expected are such leading Liberals as Henry

Allen, Albert Brown, James Holt and David McMurchy."

Allen read to the end of the editorial, but the convincing peroration was lost on him. On every line he could see "Leading Liberal, Henry Allen." As a matter of fact he had never lead anything more important than a halter-broke cow in his life, but he was the most prominent member of a large relationship of Allens, and as they all went together on public questions he came to be regarded as leader, though in reality he was more often pushed than leading. In spite of all this, the phrase "leading Liberal" sounded good to him. After he had handed back the paper to the boy, who promptly rushed to the house to show it to his mother, he went on feeding the squealing pigs. Under cover of the noise, as he was stooping to get out another pailful, he whispered "leading Liberal" into the swill-barrel. When he went to milk the cows the phrase was sounding in his head like a big drum at the Orange celebration. "Leading Liberal" he whispered to himself as he pushed his head against the ribs of the Jersey, and she, being a cow with a sense of humor, promptly kicked over the pail. At the supper table he was silent and aloof, and when the dishes had been cleared away he got down his razor and shaving mug, so that while shaving he could see just what a "leading Liberal" looked like in the cracked mirror. Then he put on his Sunday clothes and drove up to the village. As the horses' hoofs clattered along the gravel road they fitted to a little tune that was running in his head :

"Leading Liberal, leading Liberal,
Hen-ry All-en, leading Liberal."

Albert Brown got the news when he was out in the store-room of the grocery, renovating some butter. The news had been brought to him by a customer who wanted to buy groceries on credit, and knew that everything depended on the humor the grocer was in. He read the editorial aloud, with the proper emphasis on "leading Liberal, Albert Brown," and when he asked to have his bill charged the deal went through as smoothly as one of William McKenzie's bond sales in old London. The grocer was a quiet man and he went on with his work as if nothing had happened until his wife came down stairs to help him. He handed her the editorial to read. When she had read it she simply said :

"Well ?"

"Did you notice, mother, that they speak of me as a 'leading Liberal ?'"

"Huh," she snorted, "when you were doing your leading I didn't notice that you led yourself into the post-mastership."

"But, my dear, you don't understand——"

"Oh, don't I, though. I understand that we are still in the grocery business when we had been expecting for ten years to settle down in our old age in the post office. If you have anything more to do with the 'Liberal party' you are an old fool, and that's all I've got to say about it."

Wives can be very direct in their remarks when they feel deeply on a subject. Moreover, he knew that that was by no means all she would have to say about it, but the

phrase "leading Liberal" was ringing in his head and he smiled benignly. Further embarrassment was prevented by the entry of Henry Allen, and the two leading Liberals went out into the store-room where they could consult in private, and bluff one another with what they didn't know about the meaning of the editorial.

When Dave McMurchy, the tavern-keeper, read the editorial he promptly went into the bar and invited all hands to have a drink. Even Jim Cook, who had been spitting cotton ever since last election, was enabled to break his long drouth with a boot-leg of lager. As Dave rinsed the glasses in the sink under the bar they seemed to be tinkling "leading Liberal" and when he lit a fat cigar and went out and stood in front of the hotel he looked the part. Presently Jim Holt, cattle drover, came down the street, prancing like a horse with the spring halt to the tune of :

"Leading Liberal, leading Liberal"—

He and McMurchy glanced at one another mysteriously and promptly retired to a back room to bluff one another. Here they were presently joined by Albert Brown and Henry Allen, and an air of mystery pervaded the whole hotel and filtered down the street. The "leading Liberals" were holding a local caucus, and people gathered in little groups to guess what was in the wind.

While all this was going on Sam Fullgraff was giving instructions to his handy-man, Jack Tooth.

"Your game, Jack, is to go to the caucus and introduce a resolution severely criticizing the govern-

ment for its naval program, and especially condemning our member for supporting it with his vote."

"I'm on," said Jack with a wink.

On the day for which the meeting was called the county town was thronged with mysterious men on whom dignity rested as unfamiliarly as their Sunday clothes, and to all of them the trolley-cars and factory wheels were drumming out the same music:

"Leading Liberal, leading Liberal"—

After the meeting had been called to order, Jack Tooth rose in his place and made an insurgent speech, savagely criticizing the government and calling on all true men to rise above party bondage and condemn this tendency toward militarism, and Imperialism and other things that are likely to cause poor crops and reduce the price of cattle on the hoof. Then he introduced his scathing resolution and the row was on. The Honorable Member for North Massapequa defended himself and the way he had acted as their representative in a speech that bristled with quotations from Shakespeare and the Hansard, and the Calgary Eye-Opener, and when he sat down the cheers were so loud that even the ordinary rank and file Liberals who were standing outside the locked doors took up the joyful sound. Of course all this could have only one ending. After looking wise through the whole performance, Albert Brown drafted an amendment in which it was set forth that while the Liberals of the North Riding highly disapproved of the naval program of the government, it was the sense of the meeting that it would be unwise at this time, when reciprocity negotiations were in progress with the United States, to embarrass the

government with censure. Moreover, it was the sense of the meeting that the Honorable Member for North Massapequa had simply done his duty as a true party man in giving the government his unqualified support.

"Hooray, hooray, hooray ! !

Everybody shook hands with somebody else, and the Honorable Member shook with both hands.

But how about the post office ? Aw, that's ancient history. It got lost in the shuffle.

"Well, how did the meeting go ?" asked Fullgraff, when the Honorable Member went into his private office after the last loyal supporter had left town.

"Couldn't be better. They got my blood up and I made the speech of my life to them. Say, Sam, you should have been there to see me get them. That was a great idea of yours to call a meeting. It gave me the chance I needed."

"Yes, it was the only way," said Fullgraff. There was a faint smile on his thin lips as his steel grey eyes contemplated "his man."

"I'll never forget what you did for me in helping me through this trouble."

"Oh, that's all right. Forget it." Fullgraff was not the kind of man to present his bill for services at such a time. In a later issue we shall set forth the comedy of the presenting of that bill and try to show how the doctrines of Machiavelli, the only man who ever wrote the truth about higher politics and business, have been brought up-to-date and applied to the great game of nation-building.

¶ Note —Conservatives reading the foregoing will please read "Leading Tory" instead of "Leading Liberal."

THE PEOPLE'S EDITORIAL

THE SECRET BALLOT

BY A. C. CAMPBELL



HE law gives the vote to individuals and provides that individuals may mark their ballots in secret. The object of this is the very excellent one of bringing a general and free public opinion to bear upon public questions.

The object of the doctor in giving a heart stimulant is the very excellent one of lifting the patient from depression and enabling him to go on earning a living for wife and babies.

But in law-making or in medicine, things do not work out according to the motive of the worker, but according to facts and tendencies. The patient's will-power may be weakened by the stimulant, and he may become a drug-user by habit, instead of an occasional sufferer from nerves. And the country of the secret ballot may be led away from democracy and toward the ruin that has overtaken all other nations in which democracy has been denied or subverted.

The idea at the base of the secret ballot is that the vote is an expression of individual opinion and that the individual who casts the vote must therefore be

left free from outside influences that he may express truly by his ballot the opinion he actually holds.

But this is a radically wrong view, and the only thing that prevents it from working out speedily in disaster is that, as a matter of fact, it won't work out at all. Not one man in ten thousand casts his vote free from outside influences. We all vote the regular ticket as a rule, and are influenced in doing so partly by the consideration that we want to keep in with our own crowd. And, if we think of changing, one of the main things to influence us is, what will the others think of that change.

When we leave theories aside, therefore, and come down to the hard, natural facts, we see that the vote is not an individual possession but a public trust. And, if we have sense enough to base our theories on fact, and to make our actions conform to true thinking, we will not try to fend the voter from outside influences, but will insist that he shall submit his vote to the influence of us all, for all are interested with him in what he is to do with the vote which he holds in trust for us all.

The evil which we seek to cure by giving the secret ballot is the coercion of the weak by the strong. But our remedy is like giving a man whiskey to relieve him of the effects of what technicians in this branch call the jim-jams.

The evil of coercion is not in its action but in its secrecy. If the vote were an open matter and every man who casts a vote or discusses a vote were expected to do it in public — if secret discussion were regarded by the public unconditionally as treason—the

evil would at once disappear. If we knew that employer A. B. had threatened his employe B. C. with loss of employment on his voting the Gritory ticket, we should know that A. B. was one who carried his business into politics and, if we are worthy of the freedom we claim, we would soon leave him with lots of politics and mighty little business. And so with the briber and all the others who depend upon secrecy for the success of the political hanky-panky at which we all stand in almost admiring wonder.

The fact is, we have not worked out to real democracy. Some of us think that democracy means the public choosing of a few to govern all. Some think it means complete control by the people on election day and complete control by the politicians for the rest of the time.

These things are all wrong. Democracy means the rule of all the people in all public affairs all the time.

When we get that notion clearly in mind we shall see that it is a sheer impossibility in a democratic country to have the public business carried on in any man's back kitchen or private office. We shall see that, if the principle of secrecy be admitted, it must work out in one man or one set of men doing more than their share in managing public affairs,—and that means aristocracy or autocracy. The only way in which democracy can be worked in this practical world of everyday folks is by asserting the principle of absolute publicity in public affairs. It is a man's right to discuss his own affairs with anybody who will join in that discussion and to exclude from the discussion, without reason given, any whom he wishes to exclude. But,

when it comes to public affairs, you cannot have a real democracy without allowing every citizen absolutely free access at his own will to every discussion of those affairs. And the casting of the vote is one of the most momentous of such discussions. Every man has the right to an opinion on the vote of every other man, and the very first thing necessary to the exercise of that right is to know at first hand how that vote is cast.

A thousand objections will at once be raised. There is no space here to deal with them separately. But the answer to every one of them is practically the same. Democracy has its dangers and its difficulties. But it is the only form of government that has not been proven by actual experience to be bad and impossible. We have committed ourselves to the principle of democracy and we must either go on growing more democratic or we must go back toward the out-worn forms of government under which other nations have found disgrace and death. It is a logical and moral impossibility for the people to govern themselves if the principle of secrecy in public affairs be admitted. And the cure for the evils of democracy is more democracy.



A NOTE ON EDUCATION

BY W. D. ALBRIGHT, Editor "The Farmers' Advocate."

At long last, we are awakening to the fact that you cannot shut up a schoolboy in the most impressionable period of his life to study from books alone, without in some measure weaning the most successful students

from the land to the factory, cultivating a distaste for manual labor and a preference for sedentary employment. When, further, we send those children to the High School and University, keeping their minds engaged constantly with academic subjects and their ambitions focussed on professional and business futures, how can the effect be other than overcrowding of the professions and depletion of the ranks of the workers? I might elaborate, but will content myself with urging that our public school education should be balanced up by educating the hand as well as the head, and drawing out not only professional but manual aptitudes. Moreover, in the rural sections, we should try to relate the public school curriculum to the life and environment of the pupils. It is high time we realized that an educational system adapted from countries and times where and when education was for the favored few will not do at all for this country where education is placed within the reach of all. We should teach through our schools a wholesome respect for the dignity of labor. We must understand and teach that the schools are not established to educate all the bright boys off the farm into the so-called higher professions. We should recognize that it is not the degree but the kind of ability that a child possesses that should determine his life work, and we ought to so shape our school courses as to draw out and develop not one, but all kinds of aptitudes. School gardening, nature study, manual training, domestic science should all be taught in every school, no matter what the cost, and no matter if it does involve the extension of another year of the time required to pass the entrance. By the way, experience

indicates that such would not be the result.

You see, I believe the right kind of rural education will not wean all, or nearly all, the brightest pupils from the farm, but will keep a fair proportion of them there and will so arouse their interest and inform them fundamentally and so direct their course of reading and investigation that they will be very much better farmers as well as better educated men, than their fathers. That man has been inadequately and irrationally educated who has not been trained to an enthusiastic and intelligent interest in his life-work.



A DEFENCE OF BRIBERY

BY C. R. SANAGAN

I remember the first time I ever heard a political committee go over the estimates of bribery requirements—I was old enough to appreciate the confidence reposed in me ; I was young enough to feel guilty.

Then, it seemed strange to me that politicians who preached purity of elections should conspire to buy votes. Now, what seems strange to me is that some people actually do look upon bribery as wrong.

Yet, what's there wrong about it ?

It's wrong, I admit, for the candidate to have a hand in it—for then he might be unseated.

It's better, too, for him not to know, as he might become over-confident and neglect his platform work. And, however the election results might be arranged by the managers, it is always well for the sake of appearances (and of ladies who read newspaper reports) to have public questions intelligently discussed.

If the candidate wins he will in due time know, through the workers' mental bookkeeping system, how the election was won. If the candidate loses he will have the consolation of knowing that he was honest and that he made good speeches.

I am reminded of an incident in a Minnesota election: "How about the South Ward?" asked the candidate of a party manager. He was told that reports were most encouraging—they would have a big majority. "Do you know," said the candidate, "I expected that. When I was speaking there I was in the very best form." Relating the incident to a party of Canadians some time after, this manager said he had a suspicion the good reports were due to the fact that though \$20,000 had been demanded, a compromise of \$7,000 had been agreed to as the price of the district. But he didn't tell the candidate—then.

Were it not for fooling the candidate, as, of course, is always the case, I would prefer to see bribery more open and above board. At all events, there is no justification for linking it up to corruption after the manner we generally couple "assault" and "battery."

Bribery is a misnomer.

And it is misjudged as well as misnamed.

It is misjudged as corruption. The terms are used synonymously, when, as a matter of fact, we always say "bribery AND corruption," which should signify a distinction.

I believe it is unfair to use the two words in the same connection. From our very infancy we are accustomed to bribery; our mothers bribe us to behave when there is company. And, under one form or another,

bribery enters into our everyday relations through life—and properly so.

Then why should we make such a fuss about it at election time ?

I say it is because we have been misjudging bribery.

What is more, legislating against bribery is interfering with personal liberty. Surely a man's vote ought to be his to do what he pleases with it !

Selling a birthright for a mess of pottage ? Well, whose birthright is it the voter is selling ?

Anyway, here's the philosophy of it : If the voter is a Grit and the Grits want to give him five dollars, the five is as good to him as to the other fellow. If, however, it's the Tories who want to give him the five, then what difference is it to him which way he votes anyway—he knows the Grits will be getting some Tory the same way.

Let us legalize the commercial valuation, stock-listing, as it were, of votes and we will have honest election. The trouble is that the law against bribery breeds dishonesty. Men will take money from one side and then from the other, and as they can't vote both ways they are dishonest with one of them. It is this kind of corruption that makes elections uncertain—I say the man who won't stay bought ought to be punished.

I remember a candidate a little nearer home than the Minnesota man. He had changed a former member's majority in the member's home town to a minority, and was elated over the evidence of his own popularity. He said as much to a few of us, and when he went out one of the workers opened his desk and produced a card with 114 names in a sub-division. Various check marks

told the tale. "You see these marked 'O. K.'—well Bill here was deputy, and as each of these voted he looked at his ballot and nodded to the scrutineer who marked the man 'O. K.'—those marked 'N. G.' were no good. We didn't pay anyone until after he voted. The scrutineer sent the list on to me every little while and those who went wrong didn't get their two dollars. By keeping up the checking we got the right vote out and we had to do some scurrying right up to five o'clock. You can see from this list that only five out of thirty-seven didn't earn their pay."

That is an actual fact. I wouldn't vouch for my memory for all the figures, but the number of dishonest voters was about five.

But such methods are not always possible or expedient—it would be infinitely better to legislate against corrupt practices than against bribery.

So much for bribery being misjudged. To prove it is, misnamed, let me quote Webster :

"A consideration given or promised to a person, to induce him to decide a cause, give testimony or perform some act contrary to what he knows to be truth, justice or rectitude."

According to the proper meaning of the word, a consideration, to be a bribe, must therefore involve a decision or act contrary to knowledge of truth, justice or rectitude.

Eliminate the knowledge of truth, justice and rectitude, and a consideration is not a bribe.

Inasmuch as the majority of Canadians prefer to

adopt their politics, as a matter of heredity, and then, from youth to old age see as through a glass, darkly, there is scarcely a thought to truth, justice and rectitude : much less a "knowledge" of them.

And when there is such a knowledge in matters of public interest, there is so little hesitation to act contrary to that knowledge—without a consideration—wherein can anyone find the reason for calling the buying of votes "bribery" ?

On the other hand, if bribery, as we understand it, were properly encouraged, it might be made a force for good in Canada :

The spending of large sums of money in a constituency would be good for business. It would be the means of assisting thousands of people and making them realize that, after all, there was some use in having a vote ! It would tend to promote temperance, as it would eliminate the necessity of treating.

Above all, it would give an opportunity to patriotic men to enter parliament and carry out policies of great moment. Men of means, and at the same time of high ideals—there are some—could then enter parliament.

Canada would get men patriotic enough to pay to serve their country !



It is all nonsense to say there is no hell. Where else could all the hell-fire come from that lights the tongues of gossips.

* * *

Some people have so much respect for their superiors they have none left for themselves.

AN OLD LETTER

He wrote me from the city streets :

“My heart within me grieves,
To think there's been a harvest,
And I haven't seen the sheaves.”

We walked the city streets for years,
True hearted, man with man,
And on our dreams of things we loved
Our words forever ran.

I knew his heart, and he knew mine,
And in his hour of woe
I held his hand and felt no shame,
Because the tears would flow.

Today I walk the streets alone,
My heart within me grieves ;
For there's been many a harvest,
And he hasn't seen the sheaves.

¶ McPherson the Psychologist



HAVE you ever fished in the Georgian Bay ?" asked McPherson.

"I have never fished anywhere," the young man replied, wearily.

"Then go to bed early and get ready to go fishing with me at five o'clock tomorrow morning." And

McPherson stalked away to the village to hire a little tug-boat for the next day.

By daybreak McPherson rapped at his guest's door and a few minutes later, after a hurried breakfast for which the young man had no appetite, and McPherson had enough for two, they took a couple of fishing rods and a basket of eatables and hurried down to the little dock that glides out into the green water. The tug-boat was waiting for them, and as soon as they got aboard she pointed her snub nose towards the west and raced away ahead of the rising sun. Little wisps of grey mist were drifting along the surface of the water and the myriads of rocky islands towards which they were steering lay black in the distance. The morning air was cool, though it was August, and they had to turn up their coat collars as they sat on the deck. When they finally reached the islands and began to wind through the narrow channels they scared up small flocks of caweens and an occasional shelldrake. Once they came suddenly on a wild duck and her shy brood and

as they went splattering into the reeds and wild-rice the young man began to realize that they were getting face to face with Nature. The last evidence of civilization they saw was a notice on a barren island, which read :

**TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED
ACCORDING TO LAW**

Then the silence of Nature and of his companion began to weigh on the young man, and being simply a bundle of nerves he was forced to talk so as to hear the sound of his own voice. At last they came to a rock that sank sheer into the water forming a natural wharf, and McPherson signalled to have the little boat stopped.

"Now, you go away and lose yourselves," he said to the crew, "and don't come back for us till after five o'clock."

In a few minutes even the sound of the puffing engines had died away, and they were alone on one of the loneliest islands in a great waste of water. They were a strangely mated pair—young Preston with eyes that blazed in their hollow sockets and a slender frame stooped with much study, and McPherson tall and straight, with the grey beard of a patriarch. But they were well mated ; for Preston could talk and McPherson could listen. All day long the young man poured forth what he had learned from books and, though it interfered with the fishing, McPherson listened. When they finally returned home a northern sunset was flaming and smouldering among the islands they were leaving and Preston was physically as well as mentally

tired. Three times the fishing trip was repeated, and when the young man had emptied himself of his foolishness he began to be interested in his meals and to take on flesh. He had also breathed much good air and become accustomed to grimly poetical surroundings that acted as a tonic to his mind and brought him nearer to mother Nature than he had ever been before. And when Preston began to recover from the prostration caused by his first conflict with an uncultured but vigorous world—for he was one who had tried to guide men with knowledge gained from books—a strange thing happened. McPherson began to talk.

Perhaps it was the innocence of Preston, for he had been spoiled only by books, and perhaps it was their nearness to Nature that knows no age, that made McPherson a boy again: but whatever was the cause he talked; not as a teacher, but as a chum who exchanged experiences. Years ago McPherson had been a politician of the kind whose work makes sure the foundations of a party and which is always rewarded with positions that are really not worth accepting, and are yet too good to refuse. Books he had studied but little, but men he had known and still knew. So what he said was a revelation to Preston. Professors of political economy had quoted nothing like it, and it was too human to be compared with the evidence collected by eminent psychologists. In fact his observations were of the kind that never get into books and yet are the kind that enable men to master their fellows.

At last, when they had become confidants, McPherson asked one day:

“Have you ever tried any experiments with your

learning to see how it affects different people? You talk about association of ideas and such things, but have you ever noticed how they associate?"

"I can't say that I have," said Preston.

"Well, I am not sure that what I have noticed is exactly what you are driving at, but I have noticed that some particular word or saying will make almost everybody tell some favorite story. Come for a walk with me and I will show you what I mean if we happen to meet some of the fellows I know pretty well."

They strolled towards the village and presently saw a brisk little man coming towards them.

"Now you watch," said McPherson, "and see if he doesn't tell a story as soon as I speak of it being a good day for reaping."

Just then he hailed his neighbor and after introducing Preston engaged him in conversation. Then he made the remark agreed upon and the man perked up at once.

"Speaking of harvest weather reminds me of a little story, but I guess I have told it to you before, McPherson."

"Perhaps you have but I will not be sure. Anyway you haven't told it to Mr. Preston."

"That's so. Well, what I was going to tell you about happened long ago, before reapers of any kind were heard of, let alone self-binders. It was in the time when folks cut their grain with cradles. There was a school teacher named McGugan teaching near my father's home and he began to set his cap for Mary McKenzie, a strapping girl who could do her day's work in the harvest field with any man in the Huron Tract. Well,

he found that Mary didn't care much for his pretty sayings and pieces of poetry, so he thought that what he must do to catch her would be something in the way of work. When he got this in his head he went to her and offered to give her a day's cradling in the harvest if she would bind after him. Mary took him up on the minute, and next day he came with his cradle. They started in as soon as the dew had lifted, and McGugan sailed along at a good clip, for though he was a school teacher he was a big strong fellow. The field was thirty rods long and he never looked back till he got to the end. He thought he would have time to whet his scythe before Mary caught up, but when he pulled the stone from his belt there she was—tossing by the last sheaf. Just then she straightened herself, wiped the sweat from her face with her sleeve and said: 'It's a het day, Mr. McGugan.' Then they had to walk back to the place they started from, for the wheat was lodged a little and could only be cradled one way. McGugan swung out faster than he did the time before, but when he reached the end Mary was ready for him, and wiping her face in the same way, she said: 'It's a het day, Mr. McGugan.' The poor school-master cradled like that all day and not a word did Mary speak to him but: 'It's a het day Mr. McGugan,' and that at the end of every swath.

"When it was sun-down the school-master stopped and Mary began to shock up what she had bound and McGugan sneaked off, not having the face to ask such a woman. A little while after that he left the settlement for the story got out, and everywhere he went people would say to him: 'It's a het day, Mr. Mc-

Gugan'."

Preston laughed at the story, but more at the way the man had been led to tell it, and as they walked along he continued laughing and complimenting McPherson. Of course, he didn't consider the man they had listened to anything more than the kind used by men who make books for "local color," but still McPherson was clever to know the workings of his mind so well and he went on to spoon-feed McPherson with psychology, and to explain that when a man has but few ideas they are all more or less associated, and when one is brought out it naturally brings out the others.

The next man they called on was the village tailor, and McPherson said to Preston :

"If you say anything about your vest being a poor fit I think the tailor will tell you a story."

By this time Preston had entered into the spirit of the fun, and he had barely been introduced to the tailor when he began to tug at his vest and complain about the fit.

"That reminds me," said the man of needles and thread, "of a young farmer who came here once to get his wedding suit made. He had always before had his clothes made by his mother ; but this being a special occasion he came to me so as to get something better. Well, I took his measure, and after asking him about the pockets and things, I asked him if there was anything he wanted me to be especially particular about.

" 'Well', he said as he looked at the suit he had on, 'if it wouldn't be too much trouble I wish you'd try to make the pants and vest meet'."

While they were in the tailor's shop several of the

village worthies dropped in for a chat and one by one McPherson made them tell their stories. Every one was enjoying himself, and Preston more than any. At last, before he had noticed he was telling his new friends about the great fight they had in the college when they put down hazing. It was his favorite story and he told it with much gusto, giving all the thrilling details ; but when he was about half through he chanced to catch the eye of McPherson and a sly twinkle in it made him stop with a gasp. Could it be possible that he too had been tapped for his pet story just like these men who were merely "local color" ? A steady glance from his patriarchal friend convinced him that he was right in his suspicion, but Preston was game and he told his story to the end. He felt much like using his new found energy in thrashing his clever friend, but he wisely restrained himself and profited by the lesson that had been taught to him.

And when he went back to the city he had good health and had lost much of his pride of knowledge. He also knew that men are more than books and that after all even the most scholarly are not so very different from the most ignorant.



No man gets more good out of life than the man who has the courage to fail as well as the ability to succeed.

* * *

We should strive to grow, not to become perfect. Perfection is the goal to be aimed at, but growth is the reward. Perfection is the first step of decay.

¶ A FIELD DAY

BY CLAYTON DUFF



TOOK my religion out of doors to-day ; out in the pasture with the cow and the hens and the bugs and butterflies. I like my fellow beasts to share in my devotions, and even to welcome to the brotherhood of praise the more impersonal children of

Nature—the winds and waters, trees and shining fields.

The service opened with dancing. I know that in church they begin with the doxology ; but when I came through the gap the butterflies were dancing over the grass, the leaves were dancing on the trees, the baby waves on the pond were dancing hand-in-hand, and the wind came dancing up to me—a young wind, a morning wind, and set my heart dancing, too. There is more than one way of praising God.

Our folks do not mind my singing if I do it away out here on the other side of the orchard, and there is a childhood's hymn that gushes from the heart on such glad mornings :

“Birds are singing, woods are ringing
With Thy praises, blessed King ;
Lake and mountain, field and fountain
To Thy throne their tributes bring.
We, Thy children, join the chorus,
Merrily, cheerily, gladly praise Thee ;
Glad hosannas, glad hosannas
Joyfully we lift to Thee.”

But, today, there were few birds to voice our aspirations. This is the field the bobolinks sing over in the summer sunshine, but their "rain of melody" has long ceased to fall upon the thirsty earth. We had to depend on more domestic choristers. There was the hen, and when you recall how much the joy of country mornings is indebted to her bustling carol you will admit that the hen has sweet offices in Nature's choir that could not be filled by the nightingale or the lark. Boyish young roosters with the long, golden legs were valiant with songs still in the tender bud, innocent pullets brought babblings sweet as the ripple of the brook; and all the chinks of sound were filled by the cricket's "tricksome tune."

I have days for lawns and gardens, for festivals, the fireside and the street, but I think it is the sky that makes these days a-field the holy days of the calendar. My common skies are fair, blue skies for raptures, grey for reveries, but their distances are cut off by linked roofs and trees, and much of what is left comes to me only through a quaintly-patterned screen of leaves and branches. But in the field I seem enfolded in sky. It is all mine from zenith to the encircling horizon. Custom has never staled that fine moment when the orchard way unfolds and brings me face to face with those far-flung leagues of blue—sometimes unadorned, sometimes gleaming with snowy fleets or swept with mists like angels' wings. Our childhood's faith that God lives above the sky has its virtue in raising our eyes in exalted moments on high. Could the Deity be more nobly interpreted than through that infinitude and beauty?

The pasture field itself is ragged and unadorned save for the ruins of a grove that we set out with morning hearts in spring. It was vastly barricaded against all possible foes and we liked to look through the cracks and wonder what scenes would be enacted beneath those boughs in future ages, what glad shouts of children would echo down the dim aisles, what lovers' troths would be plighted there. The cow and the old mare seemed to know as well as we did what the place was intended for. With simple, childlike faith they used to go up there and lie down even on hot days when there was plenty of shade behind the pig-pen. By the time the trees were all dead we had become quite attached to the spot.

There is a mane of withered stalks above the green sward, for our open-faced ox-eyed daisy is not such a popular member of floral society as the daisy of old-country fields that cattle, as well as children and poets, love. The thistles, too, have reached an untamed old-age from living the faith that the best assurance of peace is to be prepared for war. Those "venerable hairs" gleaming in the sun, shall not exact their dues of respect for the thistle saves its choicest stings for its decay. Nearer the earth are the late alfalfa blossoms, nodding on shorter stems than their summer sisters; and where the field runs down to a far hollow by the bounding deep, it is fluffy with golden-rod and willow.

The bounding deep (those who haven't been corresponding with a poet might call it a pond) lolls in a hollow with woody banks on my side and stern, treeless banks on the other. Besides the raptures of its

own it echoes the beauty of earth and sky ; those rainbow hues of evening and pictures from the long, still afternoons.

From its further shore the land flows on in "spreading farms" with neat groves, a pool where geese flap shining pinions and clustered homesteads half buried in trees till, at last, a ruffle of woodland joins it to the sky.

I like my solitudes to be filled with trees and fields and distant woods and waves, but still near enough humanity that I can call for help if I get lonesome. Across the pond there is a road that first is perched against the sky, then runs down to chum with the frog puddles, and after hiding behind a headland of the nearer shore, turns heavenward in the distance. At noon the road was blackened with country worshippers flying home to dinner. It is always pleasant to wonder what people are going to have for dinner, although even such a speculation becomes abstract across a pond. There is a gentle ebb and flow of wayfarers, people at Sabbath paces and with Sabbath voices who set out when the sun is high and come back with less hopeful feet when the birds with plaintive cries are gathering home. There are stragglers, too, aimless ones who remind me, happily, that duty, also, gets a rest one day in seven. Most joyous of all are buggies with those blooming loads that inspire the country correspondent the next week to items such as : "J. and Mrs. Bone and family of Salem, Sundayed at the former's mother."

"I always like cows in a picture," to quote the familiar remark of rural visitors when exposed to the

family paintings. Of all the manifestations of cow in the picture to-day the nearest to our business and bosoms is Darkey. One of the little girls up our way once when being out to some riotous living, was asked if she would take milk in her tea. "No," she answered with the innocence born of having a cow at home, "cream, please."—"We take 'cream, please' at our place." But while Darkey has a great responsibility in providing the cream, I think that on the Sabbath she might devote herself less strenuously to the task. Some of the more rugged members of the family could sometimes take milk and give Darkey a chance to develop the higher part of her nature. Of all the beasts of the field today, there was the least aspiration about Darkey. But I suppose it is futile to expect a wild poetic nature in a cow.

And, anyway, I have tender feelings for Darkey. That fawn-like eye, those gentle, domestic virtues, that friendly, sinuous tongue with which she caressed my outstretched hand, though with a startled realization on my part that to her all flesh is grass, are not unmeet recompense for some shortcomings of the Spirit.



Men are not born free and equal, but they are born with the possibility of achieving freedom and equality.

A Satirist is a man who discovers unpleasant things about himself and then says them about other people.

We hear altogether too much about free speech—the free speech of ignorance. The highest achievement of civilization is to give a man the liberty to be silent.

TOLD AS NEW

LIMITED CAPITAL

Meeting a man from Texas on the Canadian prairies, Alex. Smith, Ottawa, asked him how things went with him in Canada. The new-comer replied : "Stranger, I came here five years ago with nothing but a hard name, but now I own a section of land (640 acres), horses, cattle and implements. I have grain in the elevator and money in the bank, and I have seen Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Guess Canada is all right."



TOMORROW AND TOMORROW

Dr. H. A. Wilson, of Wardsville, tells of an Indian Chief and his squaw who came to his office for treatment. When they were about to leave Dr. Wilson remarked :

"I have often thought I should like to visit the old church on your reservation."

"We would like to have you come," said the Chief. "and to have you stay with us for dinner after church."

"It's a bargain, then ! I'll go."

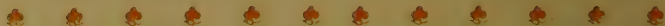
"When will you come ?" asked the squaw.

"I can't say just now, but I'll come sometime."

"Sometime," she said, quietly, "'means never."

When relating the incident the other day the Dr.

said: "Well, I made up my mind that I'd shew her that with me "sometime" didn't mean "never". I would hitch up and drive over and give her a surprise some Sunday, mighty soon. Then he added sadly, "that was six years ago and I haven't gone yet."



PIONEER DISCIPLINE

"Oh, yes, the pioneers were strict disciplinarians," said an old-timer who doesn't want his name to be mentioned.

"But it seems to me that they sometimes got things a little twisted. Take my father for instance. If there was one thing more than another that he drilled into us youngsters it was that we must not, under any circumstances, play with matches or carry them in our pockets. He had stories to tell about people whose barns had been burned because children played with matches, and he didn't intend to have any of that kind of nonsense around his place.

"Well, one day we were out hunting together, or rather he was hunting and I was along for the excitement and to carry the small game. There were big patches of woods in those days and we were miles away from a house before his pipe went out and he made up his mind to have a fresh smoke. He filled his pipe and then discovered that he hadn't a match.

"He fretted for an hour or more, and when he began to miss easy shots he said it was because he wasn't having his usual smoke. Now, I didn't want the hunt to be a failure, so I thought I'd take a

chance. I fished a bundle of matches out of my pocket and gave them to him. He grabbed for them so wildly and lit his pipe with so much satisfaction that I thought I had made a real hit. After he got his pipe going he took a few long puffs to make sure that it was burning right. Then he cut a nice stiff gad, and there in the heart of the woods he gave me a larruping that scared the partridges and squirrels for a mile around.

"There, now," he said as he finished whaling me and puffed up his pipe again. "That will larn you to carry matches."



A SPECIFIC NEEDED

One evening John Lewis, Editor of the Toronto Star, went into a drug store to have a prescription filled. There were two little girls ahead of him, and while he was waiting to be served the little girl tugged at her sister's sleeve and whispered :

"Mamie, you ask the druggist if he's got anyfin that is good fer havin' swallered five cents !"



BENT PINS

I have never yet regretted any time I remained silent when I was tempted to speak.

It is easy to make epigrams. All you have to do is to say things you don't understand with an air of conviction.

TO BE TAKEN WITH SALT

Being an Essay in Teaching
One's Grandmother to Suck Eggs .

Continued from October Number.

CHAPTER III.

Having dressed in the manner of the country, I visited "The City" to call on a merchant, whose firm had been dealing in eggs since the time of the dodo, or at least of the Great Auk. It was my purpose to lay before him the nature of my mission, and receive such information and guidance as he might be disposed to give.

At first I was pleased to find that a firm of so ancient a reputation should be content with an unpretentious office. The building was situated in a mean street and on the front wall there was a tablet stating that it had been erected in the sixteenth century, but unfortunately there was nothing to inform me that the business ideas of the merchant dated from the same period.

Making one more supreme effort to become unconscious of my top hat, I approached the door, which was instantly opened by a man in uniform.

"Is Mr. X—— in ?" I enquired.

"Yes, sir," replied the bland official. "You have an appointment with him ?"

"Unfortunately, no," I replied, "but perhaps if you take in my card he will see me, for I have come many thousands of miles to consult him on a matter of the first importance."



The uniformed custodian of the traditions shook his head gravely.'

The uniformed custodian of the traditions shook his head gravely.

"To do so would be utterly unprecedented. For over one hundred and fifty years no one has ever been admitted to the private office of the head of the firm without an appointment." This was said in tones of evident pride.

"Will you take a note to him," I asked, "to see if he will make an exception in my case?"

"I could not presume to do such a thing, but perhaps if you will tell me your business. I can direct you to one of the clerks who will attend to it for you."

"My business is with the head of the firm," I replied, with an air of haughtiness that came much more natural than I had expected, now that I was wearing a frock coat and a top hat.

"Then I am afraid, sir, that you must write for an appointment."

"Will it take long," I asked, "to arrange an interview in that way?"

"I fear that you cannot manage it this month as it is a tradition of the house never to see foreigners except on the first and third Wednesdays after the dark

of the moon ; and as the head of the firm will be away for the week-end he cannot be expected to find time to reply to your letter within a fortnight, so you see it will take some time."

Hearing this, I walked out in a semi-stupor, then turned around and gazed with "lack-lustre eye" at the



This man's hen's laid eggs for the
Royal family by appointment.'

sign assuring the world that this man's hens laid eggs for the Royal family by appointment. And while I stood there, I was aware that certain mysterious, silent workers whom I had previously observed, were hurrying to and fro in the street, and apparently doing a wonderful business in the sale and distribution of eggs.

Being in "The City" I decided to follow my usual custom and roam about in quest of adventure ; for I well knew that I was as likely to find my grandmother in that way as in any other. It is a curious fact, and one not yet explained by our philosophers, that when we undertake anything outside of our immediate needs, we are as likely to win success by going wrong as by going right, or indeed, by making no effort whatsoever. If I am to meet my grandmother, it is as likely to be because she is seeking me as because I am seeking her, or I may collide with her in turning a corner, and the only thing to do is to be prepared for the meeting at all times.

As my feet were wandering as well as my thoughts, it is not surprising that I presently found myself passing the Bank of England.

"Can it be," I asked with sudden disquietude, "that this is my grandmother? Why should it not be the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street rather than Rule Britannia to whom I should show my duty? Does not colonial patriotism depend on the pocket as often as on the heart?"

Before I could answer this troublesome question, an opportunity to evade it arose which I embraced with alacrity. In the open street beside the Mansion House



'Looking at the Bank and weeping bitterly.'

I saw a man who was looking at the bank and weeping bitterly. Hurrying to his side I asked the cause of his sorrow. Pulling himself together with an effort he replied between sobs—

"I couldn't help it. It was too much. It suddenly dawned on me what that little old building means in the way of capital invested at two per cent. while here am I bubbling over with get-rich-quick-schemes, offering a profit of anywhere from one hundred per cent. to beyond the dreams of avarice."

Before I could frame a fitting rebuke for his foolish tears he suddenly became master of himself and my scorn gave way to puzzled wonder as he pressed his fingers to his lips and moved away on tip-toe. He, too,

was one of the mysterious silent workers.

Continuing my ramble I soon found myself grappling with this irritating mystery. Wherever I went I saw in every street scores of men who, by their efforts to avoid attracting the attention of their fellows, attracted mine. Much like others in appearance and dress, they even surpassed the native islanders in their silence. In the Strand, by the docks, in the city, in the parks, I saw them hurrying, but beyond such words and sounds as were made necessary by the transaction of business, they were silent.

Whenever two of these people met they pressed their fingers to their lips and went their way, sometimes increasing the quietness of their movements by walking on tip-toe.

Hour after hour I watched them and wondered, but found no solution to the difficulty. One thing was certain, however, and that was that their attention to business was both strict and productive.

When I had almost decided to write a letter to the Times, to enquire the meaning of the strange behavior of these industrious people, I suddenly recognized as one of them a man whom I had known in my youth, at all hours of the day and night. Descending upon him in my loneliness like one who had discovered a long lost brother, I made myself known. Despite the fact that he was even then about to transact urgent business, he recognized me joyfully, but refused to enter into conversation in the street. Whispering a subdued "Hush!" he motioned me to follow him, and naturally falling into his habits, I walked on tip-toe by his side into a quiet building, in the remotest part of which he had

his private office.

When he had closed and locked the door, and had made sure we were entirely alone, he clapped me on the shoulder like the good fellow he was, and greeted me with a shout of joyous laughter that brought back my friend of early days.

"Well, my boy, how are you?" he enquired, cheerfully, as he dug me in the ribs with his thumb. "It's good for sore eyes to see you."

"Quite so," I replied, my new-found dignity being somewhat ruffled by his manual style of humor, "but you will, perhaps, explain why you, and thousands of others like you, move about the streets of London like industrious ghosts."

"Sure," he laughed, genially, "haven't you got on to the game yet?"

"Oh, it's a game, is it?" I asked dubiously.

"Of course it is," he answered,—and one that pays mighty well. Can't you understand? We are the American invaders."

"But," I replied, still unconvinced, "silence is not a characteristic of the American."

"No, indeed! not of the American visitor. But ever since the Prince of Wales made his "Wake, up, England" speech, we business invaders have been moving about on tip-toe for fear that England should wake up before we get all we want."

The truth flashed upon me like a great light, and being entirely satisfied, I made myself comfortable and, after the manner of old cronies, we spent a pleasant hour recalling and discussing things that we have long since lived down.

CHAPTER IV.

Even before leaving Canada I realized that London would not be judged by my opinion of her, but that I should be judged by my opinion of London. I knew, moreover, that I should find nothing I did not bring, and it was with some uneasiness I foresaw that instead of passing on a civilization I should be given an opportunity of discovering how far I was civilized myself. Consequently it was with a feeling of deep satisfaction I found myself being pleased with the metropolis of the world.



'Found myself being pleased with the metropolis of the world.'

London is the first city I have ever known that did not at once strike me as being man-made. Nature seems to have adopted these winding streets and huddled buildings as her own. They have been so long a-building we forget that they were ever built, or that the stones of their foundations were laid by mortal hands. As I wander about I find in the sudden turnings the same inevitableness and surprise that I have found in the tangles of the forest—nor is there a jot less solitude. The soul can sun itself here as unconsciously as in the wilderness.

But it is hardly exact to think of London as part

of Nature. The great city is really a work of art—old, battered, touched by vandalism and sadly in need of being restored with loving care. In contemplation of London, as in contemplation of some serene old Master, I find that I can pour forth all that I have experienced of life, and find it truly interpreted. London is at once the epitome of all thought, and its fullest expression ; the artistic triumph of our collective civilization.

But London is one thing and the Londoner another. To tell the truth I can see no more connection between the Londoner of to-day and the city he lives in than I can between the people who live on the banks of Niagara and the grandeur of the cataract. Instead of being proud, he should be the humblest of living crea-

tures. Nothing of that which constitutes London's greatness is due to him. London has been perfecting through the centuries, and he is but blundering through the present. Because thoughtful men approach the city reverently he should not swell out his chest and foolishly imagine that they are reverent towards him. Even

'Thoughtful men approach the great city reverently.'

though he wrap himself in official robes he has not improved his case. The robes and mighty ceremony are of London, but he is simply a creature of to-day.

* * * * *

One morning the grey Strand blossomed into gor-

geous colors. The dreamy walls put forth flags and streamers, or were hidden beneath luxuriant festoons of bunting. With magical swiftness London took on holiday aspect, for the new-crowned King was about to visit his ancient and loyal city.

Presently the soldiers began to move through the crowded streets, both mounted and afoot, and were dressed with curious distinction. But so many passed where I sat, and in so different guise, that I gave up the effort to differentiate them, and simply murmured to myself :

"Eggs ! These are the eggs to be broken for that great Imperial omelette of which we hear so much. Such omelettes cannot be made without the breaking of eggs, and here they are, led on, I suppose, by Roly-Poly and Humpty-Dumpty."

When the streets were orderly, with a narrow lane down the centre, between surging crowds, music was heard in the distance and the heroes of the Empire began to march past.

To one who has accustomed himself to speaking to individuals there is little of inspiration or indeed of interest in crowds. Unconsciously I found myself regarding the passing procession as something from which I as an individual was utterly detached and for which I had no sympathy. All the democratic indifference of my soul came to the surface and if I were asked to describe the famous officers who passed I should characterize each as "A grizzly man with an iron-grey moustache."

Then came the royal carriages, and still the democratic mood continued. Bowing to left and to right

with almost rhythmical regularity, the occupants reminded me of organisms I had once watched under a microscope, all except a little princess who was very evidently indulging a most plebian fit of the sulks.

"She wouldn't bow to the tiresome people, so there !"

It was the one human touch in the procession, and it delighted me ; but while I was enjoying my chuckle, the roar that I could hear approaching down the Strand suddenly swept around the crescent of the churches. For a moment I saw the Hanoverian horses with their glittering trappings, and a face with which all the world is familiar—and then the scene blurred away into a mist. The crowd was roaring beneath me, but I made no sound.

In a moment all I had learned of kingship and loyalty beside an open fire-place, thousands of miles away and many years ago, surged up like a flood and swept away my democratic cynicism.

Here at last I was face to face with the highest pageantry of history and chivalry—with the most magnificent symbol of human power.

[To be continued in the December Number]



An artist studies to keep his soul alive and produces to keep his body alive.

* * *

Argument is absurd. Why should I expect another man to give up his errors for mine.

LOVE TAPS

Continued from page One.

Filled with the charm that marks all of Mr. McArthur's writings.—LONDON ADVERTISER.

This magazine is one that should find prompt and general favor.—SATURDAY NIGHT.

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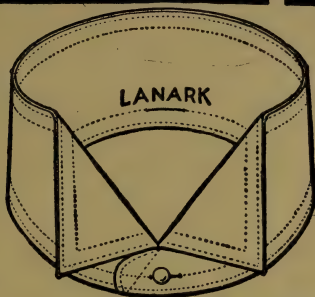
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Retrospect

I crossed the hill and did not know,
So thronged was life for me,
And down the further slope I go,
Content though wearily.

But this deep joy my spirit hath :
Although no height was won,
No shadow falls across my path,
I journey with the sun.

OURSELVES

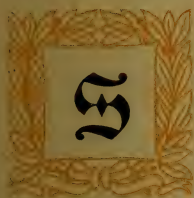
"A Magazine for Cheerful Canadians"

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NO. 3

THE MONTHLY TALK



SOME friendly critics think that we have altogether too much politics in OURSELVES. Very well! I am going to try to keep the dreadful stuff out of this number. This is the season for good cheer when no politics but that of the home should receive attention. It is much better to consider the wiles of the little folks who want us to shake the Christmas tree for them than to grumble about the men who want to shake the political plum-tree. Still I may be allowed to make an explanation. My sole reason for writing so much about politics in previous numbers was that when hunting for amusing subjects politics offered the most fruitful field. The attitude of the average voter towards his duties as a citizen is very funny—much funnier than I can make it appear.

I have no quarrel with the politicians. Far from it. Our relationship is much the same as that of the English prize-fighter and his wife. One day the bruiser appeared among his pals with a black eye.

"Who did it?" they yelled.

"My old woman."

"Your old woman ! How could you stand for it."

"Aw, gwan ! It amuses she and it don't hurt I."

It amuses me to write about politics and it doesn't hurt the politicians. At least they do not act as if it did. When we meet we shake hands with both hands—which is a beautiful custom. Handshaking began with the swashbucklers of old who offered one another the dagger hand to show that they were not armed. It was found, however, that left handed villians could use this arrangement to advantage, so the politicians began shaking with both hands to show they are without guile. It is a beautiful custom—and so convincing.

As a matter of fact politics in Canada is not nearly so important as you might be led to believe from reading the first issues of OURSELVES. This is the age of "Big Business" and little politics, but the "Big Business" is so big that I have not yet located its funny side. I feel somewhat the same about it as did the Irishman who walked around the elephant in the Zoo, first examining its tail and then its trunk, and then exclaiming in despair :

"You unfortunate craythur ! If I knew which end of you was which I'd give yez a paynut."

If I had a better understanding of the mergers and trusts and corporations generally, there is no knowing what nice things I might do for them !

Of course, the reciprocity negotiations are now in progress and no one who takes an active interest in public life can help giving the matter some attention. (Perhaps, after all, you had better skip this talk if you don't want politics.) But there, again, "Big Business" seems to be standing in the light and getting

in the way. "The Interests" are beginning to growl in their most resonant basso-profundo. I don't think there is any question that the great struggling mass of the people on both sides of the line want better trade relations, but will "Big Business" let them have it? Before the negotiations are ended I shall be surprised if the representatives of both countries do not find themselves in the situation of the two hunters who were suddenly attacked by a sour-tempered old bull buffalo. One of the hunters shinned up a tree while the other dodged into a cave, just managing to escape the furious charge by a jump that burst off his suspender buttons. The enraged buffalo then returned to the tree and stood under it bellowing like a trust robbed of its privileges. A moment later the man in the cave came out with a quicker jump than he went in. The buffalo charged at him again, and under that strong compulsion he dived back into the hole. After this appearing and disappearing act had been repeated several times the man in the tree yelled:

"Hey, you fool, why don't you stay in the hole."

"You don't know this hole," wailed the other, "There's a grizzly bear in here."

When the negotiations begin to look as though they might mean something "The Interests" south of the border, and "The Interests" north of the border will make it about as interesting for the negotiators and the governments of the two countries as the bull buffalo and the grizzly bear did for the man in the hole. In the meantime OURSELVES will remain up the tree and give advice and report the proceedings.

Before being too much amused at "The Interests"

and their bullying tactics it would be well for the average individual to give some thought to what the situation that is developing so rapidly means to him personally. As I see it, every citizen of a free country is obliged to do his duty in two ways. He should do his duty as a private citizen and as a member of the community as a whole. To both these duties he is born and his aim should be to discharge them honestly and wisely. If, however, he becomes part of any organization what he does in connection with it should not conflict with his duties as a private individual or as a member of the community as a whole. Now a corporation is an organization greater than an individual and less than a community, and if it is conducted in such a way as not to injure either the individual or the community its existence is allowable. In some countries, we'll not say where, for it is dangerous for a man who has to earn his living to be too definite about some things, they are already finding that corporations are aiming to control both individuals and the community. Has it not been written that "corporations have neither bodies to be kicked nor souls to be damned." If that is true how are they to be controlled or punished for any sins they may commit. It would be going too far to say that the right way to deal with them was that of the man in the Southern feud who excused himself for killing a baby by saying :

"If I hadn't killed him he might have grown up to rule me."

Organization is the strongest force in human society and where it is for the benefit of all, as it is

supposed to be under a democratic form of government, it is excellent. But where organization is at the expense of the many for the benefit of the few it is simply slavery in a new form. All the trades are being wiped out by organizations that employ men and women to wait on machines that do the work. Men and women no longer learn trades that will enable them to make finished products of any kind, and even if they did they could not compete with the corporations. In this they are reduced to the most terrible form of slavery—the slavery of incapacity. Technical schools may do some good—they could not help doing good in a properly governed country—but if the result is to be that they will simply be turning out better servants for bigger and harder bosses the good will be questionable.

The obvious answer to the danger of tyrannical corporations is that they must be controlled for the common good. What could be simpler than that? But now that they are getting their growth will they let us control them? There's the rub. They may find it more convenient as well as more profitable to control us. I am afraid we will have to have some "Big Politics" before "Big Business" can be properly tamed and made to eat out of our hands.

Just to make clear the real relationship that exists between the individual, the corporation and the community as a whole, I am going to tell you a simple little story.

¶ My Neighbor the Corporation

When the Cackling Hen Merger was formed I had more cause than most men to be interested. Its executive offices were built on the lot adjoining mine.

It was when the site was selected that I first became interested and from that day I tried to find out all about my new neighbor. One always does feel interested in new neighbors, their past history, social standing and future prospects.

No one who ever moved into our neighborhood did things on so magnificent a scale. The Cacklers, as we learned to call them, did nothing by halves. From the deep cement foundations to the gilded weather-cock everything was the best that money could buy.

The costly hardwoods and onyx used in finishing the offices must have made the specifications look like the plans for an ancient temple, but why should they scrimp themselves? Was not every hen in the Dominion cackling for their profit? Of course I don't know how they manage such things but people who knew said it was the completest merger ever formed and that it controlled everything from the incubators in which the chickens were to be hatched to the bob-veal that it used to make canned chicken soup. It was such a merger as fat men love to talk about over bottles of fizzy champagne in exclusive clubs.

And when the furniture came it was the talk of all that part of the town. Such solid mahogany tables and

such nice, kind-looking leather covered arm chairs we had never before seen. After getting a glimpse of them I went home and told my wife to order new lace curtains and some near Persian rugs at once. If we managed to establish social relations with our neighbors I did not want to be too completely overwhelmed.

About a week after they had moved into their new home I said to my wife :

"My dear, don't you think we ought to go and call on our new neighbor ?"

"Our new neighbor ! What new neighbor ?"

She asked this in a surprised way that made her look like a wide-eyed interrogation point. She takes sole charge of our social relations and as I usually have to be dragged out to do my duty and invariably arrive at gatherings of all kinds with my tie over the back of my collar and showing other signs of rough usage, to have me suggest a social duty was too much and after a pause she asked me coldly :

"Whom do you wish to call on ?"

When she says "whom" instead of "who" it is a sign that the storm signals are up in our home port.

"The Cackling Hen Merger," I replied in my blithest manner.

"Melchisedec Sloan !" she exclaimed with awful emphasis, "Are you going crazy ?"

"My pulse as temperately beats as yours," I quoted reassuringly and then began to argue.

"I have been looking into this matter, my dear, and find that a corporation claims all the rights of an individual and that before the law it practically is one. It can buy and sell like an individual, own property

and conduct business. If it does anything flagrantly wrong and you can get a better lawyer than it employs you can drag it into court and have it fined. As far as I can see, corporations are with us to stay. We find them in competition with us ordinary people in every walk of life and it has struck me that perhaps the reason they are so greedy, merciless and unsociable is that no one has ever tried to be kind to them. There is no knowing what charming traits they might develop if people would only be good to them and receive them in their homes. Now you and I might perform a great public service by calling on the Cackling Hen Merger and opening our doors to it.

The look she gave me as she swept out of the room made me feel like Mark Twain's "Meditative spider that stepped on a red hot gridle and then shrivelled."

Finding that my wife would not help me I decided to get acquainted with my neighbor in man fashion. I would go over and borrow a monkey-wrench from it. I really did not need a monkey-wrench, but in the country where I was brought up borrowing the monkey-wrench was a favorite way of breaking the ice when a new neighbor moved in. I was met at the door by a large man who wore a sort of uniform and a cap that had DOORKEEPER lettered on it in gold braid.

"Good morning," I said affably, "I just stepped over to see if I can borrow the monkey-wrench."

"Better see the janitor," he said gruffly. "He may have one in the furnace room that he will lend you."

"I don't want to borrow it from the janitor," I said loftily, "I want to borrow it from the Cackling Hen Merger."

He looked at me searchingly then thrust out his underjaw and asked truculently :

"Are you the darn fool that lives next door, the one who has been pestering people with idiotic questions about this company?"

"I live next door," I replied with dignity.

"Be on your way," he snarled, "or I'll sic the dog on you."

I had discovered some time before that the merger kept a bull-dog—fed him on raw meat, too, so I didn't stop to argue with him. It was quite evident I couldn't get acquainted with the merger that morning, so I went away.

One by one I met the officers of the Cackling Hen Merger from the president down, but that did no good. They were not the merger. They simply represented it. The merger was something over and above them all which could not be chummed with. They were simply ordinary people like myself—men whose hat-bands had not developed as rapidly as their waist-bands—in other words, men whose domes of thought had not developed as rapidly as their domes of porridge. It was all very discouraging.

Finally in a burst of neighborly good-fellowship I sent the merger an invitation to go fishing with me. Instead of accepting the invitation in the spirit in which it was meant, the legal department of the Cackling Hen Merger sent me a letter threatening to have me indicted as a public nuisance. Then like the old farmer who had been thrown out of the house and kicked all the way to the front gate, "I took the hint and left them alone."

In my attempt to be friendly with the merger I observed a number of things that should be put on record as they show how human all corporations are — and how inhuman.

1. A corporation likes to make money. So do I.
2. It likes to dodge its taxes. So do I, but I can't.
3. It likes to make powerful friends. So do I, but I can't except at election time. Senators and members of parliament used to call on the merger quite often, and they barely nodded to me when they met me on the street.
4. A corporation is a tireless worker. I should be but I am not.
5. A corporation never takes a day off. I do.
6. A corporation is simply a money-making machine. We are poor human beings trying to make a living.

Having these things in mind let us give some thought to the future. How are we to exist when all the important business of the country gets into the hands of corporations. They claim all the privileges of individuals and dodge all the responsibilities—and support an aggressive lobby to see that all legislation favors them. What are you going to do about it? They have no powers except those that you, through your representatives in parliament, let them have. Think the matter over and then see to it that your representative knows just what you think.

PICTURES FROM LIFE

THE VILLAGE POST OFFICE

BY JESSIE M STUART



HAT is our post office," a man will remark as, with a stranger, he passes a house which has nothing in its appearance to suggest that it has anything to do with His Majesty's mail service. Outwardly it is the regulation cottage-roofed brick house of rural districts situated at the rear of a front yard over which the mowing machine has been run. But in one small room in the interior is a corner devoted to cubby-holes which impartially receive the love letters, the "dunners," the friendly letters, the duty letters, the circulars, the newspapers, and the magazines directed to "Evergreen Corners." Impartially, did I say? Did the square boxes at one time close their mouths to Liberal newspapers that such a preponderance of Conservative organs is fed to them now? The only Grit in the neighborhood will tell you with a touch of bitterness as he shakes the ashes from his pipe, that he is "living in a nest of gol-darn Tories."

The lady of the house who stamps the letters and sorts the mail, and in return rejoices in the title of "Assistant Postmaster" awaits the coming of the mail in a spotless kitchen. It is her special thorn in the

flesh that the place will soon be stormed by an army of school-children, regardless of the mud which they may track in. Many a wrinkle in her brow may be laid to the account of these mail-nights. As she mends her husband's shirt she talks to whomsoever may have come in early to post letters.

"Has your maw finished doing down her fruit, Ethel?"

"Ye'e's, I had quite a lot of currants. All I have left I am going to make into jell tomorrow."

"He ought to be here pretty soon—he usually gets along about half past four."

"You want a postal note for a dollar. Well, I'll see if we have one." Following this will be a rummaging in a box and then the announcement, "No, we haven't one for a dollar. I have one for seventy-five cents, and one for a dollar and a quarter, but the dollar ones are all gone. I must get Dave to send for some more."

With the aid of stamps and notes of similar denominations the amount is usually made up, the purchaser unruffled or annoyed by the proceedings according to his temperament.

"You'd think Green's might keep something like a stock of postal notes on hand," an aggrieved customer will complain, "I never got anything I wanted there yet."

After careering wildly outside to the accompaniment of much laughter and talking the school-children come in and range themselves around the room. Muteness assails them—they do not speak to each other unless in whispers—their answers to questions directed to them by grown-ups are laconic. Some nudging, pushing and

giggling they must do, of course, to preserve themselves from petrifying in the minutes (seemingly hours) of waiting.

At last someone looks from the window and perceives a cart, drawn by a framework of bones, loosely draped with skin, which moves at a snail's pace along the highway. The driver partakes of the leanness of his horse and his shoulders droop dejectedly as he urges that forlorn beast along. From a box under his seat he produces the mail bag, staggering into the house with it.

"Good-day ! Good day ! Quite a rain we're havin'. Yes, pretty chilly for this time of year."

From the little room comes the tearing of paper and vigorous stamping. A young girl watches her box wondering if any of the missives put therein are for her. The postmistress interlards her business with a few exclamations. "Here's a letter for Bill Broome. Does anyone know where he is now ?"

"There's a letter here for you, Susan. Guess it must be from your fellow."

"No letter for you, May. He must have forgot this week."

The children seize their mail and run off. The men (if there are any), linger to have a look at the paper before starting. The postmaster proper strolls in.

"Any letters ? Wonder why in the world that fellow doesn't write. What's the news, anyway ?"

He gets his papers, the other males fold their's up and go home for tea. The assistant picks up the wrappers from the floor and consigns them to the flames, and mail-time is over for another day.

ARMAGEDDON

BY THE DRUMMER



HEN going through my pockets this morning I noticed that my card case was filled to bursting, and I emptied it on my desk.

"Jared Colquhoun Smith."

Who in the world could he be, and where had I met him?" I searched my memory in vain."

"John B. Tibbs."

On the corner of this card was the not very illuminating line, "Heavy Chemicals."

I have bought many things, but I could remember no deals in heavy chemicals.

Over twenty cards were examined, and I could remember none of the people whose names they gave. Then the truth flashed on me. These were the men with whom I had scraped an acquaintance in the smoking compartments of trains. After we had been smoking together for several hours and chatting, we had exchanged cards. Then we had separated and forgotten one another.

This incident is recounted because it brought back to me something that happened in the smoking compartment on the International Limited, the last time I was returning from Toronto. Not being in the humor for casual conversation I pretended to be reading a paper and listened to the babble of talk about me. In the long seat on which I was sitting a shoe drummer

and a drummer for an underwear house were discussing the hotel accommodation in country towns. The subject was not inspiring, and my attention was transferred to a couple of farm implement agents who were sitting opposite. One of them told a really funny story about one time he had hired a horse and rig at a livery stable and the brute insisted on stopping whenever they met anyone and on turning in at every gate. Once when a man came around a corner unexpectedly the horse stopped so suddenly that it almost threw him over the dashboard. When he got back to the livery stable he asked what ailed the brute.

"Oh, nothing," said the hostler, "That's the horse we bought from our local member of parliament. It's the one he used when canvassing and it thought you wanted to talk to everybody in the country."

While I was smiling behind my paper a voice suddenly broke in behind me.

"General Wolseley once said, 'If the battle of Armageddon is ever fought it will be fought between the United States and China. When that day comes Canada will be in it, too, for to the yellow man every white man is simply a white devil.'"

After a pause, during which I could hear the low murmur of another voice, the man of prophetic vision began again.

"I think this is a case for the new diplomacy, where people should say right out what they mean. Look at Germany and England. They are making faces at one another but I am certain they are simply bluffing so that the people will stand the taxation. I believe the two governments have a perfect understanding about

navy building and they are using this means of getting ready for the coming war with the yellow races. It is because of this that England is inducing her colonies to build navies and develop a military spirit. The authorities at home know what is coming. The United States Government knows it, too, and came pretty near saying so when their fleet was sent on a cruise around the world. Admiral Evans said at the time, they were 'ready for either a fight or a frolic,' That cruise was meant to overawe China and Japan. I suppose the people in authority know best, but I think they are making a mistake in clinging to the old diplomatic methods of fooling the people about what they want to do. The people are now sufficiently well educated to stand having the truth told to them. If England and Germany came out with the truth their citizens would urge more battleship building instead of less, and here in Canada the naval program would be lifted out of politics."

At this point the brakeman came in and yelled, "Ham-il-ton!" and everyone behind me jumped up to get out. Though I turned quickly I was unable to determine which was the prophet of woe. Anyway he was one of the kind of people you are liable to meet in the smoking compartment of a passenger train. He was of the class of John B. Tibbs and Jared Colquhoun Smith, though his middle name was probably Jeremiah.

OLD HOME WEEK



ERE is news to clutch the heart
strings, that makes me feel for-
lorn,

They are having an old home week in
the place where I was born ;

They have called their wandering chil-
dren from the reaches of the
earth

To taste the cheering welcome of the place that gave
them birth ;

For the prodigal and prudent they have killed the fatted
calf ;

They have spread a banquet for them, and they don't
do things by half.

The boys I fought and played with are there, all sober
grown,

And the girls I used to flirt with, with daughters of
their own.

Along the streets where barefoot, we romped in childish
play

With dignified decorum they move about today.

Old times they're talking over and the joys we used to
share—

They are having an old home week and I wish that I
was there.

At my desk in a far city I sit and try to smile,
With visions of that happy scene my fancy I beguile,
I see the bands parading with their "Oompah—Oompah"
noise,
While leading a procession of shining girls and boys.
I seem to see the preachers hand-shaking with the folks,
While everyone is laughing at their good old-fashioned
jokes.
I see the home-returning each in an honored place,
And try to see through masking years each well re-
membered face.
They went away in homespun, but now, behold them,
please !
Solomon in his glory was not clad like one of these.
But, Oh, it's ill in fancy a scene like this to share—
They are having an old home week and I wish that I
was there.

Though the homing ones are happy, many a mother's
heart will yearn
For sons of golden promise who will never more return;
Some sleep beneath the horizon where the sun at even-
ing dips,
And some have dropped their anchors in the port of
missing ships.
But though to their beloved their welcome words they'll
say
What know they of the home-love who never went away ?
What know they of the home-love who never went away ?
scene,

Till the soul grew sick with longing, while the ocean
rolled between.

My song is for the absent in whatever land they fare—
They are having an old home week and I wish that we
were there.

The ties have all been broken, so long—so long ago,
That there are none to cherish, and haply none to know.
And here I sit and wonder, for no word of welcome came,
Will anyone remember—will someone speak my name?
For though they've all forgotten, I never can forget
The friends my memory treasures, that I shall visit yet.
Some day I'll drop my burdens, some day my bonds I'll
break,

And the dust of the mad city from my weary feet I'll
shake,

With a hearty country hand clasp I'll rally my old
friends,

And for my years of silence, make a happy week's
amends.

I know my words are foolish, I know I should not care,
But they're having an old home week and I wish that I
was there.



NERVES

Duncan Stuart, of Calgary, tells this one :

One day a nervous woman called to her maid :

“Mary ! Go out into the yard and see what the
children are doing—and tell them they mustn’t.”

THE PEOPLE'S EDITORIAL



AM a public school teacher and, therefore, can offer a few suggestions. You will get far more from those who have no direct connection with schools. It is always the man without a family who knows best how to manage one, and those who have no part in the system of education will be most competent to advise as to its improvements. An outsider may have a more comprehensive view.

It is true our educational system is not all it should be, but we are doing better, and I think the children of this generation have a better training than those of any previous one. We all agree that low salaries and lack of adequate training of teachers has in the past caused constant changing of teachers, especially in rural schools. That has been one of the greatest hindrances to progress. The government has sought to remedy this condition by requiring higher qualifications in the teachers, and encouraging the people to pay more liberal salaries. There is, however, rather a serious condition of affairs in the schools at the present time. A large number of young, unqualified teachers are being employed simply because no others can be secured. I attribute this partly, though not wholly, to the sudden cutting off of Model schools. If a few schools had been cut off each year, and the department had tried to make

sure that there would be a sufficient number of teachers with some training, it would have been much better for our schools. My first suggestion is that everything should be done to secure well-qualified teachers and keep them in the schools.

There is no doubt in my mind that the educational authorities are striving hard to improve our schools, They are striving so hard that they evolve some new and brilliant ideas every year, and the result is that we have constant changes in courses of study, text books and regulations. Some of these are for the better and some are not. I think changes should be made less frequently. They "unsettle" things. A change of any kind should not take place without forethought, and then it should remain long enough that its effect may be carefully noted.

Another suggestion I have is in regard to inspectors. Many of our public school inspectors were high school teachers, and have had no experience in public school work. They are appointed by county councils and sometimes "pull" has more to do with the appointment than qualifications. I think an inspector would be much better prepared to wrestle with public school problems if he had had experience in a public school, because the organization and methods of a high school are very different from those of a public school.

There has been a great deal said about what should be taught in schools. We teachers have not much time to experiment. We have an extensive course to go through each year and it were treason to omit anything. The culture value and the practical value of all the subjects have been commented on many times by

wiser minds than ours. Many people who cry out that the education given by the schools is not practical, forget that anything that trains the mind to think, and the heart to love the beautiful, is in the highest degree practical, though one cannot measure it in dollars and cents. A large proportion of our children get little training except what they get in school and Sunday school. Parents send them to school to be educated and think their responsibility is ended. The home should do more for the child than the school. People need to realize that the child should be educated at home as well as at school.

There is one subject that the schools, with the exception of those in the large towns and cities, have not taken up much yet. That is manual training. How I wish I could set a lazy boy to making something with his hands. It would rouse him and inspire him with ambition to accomplish something. Parents make mistakes here, too. They are in despair because Johnny is so backward in arithmetic. Why should they be? Let him do something he can do and thus encourage himself to effort. The arithmetic ideas may develop later.

I still contend, however, that reading, writing, arithmetic, spelling and composition are the subjects of the most importance to be taught. They are the foundation subjects upon which the child will depend through life.

I have lived among teachers for a few years. I feel that, as a class, they are hard workers, mistaken often, but so anxious to do their best. That the results are not always what they should be may be partly owing to three causes: The problem of child training is the most difficult of problems; the system is far from perfect; the parents are not doing their share.

THE PIONEER AFOOT



“HAVE you ever watched a day grow?” asked the Pioneer of his son, as he put his tired feet into the loose, woolen slippers that his wife had brought to him. Two days of walking had wearied him and he was glad to be at home again.

“I mean it. In the fall of the year you can watch a day grow, and I did it the other morning when I went off tramping to visit Cousin Dugald. You remember I started at sunrise. There was a heavy dew and it was wet walking on the grass. It was cold, too, for there had been a hoar frost the night before and the whole world seemed dead. The sun came up red when I was at the bridge over the government drain, and it wasn't long before the frost began to melt, and there were little wisps of fog floating in all the low places near the woods. There wasn't a breath of air stirring, and you couldn't hear a sound anywhere. Most of the people were at their breakfast and the frost had stopped the noise of the grasshoppers and the crickets. By the time I reached the Second Concession line the sun got higher, and I could feel its heat a little. Then the day began to grow. Here and there on the fences you would see the heat begin to flicker. The few clouds floated away behind the tree-tops and the sky was all blue. While I walked along I could see the flicker starting on the knolls and on the road ahead of me. When I look-

ed towards the sun the glistening of the dew on the grass and the cobwebs in the pasture fields almost blinded me, and when I looked back at Congdon's garden the cabbage leaves with the dew on them looked as if they were hammered out of silver. The air was cold and sharp and good to breathe. By the time I got down to Bill Hyse's place, where there are woods back of the fields in every direction, the heat flicker was rippling up everywhere till the clearing looked like a big cauldron that was starting to boil over. The day had grown up and everything was warm and quiet and comfortable. Crows were cawing in the woods and little birds were flying around getting their breakfast ; grasshoppers and crickets had started singing, and I was glad all through me that I had gone off tramping. I stopped to look at everything that pleased my eye. Even the milk-weeds look pretty now that they have turned yellow and the sumach in the fence corners might have given their color to a king's robe. The woods haven't turned much yet, but here and there there was a maple branch that was as scarlet as the cushion our old minister used to have on his pulpit. The cushion was there to keep the book on, but he used it mostly to hide the notes of his sermon under. He had to do that because when I was a boy it was counted a disgrace for a minister to read his sermon and folks would talk about it if they caught him at it.

I don't know as I was ever so glad that I was alive as I was the other morning when walking along the side lines seeing all these things and breathing in the good air and feeling proud that we have such a

fine country. I wonder if you noticed any of these things, John, when you were cutting the corn that morning?

"I was too busy."

"Too busy," said the old man scornfully. "That's the way with us farmers. We live in the finest part of God's out-of-doors in the whole world and all we do in it is to raise corn, potatoes and wheat and fat steers and make money. We are even worse than the old darkey I used to have working for me. One day when I was plowing I saw a stump in the field ahead of me that I wanted to have grubbed out and I went over to his shanty in the woods where he lived when chopping for me and I offered him a dollar if he'd take out the stump.

"I can't do it," said the darkey. "I can't do it."

"Why not?" I asked him.

"Well de fact is I've got such a press of work on hand I jest can't do nuffin'."

"We get such a press of work on hand that we can't see nothing. We just grub away all the time that the weather is good and when it's raining we sit in the granary with the stub of a lead pencil and figure up on one of the bin boards what our profits are going to be. Man alive, John, if we would only stop once in a while to see and hear and feel all the fine things around us we would be really living instead of just wearing ourselves out. As it is we leave all these fine things to the tramps that go loafing through the country.

"Since I've been tramping myself I know more about tramps than I used to. I used to think it was nonsense for them to be all the time saying they were

hungry, and begging at every house they came to. By the time the sun was well up I was so hungry that I was getting weak, so I turned in at Neil Blue's to see old Sally. I knew she'd be just about getting up for her breakfast, for she's over ninety now and can't be stirring before the day gets warm. I tell you she was glad to see me. She made Neil's wife make a lot more toast and a fresh cup of tea and fry some eggs, and some of that dried beef they always have, and I ate till I was ashamed of myself. She was glad to have me to talk to, and I don't think she remembers anything that has happened less than thirty years ago. From the way she talked you would think that the woods were still all around us and that folks were living the same as the first settlers did. She was asking about you, mother, and we'll have to go down some day to see her. I thought I could never get away from her but I got started at last and by that time the sun was high and the day was so hot that I had to take off my coat and carry it over my shoulder.

Most of the people were busy cutting their corn though some of them were doing the fall plowing. Down by the river I saw a big drove of steers and stopped to ask about them. There were two car-loads of them that the Englishman Benelstead brought down from the West. He went up and bought them there and brought them down here to fatten. When they are in shape he is going to ship them to the Old Country. When I was looking at those steers I couldn't help thinking what a world we were living in. Those steers had been raised on the prairies thousands of miles away. When they are fat they will be sent thousands of miles

across the ocean. Thirty years ago this sort of thing couldn't have been done, because there were no railroads to bring them down from the west, and in the days when your grandfather came across the ocean in a sailing vessel no one would think of sending cattle home. They were six weeks on the water coming over, and now folks cross in less than that number of days. If we keep on as we are going I may yet live to see them shipping their fat steers in flying machines.

"When I was going through the gullies by the river I came to the place where I saw the only wolf I ever saw. It was on Sunday and we were coming home from church. We had fifteen miles to go to church then and we went every week. It was in the winter time, and a big deer broke out of the underbrush and staggered across the road. It was almost run to death. Your grandfather stopped the horses and a minute later a big grey wolf came loping along on the track of the deer. We all yelled and shook our caps at him and he slunk back into the woods, for one wolf is always a coward. It is only when there is a pack of them that they are dangerous. Your grandfather stood there with the team for at least a quarter of an hour to keep the wolf back so that the deer could get rested and get away. I often wonder if he did, but I guess the wolf took up his track again and caught him in the end.

"I stopped and had dinner at McFarlane's, and they were threshing there that day. They were short of hands and I took a fork and went on the straw stack for an hour. Even a tramp should do something once in a while to earn his meals. I was at a threshing there once thirty-seven years ago and had a fine horse founder-

ed working on the old horse power. I remember there was a man had his coat torn off by getting it caught on the knuckle of the tumbling-rod and it was a wonder he wasn't killed. The steam engines and the big belts are better than that sort of thing.

"They have a great catch of clover all through the country this year and I saw some wheat fields that were just as good as any man would want to look at. People are farming better every year now, and I could see a big change from the last time I was over at Dugald's. All the cattle and pigs and sheep in the fields looked good enough to take to the show, and the hens I saw around the barn were not the little scratchy, cackling barnyard hens folks had when I was a boy. Yes, John, there is better farming done now than there used to be, and perhaps when people get to know that living is of more account than even farming they will learn how good it is to live in the country where a man can be free and independent. But you weren't bothered at all when I didn't come home the next day as I said I would when I left?"

"No," said the son with a smile. "We called up Dugald on the telephone and found out that you were all right."

"There you go," said the Pioneer, with a pretense of anger. "The country is getting to be a place where a man can't have any peace and quietness. He can't go away by himself and have a nice quiet time when people even gossip over the telephones. When a man feels that he wants to be alone now he can't go off to the woods and be by himself, because there are no woods. All he can do is to go to the city where nobody cares any-

thing about him and he can be as lonely as he wants to be."

The Pioneer then put on his glasses, took up the daily paper of three days before and settled down to catch up with the affairs of the world.



SHADOWING CUPID



HERE is a chance for you to do some detective work, Sutton," exclaimed one of a party of commuters on the Oakville train. "That pretty girl over there has been travelling with us every morning and evening for the past week. Now get your Lecoq acuteness to work and tell us something about her."

Sutton, a wholesale grocer, who had an idea that Nature intended him to be a great detective, though Fate willed otherwise, looked critically at the girl before replying.

"She is a typewriter," he said, "in some office where she is kept very very busy."

"Prove it."

"That is easy. There is a stain of purple ink, such as is used for type-writing, on the corner of her handkerchief that peeps from under her belt. Besides she has one hand clasped in the other, after the manner of people who are nervous, though her bearing and complexion show that she is not of a nervous tempera-

ment. She clasps them in that way because her fingers are very tired with work.

The usual laugh greeted this, for Sutton's hobby has long been a source of amusement to his friends. He bore it good-naturedly, as is his wont, though he felt certain that this time at least his theorizing was correct.

That the girl travelled with them every morning and evening will not be wondered at by any punctual business man. Though it is possible to wander through a city for months without seeing the same person twice, men who keep regular hours soon find themselves surrounded by familiar faces. Others who keep the same hours take the street cars with them every morning and evening, day after day, or go to and from business on the same trains. In this way they get to know by sight all the people who pass along the same route regularly, and can pick out a stranger at a glance.

A few evenings after it was remarked that the pretty girl was a regular passenger, Sutton announced to his friends—who had ceased to pay attention to her when her face had become familiar — that she was in love.

"With whom?" he was asked.

"I don't know yet; but I know she is in love, for I saw her kiss a girl friend as we were at the station. After kissing she laid her cheek against her friend's for a moment, and only a girl who is accustomed to being kissed by a lover would do that. Moreover, she is happy in her love, or she would not do it, because her loverlike action would recall unpleasant memories."

Although this information was jeered at, the ro-

mantic touch awakened interest in the girl, and they all began to notice her again. A few mornings later, a young man accompanied her in the morning and returned with her in the evening.

"Any one can see at a glance that they are lovers," exclaimed Sutton, triumphantly ; "but he is out of work and hunting for a position. That is shown by the fact that he was waiting for her in the station this evening. If he were regularly employed, it is not likely he would have time to do that ; and besides he has his pockets full of the advertising columns of the daily papers. For the last couple of mornings when coming to town, she has been studying the 'want ads.' in the papers, as they did together this morning, and I thought at first she was looking for another position ; but it is now clear that she was simply looking for something to call his attention to. He was not successful today, for he looks dejected, though he was quite hopeful in the morning."

This programme was repeated on several consecutive days, and the prospects of the young man's getting a job were beginning to look gloomy. One evening, however, they found him waiting in the station manifestly very happy, and impatient for her arrival. When she came, he ran up to her and said something in an excited manner. She shook hands with him, as if in congratulation, and they passed on into the station.

"She'll have an engagement ring in a few weeks," said Sutton, and none of his friends disputed the prediction. They all hoped she would, and began to feel as much interest in the match as if they were helping to make it.

To the complete satisfaction of the commuters, the

lovers began to travel together both morning and evening.

A few weeks later she began to carry her left glove in her hand, and a bright little diamond set in a plain loop of gold sparkled on her finger. The unknown and undreamed of friends felt like offering their congratulations, but restrained themselves.

During the next few months nothing of importance happened except a rather brisk lovers' quarrel. They failed to meet at the station several times, and the glove was once more worn on her left hand. When they did meet one morning they simply nodded coldly to each other.

"Confound him ! It is his fault !" said Sutton, angrily. "That redness about the eyes, which a little touch of powder does not hide, shows that she has been crying over it, and the set, determined expression of his face shows that he is in the wrong and knows it. It is probable that he is jealous, for nothing brings such a look of determined despair to a man's face as jealousy, especially when there are but slight grounds for it."

The others agreed in this opinion, and the young man did not know that there were half a dozen respectable commuters on the train who felt an intense longing to kick him. When the breach was healed a short time afterwards, they agreed that he was being treated better than he deserved, but at the same time almost lost a train by stopping to have a drink to the success and happiness of the heroine.

Near Christmas the young man began to ask for a raise of salary. The amateur detectives were sure of

this because of his fits of despondence and exhilaration. He was evidently trying to decide from the treatment he received from his superiors whether he would get the raise or not. When the great men had been affable to him he was very happy when on the train, but when they had been grumpy he was in the depths of despair.

Sutton was so anxious he should get the increase he wanted and be able to marry he could hardly be restrained from offering him a position in his store with a good salary attached. But at the first of the year the young man became cheerful again, and the unusual air of importance he began to cultivate made it certain that success had attended his efforts.

A change immediately took place in the attitude of the lovers to each other. Instead of merely being happy in each other's company, they were evidently discussing something constantly, exchanging opinions and arguments. Their watching friends knew they were discussing the details of the approaching wedding.

Presently she stopped coming, and they knew the wedding day must be near, for the young man did not show any signs of worrying, as he would if she were ill, or if they had quarreled, or she had lost her position. And he had a way of smiling to himself that told the story. There is nothing so blissful as the reminiscent smile of a lover, and it is unmistakable.

One morning they missed him, and suspected he was away being married. They speculated much as to whether they would start housekeeping in some part of the city that would make it necessary for him to travel at a different hour or to take a different train. They felt it would be unkind, almost unjust, of him not

to continue travelling with them as usual, considering the interest they were taking in his affairs. They wanted to be sure that their unconscious proteges were married and happy.

About a week later he reappeared. There was a flower in his button-hole, and they decided he was married.

"Let us go and congratulate him, said Sutton.

"All right," said the others.

"But," suggested a wary one, "what if he is not married? A flower in his button-hole is not much to convict a man on."

Sutton hesitated a moment. His reputation as a heaven-born detective rested to some extent on his conclusion; but after another look at the young man he said, confidently:

"It's all right. Come along."

They went over to where the young man was standing, and Sutton acted as spokesman.

"Pardon me," he said, "but we have been very much interested in you and your affairs for the last couple of years, and we wish to offer our congratulations on your recent marriage."

"Eh—er—er—eh?" stammered the young man, blushing, and looking embarrassed.

"You were married last week, were you not?"

"Yes, sir!"

"To the young lady with whom you have been in the habit of coming to the city for the last couple of years."

"Yes."

"Then I hope you will allow us to congratulate

you. We have had an eye on you both every day during that time."

There was much laughter and exchanging of cards, until the happy but very much confused bridegroom was enabled to escape.

"I say, Sutton, what convinced you so suddenly that he was married?" asked the man who had previously been doubtful.

"Why," replied Sutton, with a bored air of a Sherlock Holmes, "a child might have seen it. His wife had asked him to buy something in the city, and to make him remember it had tied a string around his thumb."



¶ TOLD AS NEW

HOPE DEFERRED

It has been said that the average Canadian pioneer wore out one wife helping him to clear his land and then married another to enjoy it with. Here are a few stories that seem to give color to this statement.

"How is your wife today?" the minister asked the pioneer.

"Poorly, very poorly."

"Doesn't she seem to be getting better?"

"No, she doesn't," he replied crossly, and then added drearily:

"I do wish she'd get better—or sumpin'."

A NUISANCE

In the old days they used to starve the hogs for twenty-four hours before slaughtering them. A pioneer was just ready for slaughtering when his wife died.

"What a humbug this is," he growled. "We'll have to start feeding the hogs until after the funeral."



PROPERTY VS. WIFE

"Hello ! What are you doing in town today ?"

"The old mare got sick this morning and I had to come in for the farrier.—The old woman is complaining a lot, too, and if she doesn't get better pretty soon I'll have to get a doctor for her."



A BUSINESS WOMAN

Anna J. Coutts, of Thamesville, sent this story about one of those delightful brides who believed that what was her husband's was her's , and what was her's was her own.

"Hadn't you better sign your own name ?" I suggested politely to the woman who had just affixed her husband's name to a "promise to pay."

She smiled a smile of mingled tolerance and amusement.

"Alright. Just as you like. Give it here. I went into a bank at R— the other day, though, and they wouldn't give me the money without Pat's name was signed. So I just went around the corner and wrote his name on the back."

"Oh——?" I queried.

Oh, they give me the money." and, money in purse once more she went away doubtless reflecting " that there never was no telling what people would want."



FOR THROAT VARNISH

In a certain local option town in Ontario, there lives a painter by the name of Dave Fuller. Now David is of convivial temperament and very often pours libations to the gods. Needless to say the advent of local option has rendered it very difficult for the droughty David to procure the requisite liquids to satisfy the aforesaid drought. But David is of an inventive turn and when necessary can rise to the occasion. Recently he dropped into the office of one of the local medicos, and asked for the usual order to present at a drugstore.

"I have a good job of painting in town here, and I want some alcohol to cut the shellac—give me an order, Doc."

The doctor was well aware of the bibulous habits of David and proceeded to temporize.

"Why can't you use turpentine?"

"Turpentine won't do—got to have alcohol."

"Can't you use benzine, it's as good, Dave."

"I tell you doc., I must have alcohol to cut that shellac, and I need an order."

"Say, Dave, you don't need any order—why don't you go to a hardware store and get wood alcohol?"

"Good heavens, Doc., you wouldn't ask a man to drink wood alcohol, would you?"

TO BE TAKEN WITH SALT

Being an Essay in Teaching One's Grandmother to Suck Eggs

Continued from November Number.

Here at last I was face to face with the highest pageantry of history and chivalry—with the most magnificent symbol of human power.

It was the King—and my homage was more than feudal. While the Lord Mayor was delivering the keys I kept very still, looking neither to the left nor the right, and seeing nothing before me. I would not for

the world that the soft voiced and matter-of fact Englishman on whom I had been wasting my best ironies for the past hour should see that the tears were streaming down my cheeks.

An hour later, wishing to get a better idea of what must be the sensations of one participating in such a pageant I made a progress through the Strand, but without any emotion worth recording. It may have made a difference that I journeyed on the top of a bus.



'I made my journey on the top
of a bus.'

CHAPTER V.

The high and mendacious courtesy peculiar to an old civilization may be of profound interest to the student of manners but for the unsophisticated colonial it has many grievous pitfalls. People of the better sort not only bear criticism of their methods and institutions but seem to invite it with a meekness that leads the inexperienced to believe that the British inherit the earth by virtue of the third beatitude. I freely confess that at first I fell—as did thousands of my predecessors—and expressed views on things in general with a joyous ferocity that soon won me a number of attached enemies. Having this in mind I have resolved to expend what remains of my missionary energy along abstract lines where I will be unlikely either to offend—or amuse. For this reason I propose to devote some attention to Time and his burly brother, Space, who have been before the world so long that they may now be regarded as public characters. As every philosopher knows that the civilization of a country depends on the terms on which people live with them, I need make no apology for calling attention to their present condition. Indeed, I feel that the matter is for the moment more urgent than the appreciation of eggs.

Not only in London, but throughout the Empire clever people are now annihilating Space in order to save Time, and other clever people are deliberately killing Time. Why they do this passes my understanding, but the results of my investigations may possibly fall into competent hands and cause some action to be taken before we suffer the incomprehensible calamity of

having these two useful abstractions utterly destroyed.

Some obscure philosophers incline to the opinion that man's enmity to Time and Space dates from the moment that he, or the protoplasmic cell or egg of which he is a lineal descendant, first discovered that he had an appetite. They hold that he began annihilating Space in a hurry to get his first meal. When this was eaten, he discovered that Time stood between him and his next period of gustatory delight, and with the simple directness of his nature, proceeded to kill him. Apparently the result was pleasing, for ever since, as nearly as our acutest thinkers can determine, annihilating Space and killing Time have been man's favorite occupations between meals.

It is true that we find traces here and there of men who improved Time with such effect that even we Time killers call them immortal ; but as no one nowadays emulates their achievements I am forced to admit that the improvement of Time is one of the lost arts. And it seems to me to have been the greatest of all, the one on which all the others were based, but it has been lost so long and so entirely that I doubt if it would now be recognized if in any of our researches we chanced to stumble on it. Yet is an examination of all the facts of history should enable us to recover and know the art of improving Time, all of Time that remains would be well spent in the labor. Religion would renew its promises, Philosophy would at last have a foundation, Life would regain its hope, and every art and deed of man would be the true expression of his soul. How, after the art of improving Time had once been discovered, any man could possibly devote himself

to killing Time, must ever remain one of the darkest of mysteries.

As might be expected with so practical an animal as man, the business of killing Time as well as the art of annihilating Space has been organized and made a matter of profit, and now for a very trifling outlay you can have Time dispatched decently and expertly. Among the most skilled and popular of assassins are the writers. They have acquired the art of producing material that will render the mind unconscious to the passage of Time for any desired number of hours and leave nothing that can possibly be turned to profit, that will stimulate intellectual or spiritual growth. These Time assassins are now numerous and prosperous, and their work can be found wherever printed matter is for sale. Each has an individual recipe and all of them are effective. Before it was so thoroughly established as it now is that man's chief purpose in life is the killing of Time, writers of this class were kept within bounds by the scourge and the block and other drastic forms of criticism, but now criticism itself has simply become another means of killing Time.

But although literature has become so useful in this respect, we must not overlook the assistance it receives from pictorial art. All books and publications are now so carefully produced that even the newsboys in the street will tell you that though you may be unable to read, you can still kill Time by looking at the pictures. With it as with literature the word has gone forth that its sole end is to please, and everywhere through the happy world is heard the creak of stretching canvasses. Besides, there is the scratching of busy pens on

Bristol boards, and every day new mediums for the production of pleasing pictures are being discovered. Artist after artist develops his recipe and individual technique and students flock to him so that they too may learn to please.

It is true, however, that there are still a chosen few, whom the prosperous Time assassins scorn for their foolishness, who regard pictorial art as one of the mediums used for the promulgation of eternal truth in forms of beauty in the days before the art of improving Time was wholly lost. These misjudged persons devote themselves to the enigmatic old Masters who will not reveal their hearts to us without study and who sometimes give us the disturbing feeling that under their beautiful forms and colors there are elusive meanings that relate them to the infinite.

But of all the arts devoted to the destruction of Time, none has attained a higher efficiency than the dramatic. Embracing as it does the literary, pictorial and musical arts, and adding to them all their own resources, it has been developed to a point where the entertainment it provides is never in any danger of blundering into anything deep or disquieting. Any evening in every city or town of considerable size facilities are offered for killing Time that are simply unrivalled. The powerful art that in other days made the drama great and purifying has given way to the pleasing artifice, and any 'aggregation' that you care to patronize may be depended upon to kill a couple of hours 'while you wait' for a modest consideration. But here I must call a halt. If I went on to speak of the

excellent work in the way of killing Time that is being done by musicians, lecturers, popular preachers, educationists and others who are worthy of honorable mention in this connection, I would annihilate more of Space than is now at my disposal. And speaking of Space reminds me that as yet I have not given his case the attention it deserves.

When I come to the consideration of Space, I feel as if in the presence of a martyr. Not only is he forced to carry the burden of material heaped upon him by the Time assassins, but he is constantly being annihilated by the persons who are trying to save Time and hold to the opinion that the best way to accomplish this is to annihilate Space. These earnest people have already made such progress that a man can now go to a place and back so quickly that it is hardly worth his while to have gone, and in the transmission of news such perfection has been attained that many things that happen on the other side of the earth are announced here with appropriate headlines, even before they happen.

Once when I was killing Time in a desultory way, the question suddenly came to me, 'What would be the result if Time and Space should be totally destroyed?' As the pursuit of this idea promised amusement, I abandoned myself to it, with the result that I saw a vision.

The Last of the Wise rose in his solitary watch-tower and cried aloud to all the world: 'Time shall be no more.'

I looked forth and before me I saw Time, withered

and decrepit, staggering forward with eyes fixed upon Eternity. While he walked the men of all nations crowded about him, and each in his different way added to his distress. Authors read to him, artists held pictures before his bleared eyes, musicians discoursed trivial music to his dull ears, actors, orators and pulpiteers declaimed and postured, dancers danced, fighters fought, gamblers laid bets as to how long he would endure, and the folly of all seemed to increase as his step became slower. Again the Last of the Wise rose in his tower and cried to all the world :

‘The death of Time is at hand. Would you bury him with due honor ? If so, you must make the solemn preparations and have the funeral itself before he dies ; for when Time is dead all your sports must of necessity end.’

The multitude raised a joyous shout, for funerals have ever been a pleasing means of killing Time, and it suited the humor of the idle mob to kill Time with his own funeral. They immediately reversed the scythe and bore before him a catafalque adorned with all the beauties that idleness could suggest. Then the crowd formed into a procession and marched forward towards Eternity. At first I was surprised and pleased to see that so many donned the garb of mourners, but presently I noticed that their loud ululation was all because ‘Time is money.’ For this reason, and for this only, they sorrowed to see him die, but I could not join in their sorrow, for they were of the people who can make no use of money except to leave it to their descendants who use it to kill Time in idle ways.

After the chief mourners came all the members of

fashionable society, men and women who had devoted every hour to the killing of Time and now that his death was about to be accomplished, still looked unutterably bored, for they knew not what they desired. They were followed by the members of the theatrical profession, actors, acrobats, dancers and those who torture Time to death in the music halls. And close upon the heels of these, crowded the happy practitioners of all the fine arts. In the front ranks I saw many familiar faces, and as might be expected, they all seemed to feel distressed at the company they were in. The realists of all kinds thought themselves of the Eternal, and argued that the romanticists should be the representative Time assassins; but when they appealed for justice, they were forced to appear as even more prominent than the others because they had suggested problems in their productions that gave material for the further killing of Time in conversations. The remainder of the procession was made up of men of all conditions from figurehead kings to street-corner loafers, and all the while, in the twilight of expiring Time, the evening papers issued 'extras' telling of the progress of the strange funeral. At last while I was noting the many marvels of this procession, I became aware of the thunder of machinery on every hand, the crackle of electricity and the snoring of steam while mighty airships flapped overhead.

'What are these?' I asked the Last of the Wise.

'These,' he replied, with a grim smile, 'are the annihilators of Space who hope to save Time. Have a care.'

While he spoke they closed upon us from every dimension of Space and in a moment all had vanished. Time and his destroyers and the annihilators of Space with their wonderful inventions, all were gone. To increase my wonder, I found myself in the midst of a bewildering phantasmagoria. As nearly as might be comprehended I saw that all about me was at once Everywhere as well as Everywhen. In that awful moment, standing in the Infinite, upheld by the Eternal, I realized that man and his deeds are as the dust-motes driven by the invisible whirlwind and once again as in sheerest moments of mortal meditation, I was conscious of a Supreme Mind brooding thoughts of phantasmal vastness.

'The Time and Space thou has seen destroyed, said my mentor, 'were but the limitations of your mind and had no outward existence. To those who regard Time and Space as outward and real, they are real, and those who strive to destroy them, they will destroy. But to all who had raised their hope to the Infinite and Eternal, they are neither destroyers nor to be destroyed but shadows that veil the too ardent truth lest it blind our vision. Look now into your own mind where Time and Space have their only existence.'

I bowed my head in reverent meditation, and behold, Time was with me again in the fulness of his youth, and Space was once more flooded with the life-giving sunlight of Heaven.

When I looked forth the vision had passed and I saw that as men regard it, I had killed as much Time as one usually does in reading a chapter of a somewhat frivolous book.

BRICKBATS AND SALVE

Continued from page One.

Ourselves is showing itself to be the most intimate expression of Canadian country life that Canada has ever had.

—MARJORY MacMURCHY IN TORONTO NEWS.

Peter McArthur's delightful little magazine.

—TORONTO STAR WEEKLY

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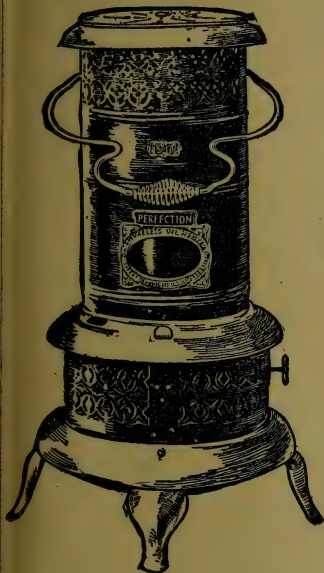
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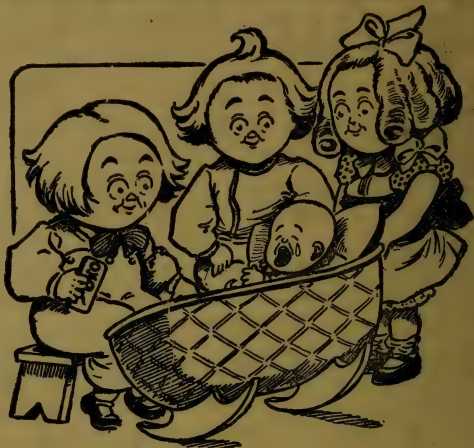
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VOLUME I.

JANUARY, 1911

NUMBER 4

Ourselves

"A Magazine for Cheerful Canadians."

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PETER McARTHUR
EDITOR

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YEAR

LOVE TAPS

"Ourselves" will teach us how to laugh at ourselves.—PARKHILL GAZETTE.

Many a country-bred city man feels, as he looks into the pages of "Ourselves," that it is the next best thing to going home.—TORONTO STAR.

(Continued on Page 197)

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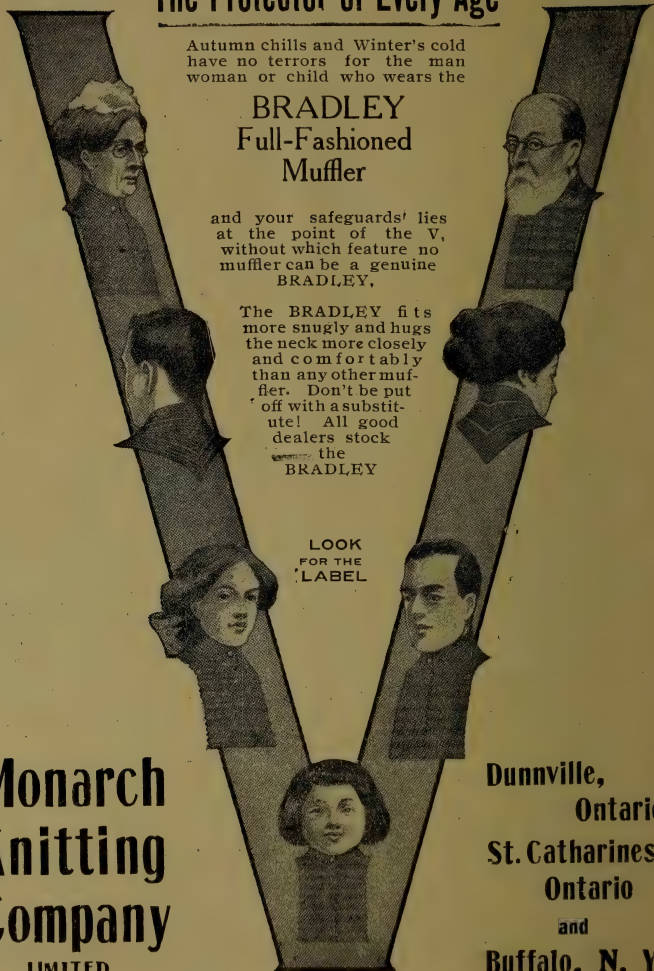
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OURSELVES PUBLISHING COMPANY

PETER McARTHUR, Editor

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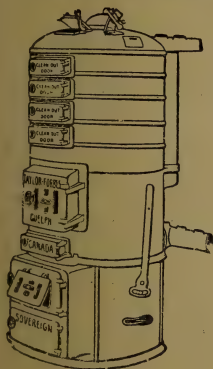
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The Innocents

To make perfect the heaven of mothers,
The little children die,
For what care they for the praise of God
Who have sung a lullaby ?

The arms that have ached with nursing
Would ache with their emptiness
Were there no little children
To fondle and caress.

And while the saints and angels
Sing loud in adoring throngs,
God hears the mothers and children
Singing their crooning songs.

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"A Magazine for Cheerful Canadians"

VOL. I.

JANUARY, 1911.

NO. 4

THE MONTHLY TALK



Y education is progressing. I used to think that public opinion originated with the public. The saddest result of this delusion was the disrespect it sometimes made me show to great editors. Whenever they would talk of "moulding public opinion" I used to laugh merrily and dig them in the ribs with my thumb. The idea I wished to convey by my reckless mirth was that although they might bluff some people with that sort of talk they couldn't bluff me. To all whom I have maltreated in this way I beg to offer an unqualified apology. They do mould public opinion. Though their mouldings may not always be pleasing to the artistic eye, they really do it. And I never realized this great truth until last week. This is how it happened.

Wishing to get at public opinion in the raw, I tried to interview one of ourselves about the naval program. He is a solid citizen of the kind Sir John A. MacDonald had in mind when he said a certain man looked "Wiser than any man could possibly be." Assuming my most earnest manner, I asked :

"What is your opinion of the naval programme ?

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"The naval programme," he repeated, blinking heavily.

"Yes."

"Oh, yes, the naval programme—what do I think of it?"

"Yes."

"Well-er-I think that is a pretty deep question."

I waited to see if the fountain of wisdom would bubble over but it didn't even show a ripple. Then I began again.

"It would interest me very much to hear your views on the question."

"My views," he echoed, and I could see from his face that he was mentally groping through his tank of wisdom for something that wasn't there. Still I persisted.

"Yes. Do you think we really should have a navy?"

"Well, I wouldn't like to say, off-hand."

"Or do you think we should make a cash contribution to the British navy?"

"I have heard that scheme mentioned," he said evasively.

"But what do you think of it?"

"To tell the truth I have been so busy lately that I haven't had much time to think the matter over. What do you think of it yourself?"

I declined to be interviewed, and we let the matter drop. A couple of days later that man hunted me up and I never saw a man with such settled opinions. He was in favor of the program of the government and was very scornful about the attitude of the

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Tories. He got off his opinions so seriously that I might have been impressed and fooled into the belief that he had been thinking the matter over and had arrived at a conclusion of his own—but I read the Globe myself and I recognized the arguments he used. He was not contributing his share to public opinion. He had allowed his opinions to be moulded. In talking with others of ourselves I had no trouble in detecting the opinions of the Star, World, News, Mail, and other papers. The great mass of the people seem to want ready-made or semi-ready opinions. Immediately my conscience was troubled, and I felt a new-found respect for the wholesale manufacturers of opinion. A thought occurs to some free-born editor-in-chief, or associate editor who has been reared in captivity, as he is despatching his breakfast of poached egg and cup of coffee and by that hour the next day it is the thought of all who read his words of wisdom. What a thought that is! It shows that the pen is mightier than the sword, and the type-writer than the machine gun. I realized at once that the editors of these great papers are not only the moulders but the source of public opinion, and I was appalled to think how lacking in respect I had been on several occasions.

Then I began to think of the responsibilities of these men. I recalled a curious belief of the Chinese which should have a wide acceptance on account of the caution it would inspire. The Chinese believe that if a writer or teacher of any kind is guilty of giving out false opinions he will be taken after death and plung-

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ed into a cauldron of boiling oil, and the heat will be graduated according to the number of people who believe his doctrines. Then the lid will be put on the cauldron and he will be kept there till the last trace of his false teaching has vanished from the earth. I shudder to think how long some of my friends may be boiled in oil, and how hot it will be. But when I thought of this I resolved to do all I can to make their punishment light. I would not for the world increase the sufferings of such men as Willison, MacDonald, Wallis, Maclean, Atkinson, Robinson and others by accepting the opinions they offer, for fear they might be wrong. When a public question interests me I shall form opinions of my own, and though they may be as unfashionable as home-made clothes I will at least have the satisfaction of knowing that none of these amiable men is going to be boiled in oil because of them.

But that reminds me that I am taking some terrible chances myself. From time to time I venture to express opinions. Don't accept them and adopt them, I beg of you. I am an erring mortal. I might be wrong, and I might have to be boiled in oil because you took to my opinions. If you have any regard for me at all do not accept my opinions on anything, (Except, of course, my opinion that you should be a subscriber to *Ourselves* at one dollar a year.) Form your own opinions. You will find it a stimulating exercise and besides you may be saving some poor fellow a lot of trouble.

WHO'S WHO



ALL public men are really characters in fiction. What they really are and really do does not matter so much as what people believe about them. It is useless for the papers and magazines to write them up and try to give an exact impression of them as they are. The pictures of them that will live are those that the public make up from odds and ends of information.

In order to give public men some idea of their "form and pressure" on the public mind it is proposed to give from time to time brief character sketches, the information for which is gathered from the plain people rather than from press agents. These sketches will be written less for the information and amusement of the public than for the enlightenment of those who are described.

R. J. FLEMING.

R. J. Fleming—The Man Who Laughs. Once upon a time William Mackenzie, our financial Caesar, soliloquised :

"Let me have about me men that are fat,
Sleek headed men, and such as sleep o' nights."

Acting on the thought he promptly reached for R. J. Fleming, who had the added virtue of being able to laugh at all times and under all circumstances. He

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put him in charge of the Toronto street railway and perpetrated a joke at which everyone laughs except the people of Toronto. Up to this time R. J. had been the ablest defender of the people of Toronto against the aggressions of the street railway that the city ever had, and being full of simple faith the citizens of Toronto thought their troubles were ended. They had visions of car-lines everywhere they should be, seats for all with nice plush upholstery, and conductors who would say "please" and "thank you" when collecting fares. But R. J. laughed and got busy. He put on the screws till the people squealed, and the more they squealed the more he put on the screws—and laughed. Because of the fights he had put up in the past he knew every twist and turn of the street railway business and he used all his knowledge and abilities for the benefit of his new masters. And while he was busy getting the largest number of nickels for the smallest amount of service he laughed and laughed and laughed. If anyone complained he laughed. If the newspapers raged he laughed. It seemed impossible for the oppressed people to do anything at which he would not laugh. According to popular opinion he laughs more than any man in the country. The best description I got of him from this point of view was from a man who had once been in Toronto.

"I think I met Bob Fleming when I was in Toronto," he said with a reminiscent grin.

"I was walking along King street when a big man came around the corner, stepped on my sorest corn and bowled me over. As I scrambled to my feet he put his

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hand on my shoulder and said as well as he could for laughing : "That's all right my dear fellow, Ha, Ha ! Don't say a word, Haw ! Haw ! There's no harm done, Ho, Ho !" and giving me a slap on the back he went on down the street. And do you know I limped two blocks before it dawned on me that it was he who had done all the laughing, and that it was my corn, not his that had been trampled on. And they say he's a Sunday school superintendent, too. Gee !"

I think most Toronto people will agree that it was really Fleming he met.

In the country the opinion seems to be that Fleming is not a bad man, as bad men go, but that he is as slick as they make them, and they always wind up their stories about his exploits by whispering, "And he is a Sunday school superintendent," as if that added a spice of deviltry to his doings. Altogether R. J. has impressed himself on the public mind more than almost any man in public life—a statement at which he will no doubt laugh.

* * * *

SIR WILFRID LAURIER

Fortunately there is a part of Sir Wilfrid Laurier which is not submerged in politics. To some extent he "swells from the vale and mid-way leaves the storm." There is a conception of him common to all Canadians, no matter what their political affiliations. To begin with he is the embodiment of Gallic courtesy. If he has to do an injury to a political opponent he is as polite about it as the comic opera villain who invariably said : "Excuse me while I stab you." More-

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over, he is graceful—graceful in every act and thought. If he has to rise to a great occasion he rises gracefully ; if he had to wriggle out of a hole he wriggles out gracefully. Even if he slipped on an icy sidewalk he would slip gracefully, and the language that would be jarred out of him would be drawn from the well of English undefiled. It is also commonly believed that he is a direct descendant of the mermaid mentioned by Shakespeare.

“A mermaid seated on a dolphin’s back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
The rude sea grew civil at her song
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid’s music.

He inherited all her dulcet and harmonious breath and in discharging the merely spectacular duties of his exalted position he uses it in a way that makes every Canadian feel proud. In the high courtesies of national and international pageantry he is without a peer. Unfortunately his statesmanship is still a matter of acrid controversy and in that way much of the real man is hidden from sight. To some he is an oracle of vision ; to others a grandiloquent time-server. Of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, politician, it is as yet impossible to get a popular picture to which people would agree. But in spite of this we may apply the remainder to Goldsmith’s simile. Though the rolling clouds of politics about his breast are spread, “Eternal sunshine settles on his head.”

And if in depicting this phase of our first citizen

OURSELVES

the cartoonists show a comic high-light where the sunshine touches his bald spot it is only an evidence of the sportive exuberance of a young and growing nation.

* * * *

WILLIAM MACKENZIE

William Mackenzie is the least known of Canada's well known men. To the popular mind he is aloof, solitary, powerful. To him goes much of the reverence that all Canadians feel for money and rich men. None of the plain people seem to know him. With Dan Mann it is different. I have met farmers and hired men who "knew him in the woods," and they talk about him as if they had been brought up in the same town and had played with the same pup. They always speak of him as "Dan." Not so with William Mackenzie. The plain people do not call him "Bill." He doesn't seem to appeal to them as a "Bill" sort of person. The only man I have ever heard speak of knowing him personally were bankers, lawyers and business men. They didn't speak of him as "Bill," either. They invariably said "Mr. Mackenzie" and used the soft pedal on their voices as if they were afraid he might overhear and suspect that they were plotting something in High Finance without consulting him. He evidently belongs to the class described by Sentimental Tommy as "A magerful man."

There is an impression in this country that he is a small man physically, but that is not the way he appeals to the popular imagination. There is a line

somewhere in Watts' hymns, with which I am not so familiar as I should be, which speaks of a man being measured by his soul. William Mackenzie is at least measured by his financial genius and he bulks large.

Whenever William Mackenzie goes to England and gets a new lot of capital for his schemes there is much talk about him, but it is always carried on in awe-stricken tones. To get millions for the mere asking seems incredible. Then folks shake their heads and say :

"And he used to be a school-teacher."

He still seems to inspire the same dread we have of our sternest teachers. Things have reached a pass in the country where no financial operation seems of importance unless the name of William Mackenzie is connected with it, and everything with which he is connected seems important. The William Mackenzie of High Finance seems to be an altogether different person from the William Mackenzie of the Toronto street railway. That person seems to be a man who can be approached near enough to be railed at—by Toronto people. To the country that phase of William Mackenzie hardly exists. Strange to say, when I try to sum up the impressions I have gained of him, of his ability, power, wealth and terrible efficiency I find myself repeating Carman's lines :

"I saw retreating on the hills,
Looming and sinister and black,
The stealthy figure, swift and huge
Of one who strode and looked not back."

THE PEOPLE'S EDITORIAL



It is part of the Divine plan for the regulation of human affairs that no man ever knows the full effect of his own acts.

It never occurred to the General Manager of the Farmers' Bank when swelling with the egotism of financial power, he ordered the arrest and prosecution of a manager and some clerks who dared to leave his bank and go to another, that he would find himself under arrest and his bank insolvent as the result of the searchlight he was thereby turning on the bank's affairs. It has been said that "those whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad."

Under the wonderful and dangerous powers vested in the Bankers' Association the affairs of the Farmers' Bank automatically pass to the control of the curator appointed by that Association.—Such a thing happens with no other business.—A bankrupt manufacturer's, an insolvent merchant's affairs do not automatically pass into the hands of his rivals in business or his partners in monopoly. It is not in any other than the banking business that the affairs are given into the hands of either a rival to ruin the assets of an insolvent concern thus making it impossible to resume business; or a partner in monopoly to keep from the public gaze the inner and devious ways by which monopolies and trusts do the public.

OURSELVES

But banking in Canada stands upon a different plane and the Bankers' Association has been looked upon as an institution so lofty as to be almost divine. It was said, at the time of its formation, that the extraordinary powers conferred upon it would be used exclusively in the public interest. It was contended that the wealth of experience and intricate knowledge acquired by these men, coupled with their high character and backed by the great financial credit of the bankers so united, would be used to guard the public and protect the name and credit of Canadian banks. For it was readily admitted that, next to spurious coinage, a spurious or unreliable banking system would do more to injure Canadian credit at home and abroad than possibly any other cause. It was not surprising then, that the Bankers' Association did give to the public a feeling of extra security. Men have not yet evolved from that condition when the mysterious is entrancing, nor, happily, have they reached that stage when suspicion has taken the place of man's confidence in man. For after all, the real basis of credit is confidence. Men do not try to know too much, they like to believe in things they do not understand. No one knew this better than the men who waved before the eyes of a credulous public the wizard wand of hidden mystery in banking affairs. The public believed in them, trusted them. All felt that such an association would exercise a wholesome influence over the workings of the head offices of the different banks, that the promise to protect weak banks would be

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kept and that the tremendous powers given over the assets of banks in financial trouble, would, in reality, be used to get for depositors and shareholders the very last dollar that could be made out of such assets. It was felt that a sane estimate on the part of this institution as to what was best for itself would guarantee this result. But it would appear that all sane men are not sane at all times. No one would think it was evidence of sanity on Mr. Travers' part to have invited the investigation of his bank's affairs. His offended dignity controlled his mind.

Once more the searchlight is being turned on. This time by the Bankers' Association, turned on by themselves, and the public is watching the process of liquidation. Already one paper, not entirely free from the influence of these people has been compelled to sound a note of warning to the liquidators. For this paper has seen, if the bankers have not, that the public is watching, and watching closely. It is beginning to wonder whether the liquidators are more anxious to protect the public than to smash to atoms every chance of the Farmers' Bank paying a reasonable dividend. Some people are saying that the Bankers' Trades Union is teaching the public a lesson; and that lesson is that no one had better attempt to start a new bank, and that stockholders in such new banks may expect that they will have the Canadian Lords of Finance to reckon with. It has been stated that already the Bankers' Association has thrown off the mask so far as protecting

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weak banks is concerned, and has declared that it will not do that any more. That is to say the bankers hold the field and mean that no one else shall enter it.

Why are they so anxious ?

It has been said that a bank doubles its capital every six years. That makes a pretty profitable field to hold. But that is not all. If it were, the situation would not be so serious as it really is.

People are wondering how Mr. Travers expected to continue in business at all after he had tied up practically all of the bank's capital in a mine upon which he could not realize. Everyone knows that such loans are steadily refused to customers in the country. And indeed he could not continue in business a month were it not for the branch bank system of Canada. By that means he was able to get in deposits about one and one-half millions of money, and mostly from people in the country who knew nothing whatever of the workings of the head office. Had it not been for the branch bank system he could never have obtained the money to go on with. And he would never have dared to so invest the bank's money if his deposits, however large, were obtained at the head office, as is the case with American banks, for the inevitable gossip about his mine investment would have frightened a public close at hand. But the money was drawn from the country, just as it is by all the Canadian banks.

It came out in evidence at Lindsay that the Farmers' Bank had deposits at that branch of \$170,000, of which \$157,000 was sent to the head office, leaving \$13,000 for the town of Lindsay. We do not think

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it will be seriously contradicted that this is about the way the branch banks bleed the country districts, the smaller cities and the towns of Canada and take the millions upon millions of the people's savings to Toronto and Montreal. It is unquestionably true that the prosperity of Canada is throttled by this policy of the Canadian banks. There is not in the well settled districts of Canada one town or city in which there is not enough local money on deposit to make every industry hum and make the merchants and business men all alive garnering the harvest of opportunity which every morning's sun smiles upon, if only a reasonable proportion of these deposits were loaned to safe and deserving borrowers in those localities.

A late government return places the deposits in Canadian banks at over eight hundred and forty million dollars, and shows a tremendous increase for the month. Of this enormous sum all but about ten per cent. finds its way to the head offices.

And the public is impudent enough to ask why profitable local fields are passed over in order to take all of these hundreds of millions to the head offices of the Canadian banks. Is it for larger interest? That cannot be, for discounts are always cheaper at metropolitan centres. Is it because the head offices are afraid to trust the managers in the branches, and feel that they want to lend the money to those whom they know? Then is not that state of affairs an unanswerable argument against the branch bank system and in favor of individual banks when the "head office"

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would always be in the town which furnished the deposits. For the local men could do the work as well. Let it never be forgotten that while some men have a monopoly of opportunity, no man has a monopoly of ability. If the public must judge by that safest of all standards—the results of actual experience, then the money of depositors is safer in the hands of local managers than in the hands of “wizards of finance” who run the head offices. Is it not unanswerably true that in all the recent failures of Canadian Banks the whole of the trouble has been found in the head offices? The “wizards” themselves are weakly human. The local managers are like other business men—of average ability, and average integrity. Many of them are able men; but of what use is their ability to the communities in which they live when their hands are tied by red tape from the head office, and when the hundreds of thousands of dollars they have secured in deposits have, by order of the head office, been sent to Toronto and Montreal? The reason then for robbing the outside localities of the capital which would turn their opportunities into gold, does not lie in the incapacity of local managers.

Or is the real reason for the taking of these hundreds of millions to Toronto and Montreal not so much that it makes money for the banks, as that it makes money for the men who run the banks?

That is the question which the awakening people are asking. What is the answer?

This article has treated only the question of safety

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to depositors and shareholders, and has only hinted at the way the branch banks have sucked the life blood out of smaller cities, towns and country. In a subsequent one it is intended to treat of another and more important phase of this, which is the greatest question before the Canadian people. For if we look into the future to the time, not distant, when the tremendous possibilities of our country will make returns in billions instead of millions, and realize that we have a financial system which automatically rolls every statement day that whole vast wealth into the hands of a few gentlemen who control the banks, we can faintly imagine how that the more our people turn our resources into gold, the more we put it into the hands of a few gentlemen by means of mergers, trusts, combines and financial flimflamming to make of that accumulated wealth a chain to bind us for all time. The more money we make the stronger the chain of bondage becomes.

The Bank Act is before Parliament for amendment. Is there a representative of the people who cares enough for his country to dare stand up in the House of Commons and propose in earnest a system of government inspection which will make it impossible for the men on the inside to use the deposits either for robbing or enslaving the people? There are gentlemen "Who toil not, neither do they spin," who count their money by millions, who never had ability enough to make a hundred thousand dollars in any other way than through the manipulations made possible by the

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branch bank system of Canada. The proposition to "allow" shareholders to appoint auditors is a subterfuge. Again we ask, is there a man in public life who dares to face "the system"? Who dares to risk the loss of the subscription which carries his election? For this "system" uses all parties, but owes allegiance to none.

The searchlights are turned on by the men who themselves are on trial before the highest court in this land—the court of public opinion.



A NEW LEAF

Good Father Time, your patience pray!

My question is a bold one—

Why should I turn another leaf

If you still use the old one?

Each year I take a spotless page,

Drink deep of pure ambition,

But every Christmas finds it in

The same be-smirched condition.

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A score of times I've slipped from grace,
Borne virtue's execrations,
Because you've always tried me with
The same old sweet temptations.

And now I know reform is but
A visionary matter,
While you with such consummate skill
On my defences batter.

For while the roses brightly bloom
Upon the lips of beauty,
I know I'll lack the strength to walk
The lonely paths of duty.

And while the twisted leaf still holds
Nepenthe for my sorrow
My great reforms will be postponed
To some unborn tomorrow.

So Father Time it rests with you !
For my part I've concluded
To go unperjured on my way,
No more I'll be deluded.

And if you want the world to roll
Unstained through heaven's portals,
You'll have to turn a leaf yourself
And give a chance to mortals.

THE WILDERNESS



THE woods went and the people went with them," said the Pioneer, reminiscently. I never can quite understand it. When I was a boy the country was full of people — big families everywhere. You could hear the axes and the falling of the trees at all seasons of the year, for they were busy clearing the land and there were strong men to do the work. There was a big slashing on every farm where the timber was lying to dry so that it would burn. As these slashings were cleared into good fields and the woods got thin the people seemed to disappear. I guess the older ones died off and the young moved to other places where they thought they would have a better chance to get along. Anyway they are gone and there are not enough people in the country now.

"The change all happened under my eyes, but it all happened so quietly that I didn't notice it. It is only when I stop to think it over that I see what a different world we lived in sixty years ago. The Canada of those days was as different from the Canada of to-day as it was from the old lands from which people came. We have comforts and conveniences in this country now that the people in the old lands did not have and have not got yet. Our farms

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and buildings are better and we had better implements to work with.

"This afternoon I have been looking over a lot of old account books that my father kept when I was a boy. At the first glance it seemed that everything was much the same. The store bills look very much like the ones we get today. Rice cost six cents a pound, raisins ten cents, currants ten cents, cheese ten cents, and so on all the way down the list. Cotton was dearer for it cost twenty-five cents a yard, and tea was seventy-five cents a pound, but it was good tea and not well advertised weeds like we sometimes get nowadays. It is when I look at the things we sold that I see the difference. Eggs sold for from six to eight cents a dozen, and butter was ten cents a pound. Pork ran from three to four cents and I saw where we sold some three year old steers for thirteen dollars each. A yoke of oxen sold for forty dollars and a team of horses for seventy. Sheep averaged three dollars each and a milking cow was sold for six dollars. You could get a good strong hired man for seventy-five cents a day, and a hired girl who wasn't afraid to do the house work and help with the chores for seventy-five cents a week. When you consider what we get for the things we sell now and what labor costs to-day you can see that the things that are put down at the same price really cost about three times as much, but taking it all in all people had much the same things on their tables then that they have now. They didn't have the oranges and pineapples and bananas that we get in the stores to-day, but they

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had all kinds of wild fruit that we can't get at, all—huckleberries, raspberries, wild strawberries, wild plums and such things. Clothes were different, for they wore more wool, home-made flannels and full-cloth. They may not have had much style about them, for the traveling tailors that went from house to house making clothes didn't carry around fashion plates with them; still everybody was warm and comfortable if they took the trouble to be.

"I hardly know just how different a world it was but it was different. The land seemed to be mostly swamps and the woods were thick and heavy. The roads were so bad that I hate to think about them. In the worst places we put down corduroy, made of logs laid side by side and covered with earth. In the wet weather the wheels would cut through to the logs and then such a bumping a man would get! I have seen a foot and a half of water standing in the spring time where some of our best towns are now. Whenever we went through the woods we just jumped from log to log. I remember one woman, old Granny Chisholm. She used to cross through our place when going to the village, and she always carried a ten-foot sapling in her hand to balance herself when she walked on the logs and to jump over wet spots with. It was mostly log houses that people lived in and few of them had more than two rooms. Some had only one room and a loft. Though the men had it hard I am afraid the women had it harder. They cooked their salt-rising bread in bake-pans in the coals of the big open fire-places. They could cook only one big

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round loaf at a time and if they had a big family to cook for they had to be baking all the time. They boiled meat and potatoes in pots hung from cranes over the fire or fried things in long-handled frying pans or spiders as they called them.

But O, I want to tell you about the johnny-cakes they used to cook in the bake-pans. You can't get anything like them now. They would pull out a lot of coals on the hearth, put the bake-pan over it with the johnny-cake batter in it. Then they would warm the big iron lid and put it on. They would heap coals on the lid and around the pan and leave it to cook. I would walk ten miles any day to get one of those old johnny-cakes.

"After a while they got Dutch ovens made of tin. They were like a shed made of tin and they were stood up in front of the roaring fire, with the open side towards it, and the meat or bread was put in them to cook. They had another kind made of tin that were all closed in like a box. I never liked the bread cooked in them for it had no crust and was white as if it had been steamed. After that we got stoves with ovens on at the back and there were improvements till we got the coal ranges we have now.

"They used to cook turkeys and roasts by hanging them on a cord that was twisted. They would hang them in front of the fire and twist the cord enough to start them turning around, first one way and then the other. When the roast began to slow down they would twist up the cord again and give it a fresh

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start. They always had a pan under the roast to catch the drippings and whenever they thought of it they would take a long spoon and baste the meat. That was really roast turkey and roast beef. The kind they cook in the ovens now is baked meat. The flavor is altogether different. I wish I could get a good feed of that old-fashioned roast meat again. Whatever else we lacked in those days we did not lack good things to eat. But things were different though I don't seem able to tell you how.

"Perhaps the difference was more in the way we felt than anything else. With the swampy ground under our feet and the thick woods around us we felt as if we were struggling prisoners of some kind. We had to work our way out of our trouble as they used to do in the prisons when men who wouldn't work were put in a tank that they turned water into and the man had to pump or drown. We had to work to clear the land and drain it and make it fit to live in or die of despair. Many a man and even more women went crazy in that awful battle with the woods and the water. Of course, in some places they were lonely, too, but in most places there were neighbors scattered through the woods and they called on one another and exchanged work when there was heavy work like logging to do. I guess the hardest thing to bear was the feeling of being stuck and smothered in the woods. I can remember myself how cheering it used to be to come to a big clearing where a man could perhaps see a mile ahead. I remember men who even climbed tall trees so that they could see far away

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without being shut in by the trees that rose around them like walls.

"Then there was the lack of all news, except neighborhood news. We had few books and it was seldom that we saw a paper. In the early days, too, the postage on letters was not prepaid, and when they came sometimes we would not have the money to pay the postage and they would have to be sent back. It is cruel to think of. Just think of people, hungering for word from old friends and relatives that they left behind, getting letters that they could not pay for. There once was a letter for my mother that she could not pay for, and till her dying day she would cry over that letter and wonder what might have been in it. All the news she was sure was in that letter would have filled a book instead of a letter. Whenever she began to wonder about things in the old land she would say she was sure that they had meant to tell her about it in that letter. And she died without ever finding out who it was from and what was in it. It was things like that that made life in the woods hard. There were other things the same but I can't just think of them now, but I will another time and I'll tell you about them.

"Some of the people were sharp about their letters, They had a code arranged with the folks at home so that they could tell by looking at the address if they ought to pay the postage. For instance, if 'Esquire' was after the name it meant 'we are all well'. If 'Post Office' was written in full instead of 'P. O.' it meant 'there is important news in this letter'. They

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had to do all sorts of things to help themselves out when money was so scarce. But my poor mother never knew for she had no code. I would give the best horse on the farm if I could have gotten that letter for her. She grieved over it always, the more because she never heard from the sister she left behind afterwards. I think myself that perhaps it told of her sister's death. You see I heard her grieve over it so much that I get to wondering about it, too—especially now that I am getting old myself.

“We seemed to be cut off from all the world, out here in the woods, and there was no getting back. I think that as much as anything else made things hard for us. If I could only tell you what we felt you would know the difference between the life then and the life now. Our minds were starved and our feelings were over-burdened. There was fear in the woods and loneliness and homesickness. We seemed caught in a trap. You to-day are free—free to come and go as you like. Aich! it was terrible. We cleared the land and prospered, but the land we have is another thing from the wilderness. I will not be talking about it any more to-day. Too much is coming back to me that I can't find words to tell, and that you would not understand. It was a weary life with the tears of women in it as well as the toil of men.

¶ An Experiment With Wisdom



AY was waiting for her affianced lover to call. As might be expected she was looking her best, and her best was very good indeed. She was wearing the dress she knew he liked, and her hair was made up as she knew he loved to see it—in soft folds on the sides and gathered into a loose knot at the back.

Though there was much about her petite figure and bright face that suggested sauciness, it was quite evident that there was at least one person in the world for whose sake she was willing to subdue her teasing disposition. Fred was really not late ; but as she happened to be ready to greet him before the appointed hour, she was just as impatient as if it were long past. As she could not spend all her time looking into the mirror over the mantle to see if her hair was just right and all her ribbons in place, or in admiring her diamond engagement ring, she finally picked up the morning paper and began to read. After scanning the millinery advertisements she searched till she found the "On the Side" column. She then curled herself up in a capacious easy chair and prepared to pass the time as easily as possible.

Now it sometimes happens that newspaper humorists are exceedingly wise young men who frequently

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give utterance to marvelous maxims. As May read down the column, laughing at the jokes and from time to time exclaiming against her lover's tardiness, her eye was arrested by a notable bit of wisdom. It read as follows :

"No girl but a fool would marry a man whom she has never seen enraged."

"How absurd," she exclaimed. "What good would it do to see him enraged? It would only make him say disagreeable things."

Then she mused awhile. "Well," she thought, "perhaps it would be better to know before one is married, than after, what disagreeable things a man can say. I am not going to enrage Fred for any such foolish reason; but perhaps it would be good fun to tease him a little. What can I do? I couldn't enrage him very well without flirting and I am not going to do that. I know! He always says a girl with beautiful hair can make herself look more hideous by doing it up untastefully, than in any other way—and he hates to see mine made up in a knot on top of my head. I'll just make it up that way and see how he will act. It will annoy him so that I can tease him just a little and then make up friends. He deserves a little punishment anyway, for it is almost five minutes past eight o'clock."

She hurried away to her room to make the change just as Fred rang the door-bell. He was admitted by the servant and was surprised not to find May prepared to greet him, but went into the parlor to wait.

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In his hand he had a box of bon-bons he had brought in payment of a wager he had lost. To make wagers with his fiancée and lose them is the duty and delight of every true lover. While waiting he untied the ribbon on the box, so that she might get at the sweets without delay. But still she did not come.

To pass the time away he was at last forced to take up the paper May had left in the easy chair. Finding it folded so as to show the "On the Side" column he began to read the paragraphs. As became a man of the world, he sniffed contemptuously at the old jokes and smiled patronizingly at those that were new to him. Suddenly he came to a dead halt at the companion paragraph to the one that was inspiring May's conduct at that moment. It read :

"No man but a fool would ever marry a girl whom he has never seen cry."

"What nonsense !" he said, as he passed on to the next paragraph. But he didn't read much before he found himself turning back to that piece of wisdom.

"By Jove !" he thought, "I have never seen May cry. Well, I hope I never shall ! I wonder what is keeping her ? Probably she is preparing some little surprise for me ;" and he smiled to himself with that blissful egotism peculiar to men who are engaged. After a while he reflected, "I wonder if it would really be very hard to make her cry. I guess not. She is such a dear, tender-hearted little creature it would be cruel to try. Still I could easily explain everything away and then we could make up friends. She really

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deserves some punishment for keeping me waiting. I believe I'll pretend to be offended and make myself disagreeable to her. I know that will bring tears to her eyes in an instant and then I'll explain. To begin with, I'll pretend not to have the candies." He went out into the hallway to hide the box. The first place that suggested itself was his hat, and he dropped the box into its ample depth. He had no sooner returned to the parlor than May appeared. Each had the same end in view—to offend the other slightly. Of course neither began the plan of campaign until after the kiss of greeting. Then he noticed that her hair was made up in the way he detested. There was his excuse for being disagreeable and he jumped at it.

"Have you any idea how homely you look when you have your hair made up in that way?" he asked.

The cruel candor of the question made her gasp, for he had always vowed that she looked beautiful in every way.

"Why," she answered saucily, "there are other people who like it very much this way."

"Who, for instance?"

"Reggie Burnett."

A detestable fellow, whom Fred would not honor by considering a rival.

"I am proud to find you value his opinion more than mine," he answered, hotly.

"He, at least, does not neglect to pay when he loses a wager," she responded, looking about for the expected box of candies.

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"Then he is just the man for you to make wagers with."

"Thanks for the advice. I shall arrange one with him the next time he calls."

"And you can make up your hair in exactly the way he likes it."

"It is that way now."

"Perhaps you are expecting him to-night," he remarked suspiciously.

The suspicion hurt her more than the anger and she began to lose her temper, too.

"I didn't say I was not!"

"Indeed! Then Miss Bond I shall bid you good-night, and leave you to enjoy the company of those whose admiration you prize so highly."

He rushed into the hallway and picked up his hat. As he raised it to his head a shower of assorted candies rattled about him and scattered over the carpet. By distracting his mind from his anger for a moment this little incident brought him to his senses. He felt that he could not leave her so and returned to the parlor to ask if he might ring for a servant to sweep up the candies.

As he stepped back to the parlor door he saw that May had thrown herself on the sofa and was sobbing violently. With one hand she was taking the pins out of her hair and pulling it down about her shoulders.

It is almost always true of lovers' quarrels that repentance comes swiftly, though reconciliation may be slow. He no sooner saw that she was crying than he remembered he had set to work to make her cry.

Everything else—her exasperating conduct and all—was forgotten in an instant. He rushed to her side and putting his arms about her pleaded :

“Forgive me, won’t you dear ? I had no right to act so disagreeably and I am very sorry.”

She instantly showed him a very tearful face.

“No ! No ! It is I who should ask for forgiveness. I made up my hair in that horrid way on purpose to anger you. Will you forgive me ?”

They forgave in the conventional way. A moment later she laughed though the tears were falling, as she reached up and took a cream drop out of his hair.

“Why, how did that get there ?”

“O ! I brought that box of candies and left it in my hat in the hallway. When I was putting on my hat I spilled the boxful of candies over myself. The floor is covered with them.”

“Then you brought them after all ?”

“Yes ! I hid them out there just to tease you.”

“Why ?” she asked. Then she remembered that she had done up her hair to provoke him. They both looked instinctively at the paper and then at each other.

“Were you reading those jokes, too ?” he asked.

She nodded, shamefacedly.

“And you thought you would not be fool enough to marry me without having seen me enraged ?”

“Well, I suppose you feel better of having seen me cry,” she answered, saucily.

At this point there occurred a lack of matter, such as Rosalind says should be supplied with a kiss. Presently she whispered, “Fred, dear, I have thought of

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another maxim that should be added to the two horrid ones in the paper."

"What is it?"

"Only a pair of fools would ever try to be as wise as a newspaper humorist."

I TOLD AS NEW BOYISH SYMPATHY

A mother was telling her little son the story of Prometheus and she tried to impress him with its horror and misery.

"Prometheus was chained to a rock for ages and ages, and all the time a vulture was tearing at his liver. Wasn't that terrible?"

The little boy pondered a while and then exclaimed sympathetically:

"Poor old vulture. He had nothing to eat but liver."



"YEZ WILL PHWAT?"

During one of the feuds between the Irish and the Scotch, in the early days, an Irishman was haranguing his followers before a fight.

Leader: "I hev only wan question to ask yez. Will yez foight or will yez run?"

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Men : "We will."

Leader : "Yez will phwat ?"

Men : "We will not."

Leader : "Thank yez, my men. I thought yez would."

POLITENESS IN TORONTO

Mr. John Lewis of the Star, writes :

Here's a story that's new and true. I was in a restaurant the other day when an intoxicated man entered — at first, inarticulate — couldn't give his order very well. Consultation between lady manager and lady waiter in the rear whether he should be served or not. Then he began to sing.

The lady waiter, after receiving some instructions, said :

"We can't serve anybody who sings."

I think that was very delicately put.

SARCASM

At a horse-race an Irishman put all his money on a horse that "also ran." Just about the time the crowd was done cheering the winner the Irishman's favorite came clattering in. The Irishman rose, took off his hat and enquired in a tone of gentle solicitude :

"And phwat detained you ?"

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CHANGED HIS MIND

A short time ago a stuttering man entered the Union station in Toronto and went to the ticket office.

"I want a t-t-t--- I want a t-t-ticket tttt-t-t to--"

A line had formed behind him and in an agony of nervousness he left the window. When the crowd thinned down he returned and tried again.

"I want a tt-t-t-ticket t-t-t---" but the line was forming again and he fled once more. Just as the announcer was calling "All aboard" he rushed up to the window and began to stutter worse than ever. He struggled a moment and then wailing, "I'll be hanged if I'll go!" he rushed back to the street.



AMBITION

Here is another of Arthur Hawkes' stories :

An English yokel was passing a good field which he suddenly made up his mind that he wanted to own. Seeing a man walking in the field he called :

"Come oot o' there."

"Why should I come oot? Thee don't own this field."

"Naw, but I'm going to buy it."

"Thee aint got the money to buy it."

"Naw, but I'm going to save oop."

PUSHING THE SUN



NCE when Tiger Dunlop was traveling to Windsor to visit his friend Col. Prince, he stopped to pay a visit to Col. Talbot, at the Castle of Malahide. It was in January of 1841, a time when political feeling ran high, and the two worthies spent a bibulous night discussing the questions of the day.

On the following morning when the Tiger rose he felt an urgent need of some of "the hair of the dog that bit him." He never traveled without his famous case of twelve bottles, but on this occasion the ten that contained whiskey were empty for he had met many friends among the pioneers while on the road and even Peter and Paul which were usually filled with brandy refused to yield a drop. When he had dressed he hunted up Jeffrey, Col. Talbot's butler, and explained to him his needs.

"I am sorry, sir, but I can't serve you," said Jeffrey grimly.

"Why not?"

"It is a rule in Castle Malahide that no liquor of any kind may be served before noon."

The Tiger whistled in amazement. In his own home at Gairbraid it was the custom to begin the day with a tumblerful of neat whiskey.

"What is the reason for that?" he asked.

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"Col. Talbot thinks that any man who drinks before noon will die a drunkard."

It was in vain that the Tiger tried to cajole, bully or bribe the faithful Jeffrey into supplying his needs. Finally he asked :

"Doesn't he ever make a mistake in the time of day?"

"No, sir. His clocks are good, but for fear that they should stop or be meddled with he had an engineer who was here once mark where the shadow of the corner of the house strikes at noon, and when the sun is shining he goes by that. If you look you will find him out there watching the shadow, I am thinking he feels the need of a drink himself this morning."

The Tiger went out quietly and sure enough there was Col. Talbot sitting on the bench watching the crawling shadow. Shaking with silent laughter Dunlop tip-toed away. In spite of his drought the situation appealed to his sense of humor. Something must be done to make Col. Talbot break his rule and he set his active mind to the task. While trying to think up a scheme he wandered to the stable where he found his servant busy with the horses.

"What have you been doing all morning?" he asked.

"I was down to the stage-road to see the stage go by."

That gave Dunlop the idea he wanted.

"Now listen to me," he urged. "I am going up to the corner of the house to talk to Col. Talbot. In a few minutes you are to come and tell me before him

OURSELVES

that when you were down on the stage road you heard that a son and heir was born to Queen Victoria. Do you understand ?”

“Yes, sir ! I am to tell you that a son and heir has been born to the English Crown.”

“See that you play your part well,” said Dunlop as he stalked off to discuss the beautiful but frosty January morning with his host. He found Col. Talbot shivering with cold, but intently watching the slow shadow. He was in a surly mood and that pleased his humorous guest, for it made him feel sure that his trick would succeed. It proved that the Colonel was also thirsty. He had not been making futile conversation long when his trusty servant who often helped him out in his practical jokes appeared before him.

“Well, what do you want ?” growled the Tiger.

“If you please, sir, I was down to the stage-road this morning and heard some wonderful news and I thought you would like to hear.”

“Well, well ! Out with it and don’t stand grinning and gibbering there.”

“If you please, sir, I heard that a son and heir has been born to our good young Queen Victoria.”

“Horo !” shouted Dunlop and the loyal Col. Talbot rose to his feet and uncovered his head.

“That is surely great news !” he said fervently.

“It is a piece of news worth a toast five fathoms deep,” roared Dunlop.

Col. Talbot hesitated.

“It is the rule of Castle Malahide never to serve liquor before noon,” he said ruefully.

"To the deil with all rules at such a time as this," said Dunlop. "An heir to the British Crown is not born every day."

"That's true ! That's true ! Perhaps it may never occur again in my lifetime. Jeffrey you may go to the cellar and bring up a couple of bottles of the best—and—and you might bring the whiskey, too, to clear our throats."

Whereupon they emulated the miracle of Hezekiah and pushed the sun ahead two hours and retired to the dining room to celebrate the great news, which seemed to make the Tiger uproariously happy. It was months after his departure that Col. Talbot learned the truth, when a son and heir was really born, but for once the famous rule was broken in the Castle of Malahide.

A SINGULAR WILL

A

NUMBER of years ago Dr. William Dunlop of Colborne township, Huron County, Ont., departed this life leaving the following queer production as his last will and testament.

“In the name of God, Amen. I,
William Dunlop, of Gairbraid, in the
Township of Colborne and District of Huron, Western
Canada, Esquire, being in sound health, and my mind
just as usual, which my friends who flatter me say is

OURSELVES

no great shakes at the best of times, do make my last will and testament as follows ; Revoking, of course, all former wills, I leave the property of Gairbraid, and all other property I may die possessed of, to my sisters, Ellen Boyle Story, and Elizabeth Boyle Dunlop, the former because she is married to a minister, whom (God help !) she henpecks ; the latter because she is married to nobody, nor is she likely to be, for she is an old maid and not market-ripe ; and also I leave to them and their heirs my share of the stock and implements of the farm, provided always that the enclosure around my brother's grave be reserved ; and if either should die without issue, then the other to inherit the whole. I leave to my sister-in-law, Louisa Dunlop, all my share in the household furniture, and such traps, with the exceptions hereinafter mentioned. I leave my silver tankard to the eldest son of old John, as the representative of the father. I would leave it to old John himself, but he would melt it down and make temperance medals, and that would be sacrilege ; however, I leave my big horn snuff-box to him ; he can only make temperance horn-spoons of that. I leave my sister Jennie my bible, formerly the property of my great-grandmother, Bertha Hamilton, of Woodhall, and when she knows as much of the spirit as she does of the letter, she will be a better Christian than she is. I also leave my late brother's watch to my brother Sandy, exhorting him at the same time to give up Whiggery, Radicalism, and all other sins that do most easily beset him. I leave my brother Allen my big snuff-box, as I am informed he is rather

OURSELVES

a decent Christian, swag belly and with a jolly face. I leave Parson Chevassie, (Maggie's husband), the small box I got from the Sarnia militia, as a token of gratitude for the service he has done the family in taking a sister no man of taste would have taken. I leave John Caddel a silver tea-pot, to the end that he may drink tea therefrom, to comfort him under the affliction of a slatternly wife. I leave my books to my brother Andrew, because he has been so long a jangly wallon that he may learn to read with them. I give my silver cup with a sovereign in it to Janet Graham Dunlop, because she is an old maid, and pious. and therefore will necessarily take to horning, and also my Granny's snuff-shell, as it looks decent to see an old woman taking snuff.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my seal, the 31st day of August, in the year of our Lord. one thousand eight hundred and forty-two.

WILLIAM DUNLOP.

The author of this unique document, popularly known as "Tiger" Dunlop from his prowess in India, was a friend of the celebrated Colonel Dunlop, and his equal in eccentricity. He was a well-known visitor at the home of the writer's father, who was also one of the pioneers of Western Ontario.

G. G. SCOTT.

OURSELVES

TO BE TAKEN WITH SALT

Being an Essay in Teaching One's Grandmother to Suck Eggs

Continued from December Number.

CHAPTER VI.

Note.—As everyone who has accomplished anything in London at one time “starved in the streets,” I do not wish to be thought eccentric, and for that reason I shall give without comment or alteration a few pages from my diary, blank dates and all.

OCTOBER

Sun. 26.—

* * * *

Mon. 27.—Had my last sovereign changed this morning. Its successor is nowhere in sight, and yet the prospect somewhat allures me. In my experience I have found that in order to know a city one must at some time be penniless in it.

* * * *

Tues. 28.—A man of cheerful disposition can devise a new set of good prospects whenever he needs them.

* * * *

Wed. 29.—To be rich is to have the power to buy trifles; but it is when one is poor that trifles become overwhelmingly important. It is not until he is jingl-

OURSELVES

ing his last few shillings that a man realizes that each little disc of silver is as full of power as an egg is of meat. Why did that simile about an egg pop into my head? I wish I had never heard of eggs.

* * * *

Thurs. 30.—If it were not for my miserable habit of philosophizing even over my troubles I suspect that I might be able to earn my living. Here is where I drop it for good. I must find work or make work.

* * * *

Fri. 31.—

* * * *

NOVEMBER

Sat. 1.—Today I gave up the quest of my grandmother and started on an earnest hunt for my uncle. When found he was unnecessarily offensive and seemed to think that I placed an absurd valuation on my few trinkets. This experience has developed in me a contempt for cheap American jewelry. Poverty certainly tries the quality of our jewels as well as our virtues.

* * * *

Sun. 2.—

* * * *

Mon. 3.—

* * * *

Tues. 4.—London tradesmen have a combination of meanness and dishonesty which they call thrift.

* * * *

Wed. 5.—

OURSELVES

Thurs. 6.—I wonder which is the worse—to be wrecked on a desert island, or on one that is over-populated.

* * * *

Fri. 7.—

* * * *

Sat. 8.—

* * * *

Sun. 9.—I have been penniless in all the great centres of Anglo-Saxon civilization, but London is the "Farthest North" that I have faced bankruptcy.

* * * *

Mon. 10.—Lent is certainly one of the moveable institutions of the church. It sometimes comes to the poor unexpectedly.

* * * *

Tues. 11.—I never realized before that most of the world is populated and ruled by people who have been starved out of the British Islands. If some of those who are starving here now could only get away they would soon conquer what remains of the earth.

* * * *

Wed. 12.—

* * * *

Thurs. 13.—How small a sense of fitness some men have. I called on a man this morning in the hope that he might be able to help me to some way of earning my living and he made me sit for an hour while he gave me his views on the income tax.

* * * *

Fri. 14.—

OURSELVES

Sat. 15.—London is one vast charnel-house of dreams.

* * * *

Sun. 16.—To-night I am heart-sick at the thought of little kindnesses I might have shown and did not. Always I said to those whom I loved, "Wait! My golden dreams will soon come true and then you shall want for nothing." Some of them are dead—died empty-handed and empty-hearted. Some have won for themselves and have passed out of my life—some are poor and old and indifferent. That is what I think as the last of my dreams fades into the darkness of a London night. Homesick—wearily homesick—and without a home.

* * * *

Mon. 17.—

* * * *

Tues. 18.—Ruler of my own spirit. I care little who conquers the city, nor shall I let this city—though the greatest in the world—conquer me. London may trample me under foot, but when my soul stands to her full stature even mighty London is forgotten. With all her clamor she cannot intrude on my spiritual solitude, and with all her smoke and foulness she cannot blind my stars.

* * * *

Wed. 19.—To-day a man on whom I had no claims gave me a letter of introduction, and already there is profitable work in sight.

* * * *

Thurs. 20.—

OURSELVES

Fri. 21.—

* * * *

Sat. 22.—Unwell. Visited a doctor. He gave me some medicine and imposed a diet. He has ordered me for the next month at least to limit myself to four meals a day.

* * * *

Sun. 23.—I have just been looking through the straggling notes I made during my "month of Ramadan," and am moved to express my contempt for autobiography, biography and history. Not even the condition I was then in could make me drop my pose or tell the absolute truth. Set even a realist to write autobiography and he instantly becomes an idealist. Then how perfectly absurd must be both biography and history, for if a man cannot tell the truth about himself how can he guess it about other people.



CHAPTER VII.

The British are a great but bilious people. I am led to make this observation as much by the fact that I have lived among them for a year as that the scenery from Euston Station to Rugby appeared from a car window to be worth a guinea a box. So insistent was this feature of the landscape that it got on my nerves and for some time the wheels in clicking over the metals seemed to be threshing out a recurring rhyme :

"Take Tum-Tum's Pills
For all your ills."

OURSELVES

I ultimately recovered from this. however, and began a hurried survey of British landscape.

At first I was surprised to see so many trees in what is supposed to be a cleared and cultivated country, but on second thought I understood the situation. For something like a thousand years members of royalty have been visiting various parts of the country and planting trees to commemorate the occasion. It certainly seems that unless democratic ideas make some headway, in the near future the British Islands will be completely covered by an impenetrable forest.

What interested me most of all was the hedge-rows, with the birds hovering over them. For some unaccountable reason they seemed to be associated in my mind with early piety, and I felt an inward glow as I saw the birds flitting about, to think that I had not robbed their nests. This puzzle was solved, however, when I managed to associate my emotions with the Sunday School books which are made exclusively in England and of which I had read several "stun" in my hot youth.

I also found much enjoyment in noticing thatched cottages that I supposed to be the dwellings of such men as

"Honest John Tompkins, the hedger and ditcher,
Who though he was poor never wished to be
richer."

They always clustered picturesquely in the little valleys, and every once in a while we passed domains

OURSELVES

surrounded by stone walls with tops covered with broken glass that marked the homes of the great and exclusive. These I knew at a glance to be the stately homes of England, etc., that are surrounded in middle class fiction with gravel walks on which wheels can be heard or the footsteps of the hero just as the villain is about to do his worst—by request. In the neighborhood of each, of course, was the usual lodge where dwells the pretty daughter who has entangled the affections of the son and heir.

While ruminating on these things the train was suddenly whirled into Birmingham and I was obliged to devote myself to business. Meeting the Captain of Industry with whom I had an appointment, I made a few mystic passes before him and hypnotized him to my will. Then finding that I had an hour at my disposal, I chartered a cab to take me about the city to see the sights. Incredible though it must seem, that cabman did not call my attention to a thing in any way associated with the statesman who had made Birmingham famous. Indeed, during my stay in the city I did not hear his name once mentioned.

[To be continued in the February Number]

LOVE TAPS

Continued from page One

There is ready warrant for thought in the several questions admitted and the discussion of humanity's treatment of the mighty brothers, Time and Space, in "To be Taken with Salt" a parable that is more than ingenious.

—MONTREAL WITNESS

"Ourselves" the magazine which Peter McArthur edits for cheerful Canadians, is filling a place peculiarly and assuredly its own. It is bright, humorous, candid, caustic, plowing its own furrow, and plowing it well. We hope it will succeed. Those who don't want the blues should read it.—KINGSTON WHIG.

Peter McArthur, a rising Canadian writer, who was raised on the farm, condemns the extensive farming of the day, and advises smaller farms better cultivated. There is much worldly wisdom in what Mr. McArthur says.—WINDSOR RECORD

The December number of "Ourselves", Peter McArthur's "magazine for cheerful Canadians" is full of homely and wholesome humor and wisdom wrapped up in wit. Mr. McArthur has produced something original, something racy of the soil. "Ourselves" has made a field of its own.

—LONDON ADVERTISER

The December number of "Ourselves," Peter McArthur's "magazine for cheerful Canadians," has been issued, and at three months' distance from birth has made such progress as should delight the soul of any ambitious parents.

—ST. THOMAS TIMES

"Ourselves," Peter McArthur's new Magazine shows us how funny we are when we play ostrich, i. e. hide our head in the sand and say "I can see nothing, therefore there is nothing to see." Our weaknesses, the little arts by which we delude ourselves and others, the hard blows which make us want to crawl into our shell and the tolerant contempt of the man who places a proper value upon the passing show are all there, and looking through McArthur's eyes we see the humor instead of the tragedy which too many see. That "Ourselves" hits the truth is shown by the fact that "there is too much politics" as some complain. Too much politics! Not at all. But "too much politics" as she is practiced; too candid a withdrawal of the veil of mystery in which the ordinary elector likes to wrap himself and befool himself, his chums and his women folks—a little too much of that. We would rather laugh at the other fellow and save our delusions.

—PARKHILL GAZETTE.

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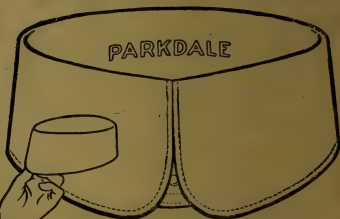
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FEBRUARY, 1911

NUMBER 5

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EDITOR

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(Continued on Page 6)

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PETER McARTHUR, Editor

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St. Thomas, Ontario

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Continued from page One

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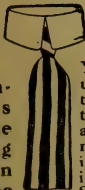
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Heartsease

In some strange way God understands
Her dreaming lips were fondly pressed,
The playful touch of childish hands
Her wan cheek lingeringly caressed.

With joy she woke, but to her heart
A grief of loss the waking gave ;
She rose to live her lonely part—
A simple woman true and brave.

And all the day she softly sung
Low crooning airs that mothers sing,
For to her weary heart there clung
The peace that childish kisses bring.

OURSELVES

"A Magazine for Cheerful Canadians"

VOL. I.

FEBRUARY, 1911.

NO. 5

THE MONTHLY TALK



ow, there is the Bankers' Association—
"S-h-h-h ! hisses a voice of author-
ity.

I was just going to say—

"Sh-h-h-h !" The forbidding hiss comes from another quarter. You can't go far in talking about financial matters nowadays before you imagine the steam pipes have sprung a leak.

Well, I don't care. I am going to have my say about the Bankers' Association in spite of everything. Matters seem to have reached a point in Canada where the Bankers' Association occupies the same place in our public life as did the exasperating little invalid in the family described in a once popular recitation. She got into every kind of mischief and when caught she always whimpered :

"You mustn't scold me for I have curvature of the spine !"

We mustn't criticize our banking system or we may disturb credit. Nonsense ! The foundation of credit is a confidence in common honesty and if everything is honest what are you afraid of ? Has our banking system got curvature of the spine, or any other kind

OURSELVES

of crookedness about it that it must not be discussed? It is about time we knew.

But before settling down to an earnest discussion of the banking situation I propose to frisk around a little and be merry with some pompous absurdities. So if you are feeling very serious-minded you had better read the People's Editorial at once. It is devoted to the solid facts of the banking situation. But do not overlook the fact that I am just as serious as you are. The trouble is that we can never get down to the real facts in the banking situation unless we learn to laugh at the solemn bluffing of the bankers. We must learn that they are men just like the rest of us, doing a business that is not beyond the capacity of ordinary people and then we can discuss the issues at stake in a sane and proper way.

The great trouble is that most people worship money, and as a natural result develop a great reverence for the high priests of money—the bankers. I am not troubled in that way. In fact, when a phrenologist was once reading my bumps he put his finger in a depression at the northwest side of my dome of thought and said sorrowfully :

“Here is where your bump of reverence should have been.”

It is not that I am lacking in respect for ability and achievement, but like Cassius, I should be ashamed to stand in awe of such a thing as I, myself. Bankers are only men, though they have managed to assume most of the attributes of little tin gods.

OURSELVES

They act as if they had put through a merger in knowledge as well as in most of the other necessities. They get peevish at the suggestion that laymen or even statesmen might be allowed to have opinions about banking. Now, as a matter of fact, banking at the bottom is a book-keeper's business, and the country is full of good, capable, common-place book-keepers who, if given the chance, could prepare an intelligent report on the affairs of any bank in a few days. When bankers begin to exercise powers that are beyond those of a book-keeper they are exercising powers that should be granted to them only under the strictest supervision. It has been well said that "capital is the life-blood of a nation," and that life-blood must only be used in such a way as to nourish the whole body politic. When it is used to give too much nourishment to any part—in other words, to any class or individual—it is time for a change. The powers of a bank are granted to it by the people as a whole, through their government and they must be used for the benefit of the people as a whole. At the present time the bankers are mouthing profound inanities about their special knowledge, integrity, and great missions in life. But let no one be deceived. They have no right to stand apart from the rest of the people and claim that they should have special laws that people cannot understand, just for the asking. In banking as in art, "to be intelligible is to be found out." They don't want to explain, for if they did what would become of the manipulations from

OURSELVES

which the favored alone can profit? I admit that, as a rule, we should give as much respect to capable people as we can without losing respect for ourselves, but every once in a while situations arise in banking that can best be dealt with as Black Jim Smith dealt with the banker in Bill Nye's story. James, the brunette, had been refused admission to the office of the bank president with whom he wished an interview, so he went out to the sidewalk, spat on his hands, pulled up an iron hitching post and rapped on the door. As the door was the private property of the president of the bank it was opened promptly.

"You should have confidence in us," said the banker in his most august manner.

"Is that so?" said Black Jim as he playfully swatted a fly on the mahogany counter with the hitching post." So you are one of those confidence men, are you?"

"O," exclaimed the flustered magnate, "to think that a day should come when I should be called a confidence man by a rude person with whiskers in his ears." Whereupon he settled his nerves by taking a large sight draft on a black bottle labelled "mucilage" and which smelled like the matriculating department of a bi-chloride institute.

The upshot of the matter was that Black Jim was granted all that he was asking for and when going away he was so lacking in awe that he gave the banker a friendly slap on the back that shook a lung loose.

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Of course, I don't advise going after the bankers in the manner of Black Jim, but something must be done to break down the exclusiveness and superiority which they are trying to assume. Possibly the best way to get at them would be to borrow a trick from Carlyle. When he found himself in danger of being over-awed by pompous ceremonials and important personages he tried to imagine what the men would look like if they suddenly found themselves in the state of Adam. Without their broadcloth suits and starched armor what would become of the imposing dignity of our bankers? Let us quote:

"Lives there a man who can figure a naked Duke of Windlestraw addressing a naked House of Lords?"

Now let us apply that.

Lives there a man who can figure a naked Sir Ed— No, no, I mustn't use names — addressing a naked Bankers' Association? How quickly he could condense the rolling periods with which he is wont to mistify the public. How short and to the point all the resolutions would be, and I am afraid that the business before the meeting would be in danger of being conducted with indecent haste. And when the poor fellows sneaked out from their shivering meeting their condition would probably be worse than anything imagined by Carlyle, for the chances are they would find that their clothes had been taken by Senator Cox or some equally thrifty soul.

And if these men could be stripped of their pre-

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tensious and untempered arrogance would they not make an even sorrier showing than they would without their clothes? Are bankers, as a class, more able and more honest than other men that they should be allowed to control the wealth of the nation? Mind you, I am not saying that they are not just as honest as any other class, for I consider them men just like the rest of us, but they are certainly more tempted. I leave it to others to rub in the fact that the only time Jesus ever used physical violence was when he whipped the money-changers—the bankers of his time—out of the temple. Everyone knows that nowadays a banker is an ornament to any temple.

There is a reason entirely apart from the Farmers Bank failure and the revision of the Bank Act, why the whole banking situation should be thoroughly over-hauled. Thoughtful observers are being forced to the conclusion that a state of affairs now exists such as the world has never before known. It is a state, which in spite of their boasted special knowledge, the bankers do not seem to understand themselves. At least they do not appear to understand its gravity.

Through the modern rage for organization, capital seems to be flowing together or coalescing and getting beyond the control of even such men as the mighty Morgan himself. Having unified, the proverbial timidity of capital has increased ten-fold. It is no longer possible to get capital into an ordinary competitive business. It dreads the waste of competition. It wants

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control of everything it touches. It will invest only in monopolies and having secured monopolies it has become insolent. It is careless of methods when it can charge what it chooses for services. The result is that we now have a waste of monopoly that is greater than the waste of competition possibly could be. It has been shown that in the United States there is a waste of a million dollars a day in the management of the railroads alone. What the waste is in other lines is past computation and the fact is notorious that the public is getting worse service than it ever got under the competitive system. The financiers are beginning to stand in awe of the monster they have created. They can no longer precipitate panics to rid themselves of undesirable rivals because they cannot check a panic after it is once started. They do not understand the laws that govern unified capital. All they know is that it is very profitable to be with it in its movements, because when it moves it moves irresistibly. This is true of Canada as well as the United States. Capital is breaking its bonds and controlling everything from statesmanship to the daily bill of fare of the humblest laboring man. It is time that the people, who alone have the power, should say to this monster "Thus far shalt thou go and no further." The bankers cannot do it now, even if they wanted to—and apparently they do not want to. They want to control their monster by pampering it. Are they to have their way?

PIONEER DAYS

The following extract is taken from "Pioneer Days" a book of reminiscences by David Kenneley, Sr., of Port Elgin. It gives a vivid picture of what our fore-fathers had to endure in making Canada what it is.



FTER we got everything in readiness we made our second start for our new home, but we made very poor progress on our way up, meeting with many mishaps. Our first serious accident was the breaking of the hind axle of the wagon. This occurred as we were passing along by the townships of Egremont and Normandy, and it caused us to unload our wagon by the roadside, and as there were no wagonmaker's shop in these parts my brother found an elm tree near by that was suitable for the purpose of making a new one, and he soon had it hewed out with his axe into the proper shape. But the skeans or irons were also broken, and we had some trouble to find a blacksmith and when we did succeed in finding one he said that he had no coal to do the work, but as our case was an urgent one he said that if we got him some hemlock bark that he would try and do the best he could for us with it under the circumstances. And so he mended them in a way that they stood the test for years, as I was afterwards told by the owner. After

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this delay we got as far as Smith's Hotel, staying there for the night, as this hotel was at that time a favorite stopping place, and then leaving early in the morning we reached Mr. Hunter's hotel at Durham early in the afternoon and we stayed there until morning, when we turned down the Durham line towards Walkerton. We found this still a very bad road, and we had scarcely gone half way down when we had another breakdown. This time it was the wagon reach or coupling pole. We had again to unload and then William soon found a small tree that would make a new one, and he cut it into shape. But we had no auger large enough to bore the hole for the king bolt to pass through, and one of us had to go back several miles to Durham to borrow a large auger, and by this delay we lost much time, so that we did not get to Walkerton until some time after it was quite dark, as we were all quite ignorant of the road, which we found to be a very rough and uneven one. Those on foot had to feel their way first, then stand and give me instructions where to drive, in order to escape being upset, for there were many dangerous places, and it was so dark that I could not see the horses. Our teamster refused to risk his life upon the wagon, so that I had to take charge and drive as I was directed by those who were picking the way on foot. Fortunately we soon reached the river bank and descending crossed over the bridge, and soon after reached Mr. Walker's inn, and when we unloaded the wagon in the morning our teamster actually wept for joy, and was

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so glad that this tedious and harrassing journey was now at an end, so far as he was concerned, and that he was permitted again to return to civilization. I don't know that he was a very stout-hearted gentleman at the best.

As we had lost so much time and had so many delays on the way up this far we did not want to lose but as little time as we could help in preparing a scow to take us down the river. Walkerton had made quite a little advance since we had passed down in the spring. I think Mr. Walker had erected a saw mill, and there were other buildings put up and several people had come into the township during the spring and summer.

As we could get the lumber from Mr. Walker to build the scow we did not require to wait, for he could supply us with what we wanted in that line, so that in a few days we were ready to proceed down the river, which at this time was a very different stream from what it was in the spring, when we first passed down it. So we got the scow ready and loaded our stuff upon her, and about noon we got aboard and set off, and had to keep a sharp lookout some places to avoid the shallows. But we were very cautious and succeeded in passing down without any interruption, and before it got dark we ran into the shore and there tied up for the night, just a few miles before we reached what is now Paisley town. On the next morning we made an early start and arrived safely down at our own humble looking home in the even-

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ing, feeling thankful for our safe return to its shelter, but at the same time a little depressed by its lonely condition. On our way down the river we noticed here and there a few trees chopped, but no actual settlement in sight. But quite an advancement had been made about Southampton and along the lake shore.

You may conceive of our surprise when we looked around the next morning to find a stake a little in front of our shanty, with our names marked by the surveyor on both sides, and that our little thirteen-feet square shanty stood upon two lots, about equal parts on each, and we also had our names written upon the two rear lot stakes in the same way, and a road or highway running between them, so that we could not have been better suited, nor desired more nor better treatment than we had received from Senator Vidal, who surveyed the township during our absence. But we knew that although we were away we had some true friends left behind us, and although there was some trouble in some quarters regarding first claim upon lots, we never had the least degree of trouble.

Although we found everything so satisfactory outside of our shanty the inside was quite the reverse, for although we had used the precaution to make up into bundles and suspend from the rafters all our bedding and destructible stuff before leaving, yet upon our return we found that the mice had taken advantage of our absence, and had made a nursery for hatch-

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ing amongst our bedding, and cut everything that came in their way. So innumerable were the swarms of wood or white bellied mice (sometimes known as deer mice), that we found it to be impossible for us to keep our eatables in any place that they would not get them, except in our round iron bake kettle with close-fitting lids. Close wooden boxes were of no use, for they would gnaw through them in quick time, and now that we had returned with plenty of fresh supplies in the way of provisions and seed wheat their numbers seemed to increase tenfold, and so great did the plague of mice become that we were put to our wits' end, and it became a problem whether they would not drive us out and get full possession. We used every conceivable means of destroying them by every kind of trap that we could invent, and sometimes we would be able to get the lend of a cat for a few days, but nothing seemed to have any effect in lessening their numbers. They seemed to increase all the more rapidly, and so daring were they that if we left the table a moment to fetch the tea or coffee pot from the hearth, whenever our backs were turned, they would come and snatch our ham or bread from our plate and run away with it in a moment. My brother often caught them with his hands and killed them by the dozen while sitting at the table, for he had made a candlestick out of a piece of basswood, and I have often seen the mice run up and bite the candle while we would be sitting reading by its light in the evening, and we found that as fall and winter approached

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that their numbers kept increasing, and the more tenacious they became ; so much so that when we were in bed and asleep at night we would often be awakened by mice pulling at our hair and cutting our bed covers in order to get the cotton wadding, or our hair to make themselves nests. I assure you we were not the only ones that were pestered with the plague of mice, for all of our neighbors had their share of trouble with the same nuisance. Yet, notwithstanding these pests, we kept constantly employed in clearing the land, and making other needed improvements. So anxious were we in this undertaking that we often neglected to make any preparation for our next meal, and when at work we became so thoroughly tired and hungry that we could suffer no longer, we would go into the shanty, make a fire, and then patiently wait until we got something cooked and ready to appease our hunger, and we often used to declare that this would be the last time we would be so foolish as to go to work without having some food prepared that we could eat upon our return without having to wait so long. But these resolutions were like pie crust, only made to be broken, for as soon as we got a good meal, and were satisfied, off to work we would go, and never think about the next meal, and thus we put in rather a dreary time. But hope carried us on, for we looked forward to the time, in the very near future, when we would be blessed with a comfortable home and the happy influences of sweet domestic association. But during this time we made

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frequent visits to Southampton, where we would meet with old friends, such as Mr. McDonald, who had bought a small vessel called the Saucy Jack, and was sailing her between Goderich and Southampton, and would bring passengers and goods, which was of great service to the place. So, sometime after, a very short visit at the home of our friend, Capt. Spence, and tasting of the comforts enjoyed under such social surroundings, it had the effect of making us more dissatisfied with our own present condition in our poor shanty life, and of the misery attendant upon the keeping of bachelor's hall."

Copies of this interesting book, a true Canadian human document, can be secured from Mr. David Kennedy, Sr., Port Elgin, for fifty cents each.



AN EXPERT NEEDED

One of the shovellers on a railroad construction gang became tired of his job and wanted to be promoted to work on a wheelbarrow. Summing up his courage he applied to the Irish foreman for the coveted job. The foreman looked at him scornfully and then snarled wrathfully:

"You want to work a wheel-barrow, do you? Now, what the divil do you know about machinery?"

THE PEOPLE'S EDITORIAL



SINCE *Ourselfs* for January went to press one sensation after another has been sprung regarding the affairs of the Farmers' Bank, until the public is appalled.

The General Manager is sentenced to six years ; warrants are out for the arrest of the first president of the bank, who so far has eluded the police, and for several others connected with the formation, promotion and management of the bank.

The statements issued by the liquidators show a condition of affairs which before their publication would have been believed impossible, even after the revelations of the Sovereign Bank, the Ontario Bank and other failures. All of this bad business has been possible in a bank operating under the Banking Act of Canada. We Canadians have been living in a fool's paradise regarding our banking system. We have been educated by our public press, by our financiers, and by our public men into the belief that we had in Canada an ideal system. We readily accepted that doctrine and it became a cherished belief. But we did not look under the surface.

We, of British extraction, are a little apt to get conceited over the idea of the "solidity" of things Canadian, especially if the plan was borrowed from England, where conditions are so vastly different that

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what works well there may not work here at all. This is not said to disparage the loyal feeling of reverence which happily fills the heart of the average Canadian for the institutions of Great Britain; but rather that we should, in transplanting them, keep constantly in mind that modifications and radical changes may be necessary to make them suitable to this new country with its great distances, its undeveloped opportunities, its fortune building; and that, in the growth of them we do the necessary pruning and cultivating to make them fulfil in this country the purposes for which they are designed.

A system of branch banks might be admirably adapted to the wants of a country small in area, though densely populated, where, as in England, wealth has already been arbitrarily distributed among different classes, which would not do at all here, with the branch office sometimes more than 2,000 miles from the head office and the whole range of business in process of development.

We, however, did not trouble ourselves to look deeply into the system. We were told it was British and that things British were solid. Every time a bank failed across the border our newspapers printed a few extra leaders on the "solidity" of the Canadian banking system. Mr. H. C. McLeod of the Bank of Nova Scotia, in *The Globe* of Nov. 22, 1906, gave this contention a staggering blow. He compared the failures in Canada and the United States in the following language :

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“For the forty-three years during which the National Bank Act had been in operation there have been established 7,966 banks. Of these 460 have failed, the failures being equal to five per cent. of the whole number for the period. As for the banks other than National, with a more imperfect system of inspection, or no system at all, the failures reached $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The comparison of the percentages appears as follows :

National banks failed in forty-three years. $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent ; other U. S. banks failed in forty-three years, $17\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. ; Canadian banks failed in twenty-six years, 25 per cent. ; National banks (U. S.) failed in twenty-six years (same period) 5 per cent.”

Mr. McLeod, himself one of the ablest bankers in Canada, and connected with one of the very strongest of Canadian banks—the Bank of Nova Scotia—was arguing for outside inspection of the Canadian banks.

The General Manager of the Bank of Toronto in his address to the fifty-first annual meeting of his shareholders, held January 9, 1907, says :

“Looking back over the period of fifty years we are reminded of the changes that have taken place in the banking institutions of the country. We are prepared to find changes in a business community amongst the ordinary mercantile houses, but in connection with financial institutions we are led to consider it natural for them to exhibit greater stability. The record of the past, however, does not show that this is a necessary result.” He then goes on to say that out of twelve chartered banks doing business in Ontario and

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Quebec in 1856 only five survived ; and that twenty-two banks in all have gone out of existence (including new ones) in Ontario and Quebec since 1856. And that taking the country over the whole Dominion, out of eighty banks which have been opened for business, thirty-six only remained, the others having passed out of existence, either by failure or by absorption by the other banks.

So that our boasted "solidity" does not in truth exist.

Mr. McLeod made a vigorous effort to induce the Bankers' Association to appoint a board of auditors who would audit the different bank offices. In the face of the irresistible arguments advanced, and the experiences of each bank failure, namely : that in practically every instance the trouble was in the head office of the bank, it would be thought that to save the credit of the banking system some change in inspection methods would have been made. But, amazing as it may appear, Mr. McLeod's efforts were not only fruitless, but bitterly opposed. It was called "outside interference."

The branch bank system is English. But in England the banks are subjected to an independent audit. Why, then, is it opposed in Canada ?

Each failure shows trouble at the head office. In each case they are such troubles as a government inspector would readily detect. Why, then, is the public denied that safeguard ?

It must not be for one moment imagined that the

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reason the banks oppose inspection is because the banks are in reality not solvent, and they are afraid of the fact becoming known. It is not the intention of these articles to create any such impression. The very opposite is true.

What, then, are they afraid of?

THE REASON THEY DO NOT WANT OUTSIDE INSPECTION IS BECAUSE THEY KNOW THAT MUCH AS IS THE HARM DONE TO BUSINESS BY THE FAILURE OF SUCH BANKS AS THE FARMERS' BANK, IT IS ONLY A LOVE-TAP COMPARED WITH THE SLEDGE HAMMER BLOWS WHICH THE RING WHICH RUNS THE BANKERS' TRADES UNION, IS DAILY INFLICTING ON THE BUSINESS DEVELOPMENT OF CANADA THROUGH THE BRANCH BANK SYSTEM.

When the exposure of the methods of the New York crowd's dealing with insurance funds startled the world, the one point around which all other charges centred was the USE "the system" made of the funds of the four big insurance companies. The companies were not insolvent; but the improper use of their funds made by the ring constituted a menace to the business interests of the United States that has not been entirely dissipated by the good that was done by the exposure. In New York the moneys of the insurance companies were controlled by "the system" which enabled it to promote schemes, combines and mergers, to water stock and play Wall Street. But the Americans

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had not a branch bank system. They got rid of that menace to their prosperity long ago. So that so far as the people in other states and cities were concerned, beyond the money collected all over the Union for insurance premiums, "the system" did not have a direct control over the savings of the people, because they were deposited in independent banks.

If Morgan only had a system of branch banks throughout the United States he would control the entire savings of the Republic, and what wouldn't he do? There would surely be nothing left for him to desire.

If he only lived in Canada, we would treat him better than they do in New York. Our branch bank system would join our insurance companies in putting under his control ALL of the savings of our people. He could form trusts and mergers, and put whole lakes of water into his stocks, and we would ask His Most Gracious Majesty to Knight him; and when he had "done" us, and we had bedecked him, we would bow down and worship him.

But, then, we Canadians are doing pretty well without a Morgan. We may not have a full grown lion, but we have some young lions coming on, and the Bankers' Association is much afraid that "outside interference" might take away their rations.

Anyone taking the pains to enquire will easily fix upon less than a dozen names which will be found on the boards of directors of the banks; on the boards of

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directors of the large insurance companies ; of the great daily and financial newspapers. Some of them are in parliament, several of them are in the Senate of Canada.

They control the eight hundred and forty millions of the people's savings deposited in the chartered banks ; they control the issue of the entire bank note circulation of Canada ; they control every business man who could use bank credit, be he merchant, manufacturer, or otherwise engaged, they can ruin him by denying him credit at critical times ; they can prevent the development of his business by preventing loans for expansion ; they control the income of all the large insurance companies and their allies, the trust companies, which underwrite the bonds of corporations and finance all kinds of undertakings for "the system"; they control the price of stocks in the industrial concerns, and the price of the output ; they are rapidly getting control of the mercantile business through the departmental stores ; they control public opinion so far as it is reflected in the great dailies ; for an editorial writer who would seriously attack "the system" would soon be out of a job. They sit in the House of Commons and in the Senate of Canada. People wonder why they are there. They are not statesmen. Scarcely one of them could make a sensible speech of thirty minutes duration. They do not attempt it. They do not all belong to one political party—they use both parties. When the Tories are in power "the system"

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sees that a good many of "the system's" Tories are in ; and when the Grits are in power they have a preponderance of "system" Grits, with just enough "system" Tories to keep the Opposition quiet. They do not make speeches, they do not propose legislation—they leave all that to the politicians who are fools enough to care for their country. They just move around and use their INFLUENCE to see that "the system" doesn't get hurt. They are the "business" men in parliament. Their business is to boss the business. One man sits as the representative of a great railway corporation. He doesn't talk much—he just watches, and he watches pretty effectively, too. So "the interests" are all looked after. The only salvation for the country is that a number of men in public life are there for the public weal ; and when a reform in the banking laws is so earnestly demanded by the people that this patriotic few can feel that they are really backed by the people they can put up such a fight against "the system" as will win out in the end.

When the Bankers' Association was formed, it was said that such a body could suggest reforms in the banking act to the Finance Minister—and the public believed it.

All the bank charters expire this coming summer.

When, in the absence of the Finance Minister, the Premier introduced the amendments to the bank act, a member asked whether any suggested amendments had been received from the Bankers' Association. The

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answer was in the negative. And this after the failure of the Sovereign Bank and the Ontario Bank ! That is the practical value of all the expert opinion of the Bankers' Association. The bank act is good enough for them as it is.

When Travers was up for sentence his counsel stated that one of the large banks had lost \$5,000,000 in a mining venture in Mexico. This was a serious statement, even though the bank is strong enough to lose that money without becoming insolvent. It is also currently reported that in the case of another bank, a loan of millions beyond its entire paid up capital was made to one concern which, however, paid it back all right. At the time this \$5,000,000 was sent to Mexico no doubt there were hundreds, perhaps thousands of good every day business loans refused to regular customers all over the country where it had branches, because the money was used in that other way. So with the other loan. It must have absorbed the working resources to the detriment of every branch office of the bank. It is because the money picked up all over the country in branch bank savings is so used at the head office by the few favored ones that there is practically no accommodation for the ordinary business man all over this country.

There is no wonder they do not want outside inspection. All that the bank ever gets out of these extraordinary uses of its funds is interest, while the manipulators make sometimes millions. The ventures

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do not make money for the bank, but for **THE MEN WHO RUN THE BANKS.**

The proposal in the government bill that the shareholders **MAY** appoint auditors, does not meet the case. The annual meetings of shareholders are always dominated by the management, and the audit so ordered would not differ materially from the present system. If a strong, independent board of inspection, on some thing like the lines of the Railway Commission, were appointed, if it were presided over by a man of the calibre of the present chairman of that board, and given power to see not only that ample security was given for all loans, but that the borrowed money be not used to promote combinations, mergers and other illegal investments, it would soon be found that the general business pressure in the country would be relieved.

Then the Banking Act might be further amended in these particulars :

(1) Loans to any individual or corporation limited to one-tenth of the paid up capital of the bank.

(2) Loans to directors prohibited.

If these amendments were passed good would result.

The system treats the case as if the banking of Canada were entirely their property. As one official said : "Can't we do with our own business as we like."

The paid up capital of a bank is contributed by people all over the country and is owned by them. Deposits are borrowed in every quarter of Canada, from

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every class and condition of men, women and children. They are asked in advertisements which read : "from \$1.00 up." Some banks go so far as to furnish savings boxes to the homes for the children to drop pennies into, to be deposited in the bank as soon as a certain sum is collected. Then the whole national system of credit and exchange, all the legal circulation is intrusted to these banks. Will anyone say that these are private rights ? The right to form a bank, to solicit stock, to borrow deposits, to control bank circulation, to control credit, is a public franchise which no people ever intended to pass into the hands of any corporation other than that such corporation become a trustee for the performance of a public trust. By what right then do these trustees allow the funds of the banks to be used by directors for promoting illegal combines, stock gambling, stock watering and the like ? Any other than bank directors acting in such a way would be forced to disgorge their profits for the benefit of those from whom they held the trust. A bank director has no more right to enter into a conspiracy to rob the public of the use of the bank funds than he has to rob the bank of its funds.

It is usually true of speculating directors that they own only enough of stock to qualify. So that in no sense can they be said to be dealing with their own money.

Then the remuneration allowed the trustee (the bank) for the service it performs, or is supposed to

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perform, is amply sufficient, and, as we shall show in another article, more than sufficient, without resort to the practices which are so freely indulged in and with such disastrous results to the public.

It is doubtful if the branch bank system can be successfully worked for the benefit of all parts of Canada—the distances are too great, the interests too diverse. In the very nature of things it seems impossible that head offices in Toronto and Montreal can be just to the distant parts of Canada even when the directors try to be so. But when the opposite is the case; when the distant parts, and less remote parts are systematically drained of every spare dollar to be handed over to a select few on the inside it is monstrous. And the extent of the evil is not even indicated by reference to bank failures. Serious as is the bank failure, bank success on these lines is more serious still.

Where will it end?

When all those hundreds of millions of acres of unbroken prairie have become fields of golden harvest; when industrious man has penetrated the rugged mountain and forced from it its hidden treasure; when population has increased to forty or fifty millions; when bank deposits have reached hundreds of billions instead of hundreds of millions, is all that wealth, is the fate of all those millions of people to be entrusted to a system of branch banks which will collect the savings of every city, town, hamlet and cross-road and convey them to

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head offices in Montreal and Toronto, there to pass into the control of the bankers' combine?

What will it mean?

Can any sane man look into the future and view it with complacency? The branch bank system must either break down, or we must break down.

No nation in the world can maintain free institutions and place its wealth in the hands of a few. When men successfully pursue money getting they find its usefulness and soon get to think money can do anything. When a man has arrived at the conclusion that money can do anything, and the branch bank system has placed the money at his disposal, he is ready to take the highest degree in the art course of corruption. A free parliament is impossible under their influence. Today one of the greatest banking scandals of all time has made the whole public call for amendments to the bank laws, but our representatives are dumb. Or, if they speak, it is some cheap, party clap trap to try to gain some unfair advantage, one party over the other. The government proposes some amendments which will not hurt the system in the least; the opposition tries to distract attention by a silly waste of time over a souvenir sent the head of the government. Meanwhile Mr. Travers' plea of guilty frees "the system" from any of the dangers of exposure which might follow a full legal enquiry; and the confirmation of "the system's" curator as permanent liquidator leaves it absolutely free from the alarm it

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might feel if a new liquidator had the opportunity of finding out how things are done in the charmed circle. Warrants are issued against serious offenders but the birds have flown across the border and the public is gravely assured that no one is to blame because the offences are not extraditable. And meanwhile "the system" newspapers have helped the public indignation to swell, but have kept it carefully diverted against Travers, who is sentenced, and the other fellows whom they did not catch. In this way they hope the public anger will spend itself. The proposition is meekly made that the amendments to the Banking Act be deferred for a year, when, no doubt, it is hoped the public will be quieted down and perfectly harmless ones can be passed.

Again we ask, is there a representative of the people who dares to oppose "the system" by seriously proposing such amendments to the banking laws of Canada as will safeguard the people's interests and preserve the nation's honor and liberty?

In this article very little has been said about the Farmers' Bank for two reasons. (1) It is in the courts and not to be discussed. (2) Bad as the Farmers' Bank case is, that is past, and it would be folly to pursue it and by that means allow the wretched banking system of Canada to escape.

Nor has this article named men. It is the system which has enabled a few greedy men to become multimillionaires and which, if continued, will allow their

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successors to repeat the exploit to their own profit and the nation's loss. It is this system which should be changed, and which is being discussed.

In the March number of Ourselves this matter will be further discussed, for, both in its present influences and its future possible results, the branch bank system is the most important subject which the Canadian people can consider.

NOTE—As we go to press Hansard is sent us containing reports of the resolution introduced by Mr. Monk in the House of Commons on the second day of February. Without agreeing with all that Mr. Monk said, OURSELVES congratulates him in his admirable speech and expresses its appreciation of his efforts in drawing attention to the use that the bankers are making of the people's money in promoting mergers and combines. Of course the resolution did not pass but much good will result from the discussion it provoked.



I TOLD AS NEW FLATTERED

A man went into a village store to buy some trifle and offered a ten dollar bill in payment. The storekeeper was unable to change it so he started out to get change. Seeing an old man sitting in the sun in front of the store he asked :

“Can you change a ten dollar bill ?”

“No,” said the old man with a flustered smile. “No, I can’t change it, but I appreciate the compliment just the same.”

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AS IT IS DONE

Here is a little story that reveals the methods of the Accelerators of Public Opinion. Three delegates went to Ottawa recently from a county through which a new railroad is to pass. Each represented a town which wanted the railroad. A member of one of the deputations met a friend and remarked with a chuckle :

"Nobody knows which town the railroad is going through, but all the fellows in our deputation got passes and all the other fellows had to pay."

A man doesn't need many guesses to make up his mind which town the railroad officials favor. The result is about as easy to guess as it was in the case of the minister who got a call to a church that paid a larger salary than he was getting.

"Do you think your father is going to accept the call?" one of the elders asked the minister's little boy.

"Well," said the youngster, "Father is praying for more light, but mother is packing."



WHERE IT PINCHED

Here is a story of the pioneer days. A man went into a saloon to get a small jug filled with whisky. When he went to pay for it he asked how much it would be.

"There is a gallon and it will be a dollar."

"Very well" he said as he passed over the bill, "I don't mind paying the money but I hate having my jug stretched."

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A POSER

The father of a boy whose mind is hungering for knowledge contributes this :

A few nights ago my boy asked me three questions. The first was : "How far is it to the moon ?" I explained as well as I could. Then he asked : "Father, when surveyors survey, how do they know they are right ?" I did my best to explain and then he knocked me out with this one : "Say, father, can elephants spit ?"



A DIFFERENCE

Now that High Finance is coming in for so much discussion, here is a little anecdote that is to the point :

A man was in the office of one of our wizards of Finance having an interesting talk when an accountant entered with a bunch of papers. Without stopping to read them over or stopping the conversation the great man signed them all and handed them back. The accountant hesitated and then asked :

"Don't you want to look over those vouchers, sir ?"

"Vouchers ! Did you say vouchers ? Hand them back here ! I thought they were affidavits !"

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ANYWHERE

The Romance of a Puzzled Knight Errant in quest
of an Interest in Life.

"This successful industry, with its plethoric wealth, has as yet made nobody rich; it is an enchanted wealth, and belongs to nobody. We have sumptuous garnitures for our Life, but have forgotten to Live in the middle of them."—Carylyle, Past and Present.

CHAPTER I.



IN a little office not far from the corner of King and Yonge streets, Toronto, two men were facing each other across a flat-topped desk. On the face of one was a frown of worry. The other was smiling whimsically. Their conversation had come to a full stop. After a pause which gradually became uncomfortable for both the one who was frowning exclaimed irritably :

"I can't understand it. What on earth has struck you ? Just as our business is reaching a point where success is certain, you lie down in your tracks. I think, Doddridge, that you owe it to me to tell what you have on your mind."

"Absolutely nothing. For the first time in five years I have nothing on my mind. Last night I chucked everything and this morning I am the most

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care-free man in the city."

"But where are you going, and what is to become of the business?"

"I don't know where I am going, and as for the business I am willing to leave that entirely in your hands."

"You surely don't mean that you want to dissolve our partnership after we have been working together for seven years without a particle of friction."

"That is the only thing about the affair that hurts me. We have been good friends as well as good partners, but I have gone as far as I can go."

"What's the trouble? A touch of conscience about the Textile merger?"

"No, I don't think it's conscience. It is more like logic."

O, come now," said Sloan. "You've just got a touch of that tired feeling. Go away somewhere for a few days and when you are rested come back and we'll put through the Textile merger with a rush and live happily ever after on our profits."

"I am going away all right, but you are all wrong about that tired feeling. I never felt so fit in my life as I do this glorious spring morning. I am feeling too full of life to work. That packet I have handed to you gives you full power over everything we have in hand and whenever I need anything that may be coming to me from the business when you have wound things up to your own satisfaction, I'll let you know. If there is nothing left over there will be no hard

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feelings. I can worry along on the little I have saved during the past few years. Good-bye, old man."

He held out his hand but Sloan did not respond. Instead, he asked in a way that showed that he thought his question justified.

"Say, are you going crazy?"

"If I am," and Doddridge laughed gleefully, "I am going to keep right on going. It is the finest feeling I have had since I used to go fishing. Come, now, shake hands and let us part without hard feelings."

This time Sloan responded, and a moment later his partner passed through the outer door and the firm of Doddridge & Sloan was dissolved forever. Sloan threw himself back in his chair and tried to figure out just what had happened. He and Doddridge had been chums at college, and later at Osgoode Hall. As soon as possible after graduating they had formed a partnership in which each had naturally supplemented the other. Sloan was a hard-headed business man, with a wonderful capacity for details. Doddridge was eloquent, humorous, and a good mixer. He could convince any jury that he was one of themselves trying to settle some little matter without too much fuss, and even hard-headed judges had to guard against his seductive way of presenting his side of a case. But Sloan knew that there was an irresponsible streak in him, though he thought he would out-grow it. And now it had appeared in its most violent form, just when his services were most needed. Still, Sloan felt himself entirely competent to go on with the business without his

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brilliant but erratic partner. He had set himself to the task of making his fortune as he saw other men making theirs, and now the fortune was in sight. The warring interests of the textile trade had been harmonized, a holding company had been formed and the legislation needed was in sight. And now Doddridge had thrown away his great opportunity, O, well, that was his own lookout. Sloan opened the packet and was soon deep in the problem of winding up the partnership without damaging any of the interests they had at stake. He had the necessary power of attorney in his hand and a clear statement of Doddridge's views of the matter. He had thrown himself entirely in his partner's hands.

While Doddridge walked down Yonge street carrying his suit case he greeted old friends with a cherriness that befitted the beautiful morning. Presently he turned into a restaurant and took a table where he could look out over the street.

"What said Dugald Dalgetty?" he mused. "A good general always forages whenever he can." It behooves a man who does not know where he is to get his next meal to get a good one while he can."

The meal he ordered with the care of an epicure was one that showed how far he had traveled since leaving the farm. When he finished his meal, after giving strict attention to every dish, he lit a good cigar and settled down to lay out his plans for the future. At first he thought of going back to the neighborhood where he was born and had worked on the farm as a

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boy, but presently decided that that would not do. He had no relatives there, and the little that had come to him from the sale of the mortgage-bitten farm after the death of his father—his mother had died years before—had been spent on his education. There would be old neighbors who would remember him and who would be inquisitive.

The section where he had taught school was discarded for a similar reason. The whole problem was to find a place where he could live near to nature and think out the problems of life that had presented themselves beyond endurance. Even in his boyhood he had found that hard physical work was the best cure for worry. It was no question of right and wrong that troubled him. He merely saw too clearly that the triumph of the one means the enslavement of many, and that he who triumphs is enslaved the most. He had found himself becoming a slave to his own success. As a flash of life as he had come to see it crossed his mind, he quoted to himself his favorite answer to all troubles :

“The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.”

And he saw in life too many possibilities to allow himself to be carried with the current that was moving too swiftly—and might be moving in the wrong direction. History was full of instances where it had so moved. He was going to sit on the shore for a while and study the current.

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But the problem before him at that moment was how to reach the shore most delightfully. Taking out his purse he examined its contents. At that moment he was master of eleven dollars in available cash.

"Can't travel far on that," he soliloquized. "And what if, like the villain of the play, I should want to come back?"

Presently an idea occurred to him that seemed sufficiently amusing and he called the waiter. After paying his bill he took up his suit case and started on a trip to the land of adventure.

He walked slowly to the Union Station, looking at the familiar scenes with affection, for he had learned to love the city during the years he had spent in it. He could see the first green of spring on the trees on the island and the bay was flecked with white sails. It was all very beautiful. He was not going away because of any revulsion against city life, but in obedience to what seemed to him a very healthy sentiment. He was, leaving many friends who might miss him from his familiar haunts and perhaps stop from their hurried existence sometimes to ask what had become of him.

When he had passed the insistent newsboys at the arched door of the station and had reached the ticket office of his choice he assumed the air of a business man who knew just what he wanted to do.

"Three dollars and fifty cents worth of transportation, please," he said briskly, holding the necessary

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change in his hand.

"Where to?"

"Anywhere."

"Do you want a ticket or don't you," snapped the man at the window, the passive air with which he was used to dealing with a foolish public giving way to sudden annoyance.

"I presume a ticket will be necessary, but what I really want is three dollars and a half's worth of transportation to anywhere," said Doddridge with exasperating suavity.

"Where do you want a ticket to?"

"Any place you like so long as it is three dollars and a half's worth away from Toronto."

"Move on, please. You are blocking the window. I have no time to waste on fools."

Doddridge glanced over his shoulder and saw that a line was really forming behind him. Nearest to him was a young woman whose eyes were still twinkling because of the conversation which she could not help but hear. Their eyes met involuntarily, but in that instant the twinkle gave place to a look of unconsciousness and indifference. This shook Doddridge but he was too tenacious of his purpose to give up his pose however absurd it might seem.

"Surely there is some station on your line to which it costs three dollars and a half to travel."

"In which direction?"

"I don't care. Send me anywhere in any direction." He felt his ears beginning to tingle and he knew that

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he was blushing like a college boy. Somehow the fun had all oozed out of his joke and though he didn't dare to turn for a second glance he could feel all through him that a pair of grey eyes, under a low, wide brow were twinkling with the amusement and a very self-possessed mouth was probably smiling. The ticket agent, too angry for speech, tossed him a ticket and gathered up his money. Utterly discomfited, not by the angry ticket agent but by his chance neighbor in the line, Doddridge took up his suit case, slipped the ticket into his pocket and tried to stroll away with an air of ease. A young man, and what is more a presentable young man, could not well get himself into a more uncomfortable situation than that of being laughed at by a bewilderingly pretty girl without having a chance to explain. To offer an explanation was obviously impossible. Railing at himself for being more kinds of fools than he could count up in an afternoon he hurried toward the gate leading to the trains.

"Your train is not due for an hour and twenty minutes," said the gateman.

Without daring to look back for fear she might still be at his heels, Doddridge turned toward the smoking room where he could hide his confusion. He was so flustered that he started to put the lighted end of his cigar into his mouth. This gave him a little shock that helped to settle his nerves.

"O, well," he muttered, "I'll probably never see her again." Then he couldn't help wishing that he might, for he wanted to explain that he was simply

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having a joke—and she was provokingly pretty.

To get the incident out of his mind he began to study the people he could see from the dark entrance of the smoking room.

Nearest to him was a group of emigrants, Poles or Finns, or some outlandish people who were plunging into the crucible from which the future Canadian is to emerge. There was a strangely whiskered man, and a tired looking woman with three little children that seemed almost of an age. These would go to school and be Canadians at once. It was not so long since his own grandfather and grandmother had come to the land of promise in quest of a home. They too were peasants and possibly as uncouth in appearance as these.

Possibly there is no place in Canada where a man can see so much of Canadian life as in the Union Station, Toronto. Everyone of any importance or unimportance passes through it at some time. Doddridge watched the ever-changing scene with keen interest, for although he was apparently dropping his hold of life it was only so that he might get a better. Suddenly he shrank back a little into the shadow for two men were moving slowly towards the gate with a dignity befitting their importance. Senator Darch, slow and heavy-jowled, and his legal advisor, Issachar Towne, were going somewhere on one of the missions of High Finance. Senator Darch was the man whose activity in church work and over-reaching methods in business once led an indignant country editor to describe Toronto as

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"the headquarters of Triumphant Hypocrisy, the home of the unjust man made perfect." Issachar Towne was the best corporation lawyer that money could buy. As Doddridge looked at him he did not think of Issacher as "a strong ass crouched down between two burdens," but rather as one of the "children of Issacher, which were men that had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do. * * * * All their brethren were at their commandment." He had been in consultation with both of them regarding the Textile Merger, and when he saw them together he felt that the crime of the century was probably being unctiously plotted. He heaved a sigh of relief when they had passed through the gates.

The passing of these two colored his reflections and he began to think of what a fortune there would be in the Textile Merger when it got into operation, with control of everything from burlap to bolting cloth. Even those emigrants would pay tribute to it whenever they bought a yard of cloth. Those prosperous farmers passing through the gates would certainly invest their savings in the common stock—and that preacher who was passing would doubtless put his savings into it. Ministers of the gospel are notoriously easy prey for promoters. Even the girl who had laughed at him would pay tribute for her tailor-made dresses. Confound that girl—or rather confound his idiotic joke. But what did it matter? She was going somewhere and he was simply going anywhere. It was unlikely that they would ever meet again.

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From the dimness of the corner where he sat, the dingy waiting room looked almost bright with the sunshine filtering down from the high sky-light. Time slipped by easily as he watched the varied procession. There were miners hurrying north after a visit to the city where capital might be secured to develop their properties, or worthless properties unloaded. There were young Britons dressed for the new world according to the ideas of Bond street tailors ; hurrying commercial travelers with their business-like grips ; here and there a city man with a golf bag rushing away for an afternoon's recreation in the open air, and everywhere throngs of healthy, well dressed Canadian women and girls hurrying home from shopping or to make suburban visits. On the other side of the wide room a group of young men and women were weighing on a penny scales and laughing noisily. Now and then a baby would cry somewhere. There was the constant clanging of in-coming and out-going trains and the steady tramp of hurrying feet. There were constant partings, some with laughter and some with weeping. On the whole, Union Station at that hour was about as busy and varied with life as any place in Canada. And there was not one person there whose life did not in some measure affect the life of everyone else. It was a puzzling thought. The work he had been doing would affect them too. He was running away from it all, but could he ? Would it not dog his steps like a monster of his own creation ? Presently Doddridge bethought himself of his ticket, which he had

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forgotten in the excitement of the encounter with the girl with the laughing grey eyes.

"Blairsville."

"Never heard of it before," he thought idly. "I guess it must be anywhere. I wonder if it lies to the east or the west."

Just then he glanced up and the girl with the grey eyes was hurrying towards the gate. She had evidently been waiting, too, in some corner of the waiting room that had been hidden from his sight. He gasped and then resisted an impulse to hurry through the gates after her to see which way she went. Instead, he strolled over leisurely and showed his ticket to the gateman.

"Sixth track."

He passed through and the girl was nowhere in sight. On reaching the track he asked for the Blairsville train and a few minutes later was whirling west beside the glimmering lake at the rate of forty miles an hour.

For four hours he travelled, and all the while he sat in deep thought. He watched the wakening fields and woods as they whirled past in the spring sunshine, but his thoughts were inward rather than outward.

He saw men busy in the fields at their spring work but in the mood he was in

"Man to him meant little more
Than a higher sort of bug,—
But he beauty could adore
In a Pawnee or a Thug."

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Under its mask of thought his face looked honest rather than strong. His brown eyes were set wide apart under a good forehead crowned with wavy black hair, but the chin was too narrow and the lips too sensitive. All afternoon he sat immersed in his dreams, paying no attention to his fellow passengers. Though he was naturally prone to see humor in everything, his face never lighted with a smile. The step he was taking was so unusual that after he had taken it he was beset by doubts. It could not be possible that he was right and the great majority wrong. Yet he could not rid himself of the conviction that men were striving for what they called success just because others were doing the same thing and wasting the gift of life in a vast, meaningless struggle. He must find a deeper interest before he could go on. To find this he was returning to the fields where alone he had ever been able to think with elemental clearness. Twice during the afternoon he changed cars and finally a local dropped him at a way station that seemed a hundred miles from Anywhere.

"Guess the agent wanted to get even," he laughed as he carried his suitcase to a little tavern where he would probably be obliged to pass the night. There were a few loafers hanging around who promptly sized him up as a drummer, and had hopes of some good stories and possible drinks later in the evening. After a supper for which there was no bill-of-fare, and which he ate with the tavern-keeper's family he asked the combination bartender, hostler, proprietor and

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head clerk :

"What chance is there of getting work on a farm in this neighborhood?"

"All the chance in the world. Everybody wants a hired man. If you are looking for a job you can just walk down street and pick your own boss from among the farmers in town."

The plan suited Doddridge exactly, and he walked out to put it in practice. He passed several farmers without making enquiries, for their looks did not please him, but when he reached the postoffice a man came out carrying his weekly paper. He looked neat and well cared for and his face had the good-humored, healthy expression of a man who lives well and enjoys good meals..

"Pardon me, but do you know anyone who needs a hired man," he asked.

"I do. I need one myself."

"Well, I'm hunting for a job."

The farmer looked him over thoughtfully.

"Ever work on a farm?"

"I was brought up on a farm and worked on it till I was eighteen."

The farmer was a good judge of both men and cattle on the hoof and he responded promptly.

"Well, if you'll come home with me tonight and start in tomorrow we can see how you can stand it, and then we can make a bargain. You don't look to me as if you had been doing much farming lately and you will be pretty soft at first."

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"Wait till I buy a couple of pairs of overalls and I'll be with you."

A few minutes later Phil. Dodd, late Phillip Doddridge of the firm of Doddridge & Sloan was driving home over the muddy roads with Dan. McTavish behind a pair of the best steppers in the county.

CHAPTER II.

A furniture van with a young lady on horseback as an outrider was making a slow and weary progress along the sixteenth sideroad of Nevis one beautiful morning in May. Although the fields were beautiful as they lay softly green in the warm sunshine, the sideroad was evidently living up to its old evil reputation. It had no place in the good roads movement except as a horrible example. It was of this particular stretch that a touring automobilist wrote: "At this point we struck a mile of mud. I mean it was a mile wide—it was deeper than that."

Dan McTavish was watching the laboring of the van and the plunging of the horses with keen enjoyment. He knew that Marcia Barrett, city-born and college-bred spinster, was coming to her own as heiress of her recently deceased bachelor uncle. He watched while the van turned up the lane on the adjoining farm and chuckled mightily to himself. He has seen Marcia as a little girl and had heard rumors of European tours and a wonderful education, so it was with delight he thought of her as a neighbor. Gentlemen farmers he

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had known and enjoyed, but a lady farmer would be a real novelty. He would have plenty of stories for his cronies at the post office and blacksmith shop for months to come. In the meantime things were moving comfortable with him. His new hired man was proving both willing and capable, so Dan was in a position to do his chores in a leisurely way and enjoy life.

McTavish allowed a week to pass before he felt that business made it necessary for him to call on and investigate his new neighbor. There was a little matter about a drain between his back field and hers that needed to be settled. He and old Izra Barrett had quarrelled over that drain for years, but as neither could hit on a plan by which he would get all the benefit and the other would bear all the expense it had never been dug. This would be an excellent matter on which to test the mettle of his new neighbor.

[To be continued in the March Number]



WINTER WASHING

A little boy was grumbling about having to wash in cold water.

"The water was cold, the room was cold and everything was cold."

"It must have been uncomfortable," said a sympathizing friend.

"Yes, and it's worse when you use soap."

"How is that?"

"It takes so much washing to get the soap off."

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TO BE TAKEN WITH SALT

Continued from January Number.

Pursuing my mission at the rate of forty miles an hour, I presently found myself reverently in the home of the Manchester School. As the business necessities were as rapid as the speed of the train, the notes that follow are naturally hasty and disjointed. From Manchester I proceeded to Liverpool and I trust I shall be forgiven though I went down to the dock to see the great ocean steamers and longed in the words of the poet,—

“To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars.”

In Leeds I was pleased to find that they are now erecting a memorial to the Black Prince, in recognition of his distinguished services in the battle of Crecy.

And yet people say that Great Britain is forgetful of her heroes !

By this time I began to realize what it meant to visit “The Black Country.” As far as the eye could see in every direction were tall chimneys hurling their defiling smoke into the sky.

And, above all, there was the infinite iteration of People ! People ! People !

Repeat a word to yourself a few score times and it loses its meaning. Multiply human beings into the millions and they pass beyond your sympathy. A politician or a professional philanthropist may affect an

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interest in the labor slaves of the Midlands, but to me they are of no more interest than atoms. How can I sorrow over what is past sorrow? And Heaven forbid that I should laugh, though this region is not without an awful humor. The huddled and hunger-bitten myriads who are doomed to toil in the "blackness of darkness forever" are ready to die for the land that gave them birth—and nothing more. Speak to them of the glory of England, and their pitiful shrunken chests will swell with pride. With all justice they hold themselves sharers in the achievements of Clive, Hastings, Wolfe, and Rhodes, and never dream that they should share in the profits. When the war trumpets are blown they send forth their best to die for England; and when peace is proclaimed they silently continue their unnoted slavery.

But why should it be necessary for so many people to die for England?

Let there be a war in the most remote parts of the earth, and an army at once goes forth to die for this country. Why should we not occasionally have a peace campaign in which an army would go out to live for England? Great Britain reminds me of what was once said by an Indian chief:

"White man builds a house and then lives in the kitchen."

She has conquered all the desirable portions of the earth, and yet her millions are starving in one little island. What these people need is a Moses who will lead them forth into the Wilderness—and leave them

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there. They live so crowdedly they forever hear one another groan. They breathe an atmosphere heavy with the sighs of misery.

And yet we hear talk of the unification of the Empire. This unification will not be achieved by drawing the colonies closer, but by spreading Great Britain wider ; by scattering her starving legions to the conquered lands of plenty.

* * * * *

At this point my meditations were interrupted by my return to London and the inexorable top-hat.

CHAPTER VIII

The crying need of this Empire is a Stock Exchange for dreams—for the dreams that really matter. The man with a yellow dream of gold already has every provision made for him. His poor sordid imaginings are perfected by brilliant promoters and marketed by shrewd brokers until the world rings with his achievements—or is shaken by his fall.

But how about the lovers of truth and dreamers of beauty ? What provision has been made for them ?

For centuries past these British Islands have been sending forth dreamers, the step of whose wanderings mark the boundaries of the Empire. Heroes all — the advance guard of civilization—they carried the flag and the love of the four kingdoms to the waste places that are now blossoming as the rose.

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But the empire is at last world wide and no more dreamers are going forth. The tide has turned and these islands are no longer the source but the goal of dreams. The soaring thoughts that have to do with the fate of nations are making head in the solitudes of the west and under the Southern Cross, while here they are chaffering over the price of bread and striving to stem the hungry tide of pauperism. Great Britain is now insular to the point of introspection ; but evidence is not wanting that a wider outlook is inevitable and near at hand. Her colonies are calling to her jovially across the seven seas and rousing her with the exuberant laughter of youth. As yet she has made but grudging response, but she will soon be her old self and rejoicing that her far-born sons are all tall fellows of their hands and strangely loyal.

* * * * *

Our Anglo-Saxon civilization blossomed with the visionaries of the age of Elizabeth. Then was the spring-time of Empire but now our civilization should bear fruit. The tide of dreams had set back to its source with renewed strength and ever-increasing intensity and if we are wise the world may see another golden age.

What is to prevent ?

A golden age is but a time when dreams come true—and why should they not come true today ? The marble may now be quarried that shall start to life beneath the chisel of the sculptor or float heavenward under the spell of an undreamed architecture. Science

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has once more proven the unity of Nature from the atom to the universe and shall art fail to give this mighty truth its fitting symbols? Assuredly not—nor shall the widest era of human thought lack for its fitting song. The voices that are now making broken music in the far spaces shall yet swell into an immortal chorus and it will be well for those who do not disdain to hear.

Returning to earth I sought out a man who had taught his grandmother how to suck golden eggs, with a view to convincing him of the feasibility of a Stock Exchange for dreams.

"Now, what can I do for you?" he asked, after seating himself in the position that gave the greatest comfort to his paunch.

"For me nothing," I replied, "but for the world much."

"I flatter myself that I am already doing something for my fellowmen," he said with a smirk of a philanthropist who has received many public addresses and holds the freedom of many cities.

"Regarding that we will not dispute. What I wish to show you is how to place yourself among the immortals without embarrassing public institutions with your donations."

"Ah!"

"There is nothing sordid in my request. Let others have your money and smother themselves with it. What I want is your power of organization."

"I am not sure that I follow you?"

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"You have the reputation," I proceeded, warming to my subject, "of being an enterprising man. Why not prove this immortally by making a few real dreams come true? Why should we not have an Exchange where an epic might be promoted as you are accustomed to promoting a trust? Why should not a dream of altruism be pushed by a syndicate, and just think of owning a controlling interest in the unification of the Empire. At the present moment all bills on the dreams that are really worth while are subject to a ruinous discount—"

He interrupted me with a most fatherly gesture.

"My dear boy, some day when you are feeling quite yourself I shall be glad to see you again. Then if you can suggest some method of manufacturing soap at a farthing less a pound or can suggest a more alluring formula than any now on the market for introducing alcohol into blue-ribbon families in the guise of a patent medicine I shall be glad to put money into your ventures."

And once more I was bowed out into the night.

But this great question is by no means to be settled either by indifference or contempt. The Islanders are cherishing their past, the Colonials dreaming of their future—and when they move they move apart. Here is something that strikes too deep for preferential tariffs and apparently there will be no adjustment until we develop a statesman capable of making another of those magnificent blunders that have made the Empire what it is.

[To be continued in the March Number]

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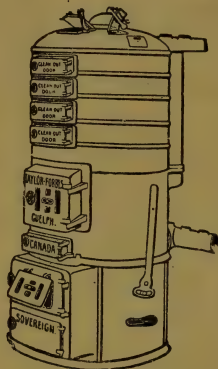
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Ourselves

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(Continued on Page 6)

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PETER McARTHUR, Editor

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THIS IS FOR YOU !

Continued from page One

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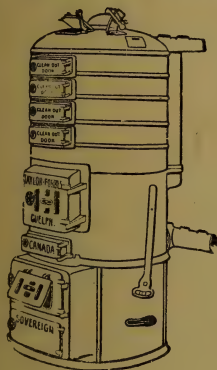
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IN ACCORD

The flower yields its heart to the wind,

The wind gives its sigh to the sea,

The sea yearns up to the sun,

The sun sweeps onward to Thee ;

And back to the spheres attune,

From the spheres to the waves at play,

To the wind, to the flower, to my heart,

Come Thy love and Thy peace today.

OURSELVES

"A Magazine for Cheerful Canadians"

VOL. I.

MARCH-APRIL, 1911.

NO. 6

THE MONTHLY TALK

THE SPINNIX



ELL, I see that the Spinnix has spoken," said a worthy farmer as I entered the post office. He lowered his paper and looked at me gravely over his glasses to watch the impression made by this startling statement.

"The Spinnix," I muttered, as I searched my memory in vain for this unusual word. "The Spinnix! What do you mean?"

He handed me the paper which had a scare head all across the front page and a full report of Mr. Sifton's anti-reciprocity speech. It was a conservative paper, of course, and the editor referred to Mr. Sifton as "The Sphinx." That explained the origin of the new word, but somehow the word would not down. During the days of discussion that followed I never saw Mr. Sifton's name without thinking of him as "The Spinnix," and the thought always provoked a chuckle. The word grew on me. It is easy to pronounce, easy to remember, and sounds as it it might mean something. I consulted the Century dictionary, and the only resemblance to it is in "spinax, the black shark

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of European waters." Spinnix seems to fall somewhere between "Sphinx," the maker of riddles, and "spinax," the black shark, and possibly partakes of the character of both.

But why look the gifts of the gods in the mouth? Why not let the new word take its definition from the character of Mr. Sifton? His position in Canadian politics is now so undefined that a new word is needed to describe it. Possibly he may start a new party and a name will be needed for it. Why not describe Mr. Sifton as "The Spinnix" and his followers as the "Spinnexes?" As a party name it as good as Liberal or Conservative, or even Grit and Tory.

But what is "The Spinnix" going to do, now that he has cut loose from the Liberal party? The Liberals are loud in protesting that they are well rid of him, that he was a burden to them. That is foolish. If there is an abler man in Ottawa than Clifford Sifton I should like to get his name for future reference. Besides meeting Mr. Sifton I have met:

"Those who loved him, those who feared him, those who in his dark hour fled."

They all agree that whatever else he lacks he doesn't lack brains. Then they begin to whisper. "The Spinnix" is the most whispered about man in Canada. He is never the subject of conversation very long before voices sink to a whisper and all the seeker after facts can catch is an inarticulate murmur with here and there a suggestive phrase.

"Mm-mm-mm-mm-shh! timber policy—mm-mm-mm-

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mm. Land deals —mm-mm-mm-mm, multi-millionaire, mm-mm-mm-mm ! He found it was his own colleagues that did it — mm-mm-mm-mm-mm ! Made them sweat for it, too ! mm-mm-mm-mm-sh-h-h !”

And all the while “The Spinnix” goes about his business inspiring dread if he does not inspire confidence. Look at him in any way you like he is a big man and he does nothing without a purpose. No man is more capable of serving his country if the impression were not so prevalent that his first purpose is to serve himself. But when he takes a definite stand on a public question as he has done on reciprocity, it behooves the ordinary man to consider the situation carefully. As Autolyceus says : “When the kite builds, look to the lesser linen.”

Now that he has turned on his old allies will he try to force his way into the Conservative ranks ? If so there will be some scrouging to make room for him, for he will bulk large among the leaders of the Opposition. He wouldn't be there long before some observer would raise the old song :

“Said the ant to the elephant,
Who are you shoving ?”

But I don't think “The Spinnix” would be entirely welcome among the Tories. One can imagine George Eulas Foster harking back to his professorial days and hissing :

“Timeo Danaos donas ferentes.”

Of course there is no sound reason why the Tories should sniff superior and refuse to admit him to their

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counsels. Though Byron said that "The angels are all Tories," he didn't say that the Tories are all angels. By no means. "The Spinnix" might appear among them without provoking undue comment.

But this is profitless speculation. Nobody will know what "The Spinnix" intends to do until he outlines his policy—and perhaps not then. In a sense he is a man of war and will not lodge with the people. That is his chief weakness as a politician. If he really "intends to re-enter public life," he should have a press agent to familiarize the public with his more endearing qualities. Come to look at it, the task would be absurdly simple.

For instance: Sifton was once a schoolboy. What could be easier for an enterprising press agent than to find an old school-mate who could be interviewed somewhat in this fashion:

"Do I know Clifford Sifton? Sure I do. We went to school together and I licked him once, begosh! We used to call him Clifty Sifty."

There you are. What more do you need? Get the plain people speaking of him affectionately as Clifty Sifty and the trick is turned. Besides, just notice what changes could be rung on that pet name. Among his business associates he would become known as Thrifty Sifty. Those who had political dealings with him might be excused if they called him Shifty Sifty and surely it would not be long before the best dressed man in parliament would be known among his society friends as Nifty Sifty. His baptismal name, Clifford

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Sifton, is too classical and aristocratic for everyday use. Besides, its classical flavor is rather high. Searching my memory for some good tag of poetry that might be useful to his press agent I could find only one and I hardly think he would endorse its use. It occurs in the Third Part of Henry VI.

“Clifford, ask mercy and obtain no grace !
Clifford, repent in bootless penitence !
Clifford, devise excuses for thy faults !
What, not an oath ? nay, then the world goes hard,
When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.
I know by that he’s dead.”

Now, that would never do. It is good sonorous blank verse by the greatest of poets, but it hasn’t the right flavor. It would be much better for him to sink the name in the easy familiarity of Clifty Sifty or to supersede it altogether by using the inspired mispronunciation of the farmer and become known to the world as “The Spiinnix.” Nobody knows what a Spin-nix is and nobody understands Clifford Sifton, therefore he must be a Spinnix. It sounds good to me.



THE RECIPROCITY NEGOTIATIONS

The reciprocity negotiations have undoubtedly given solid satisfaction to more people than any question that has been before the public for years. The discussion that has been provoked has enabled the Liberals to pose as the benefactors of the plain people,

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anxious to redeem ancient pledges and to open the way to a glorious future. (Cheers.) It has also enabled the Conservatives to reveal themselves as the guardians of Canadian prosperity, the upholders of British connection, the patriotic opponents of annexation and the custodians of all the public virtues. (Cheers.) There you have both parties exhibited before their supporters at their best. What more could you ask ?

Of course there are people who ask more, but that is only natural. The Liberals ask that their policy be accepted with joy ; the Conservatives that it be rejected with scorn. They have decided on the question so exactly along party lines that I am inclined to think that it doesn't matter much whether the agreement goes through or not. So many farmers are sure that if adopted reciprocity will ruin them and so many more that it will make them wealthy that about all a man who is not bound by party ties can do is to toss up a copper and let it make up his mind for him. The editors and professors of political economy, who are supposed to have a monopoly of clear thinking, are divided on the question just as hopelessly as ordinary people. But in spite of this confusion everybody is able to pose as a patriot and that is a most profitable exercise.

In the United States the case is different. The course of the negotiations in that country have only brought into relief the fact that there, at least, responsible government no longer exists. Last fall the people made it clear that they earnestly desired changes

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in the tariff that would cheapen the cost of living. The President knew this and did what he could, but the plutocracy intrenched in the Senate declined to act. He has called a new Congress, but no one who has observed American politics has much hope that the Democrats will do better than the Republicans. About all that can be expected from them is that they will kill the agreement in another way. They will doubtless do some tinkering with the tariff in the hope of fooling and quieting the people, but if the reciprocity negotiations did not suit the plutocracy as presented by its Republicans it is not likely that it will allow its Democrats to pass it. It owns them both, a fact that has been proven to the hilt in every investigation that has taken place since the American people began to waken up and struggle with the power by which they were being exploited. It is really gratifying, whatever may be a man's opinion of reciprocity, to know that the money power in Canada does not seem strong enough to defeat reciprocity. If Canada could be relied upon to defeat the agreement there is little doubt that the United States plutocracy would have white-washed itself by having its Senate pass the agreement. But apparently the Canadian government even when prodded up by a suggestion of annexation, could not be relied upon to do the work, and it had to be attended to at home. This leaves the Canadian government entirely free to show that it is not dominated by the money power, a freedom that is no doubt appreciated, as the banking situation made people suspicious. From

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this point of view, at least, Canada seems to have done well in the negotiations. But while the people of the United States are struggling we should watch and learn for it is not impossible that we may have troubles of the same kind before we are much older.



Q WHO'S WHO HENRI BOURASSA

O Canadian of our time is so crushingly handicapped as Henri Bourassa. No matter what he does or how patriotic his doings may be it is impossible for him to get full credit. People cannot discuss him in general conversation as they do other men—and all because of his name. More than once I have heard his name mentioned and a few minutes later the whole company was confused and silent.

“I have just been reading what Boo-rass-ah has been saying,” observes someone, and then goes on to quote what is probably a commendable patriotic statement. Then “comes me cranking in” the inevitable prig to be found in every company, with some such remark as this: “In my opinion Boo-ruh-saw, etc.” The pronunciation does it. Everyone except the aforesaid prig is afraid to begin a sentence for fear he may have to use

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a name of such strange pronunciation and get himself verbally "corked" before he gets away with it. Then if the prig throws in a good French pronunciation of his first name "Awnh-ree," or sounds to that effect, you hear strong men begin to whisper that it is getting late and that they promised their wives they would be home early. In this way the sayings and doings of Henri Bourassa are largely a sealed book to the plain people among his English speaking compatriots. I have heard some of the priggish precisians try to explain and commend his stand on the Boer War, Naval Defence, Canada First and other excellent subjects of debate, and no man would reply. It is in vain that some urge his claims as a patriotic Canadian, a man of culture and means who is anxious to serve his country. It may be that in him

"The fiery spirit of Papineau
Burns like a fever spark."

But that name is enough to extinguish it. People who have once heard his name correctly pronounced get a positively hunted look in their eyes when you get them cornered and make them try to utter it. Now it stands to reason that you cannot make a hero of a man whose name, however melodious it may sound to the French ears, or even to the English ears when correctly pronounced, is so alien to the genius of our language that we cannot pronounce it without glancing around nervously to make sure that there is not an orthoepist in the company.

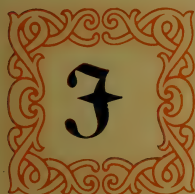
SIR EDMUND WALKER

While speaking of names consider we now the case of Sir Edmund Walker, ne Byron Walker. Some good fairy surely stood by his cradle when he was born. For years his name was an asset of incalculable value. In his social, educational, literary and other graceful ambitions it shone forth like apples of gold in pictures of silver. It carried with it something of the prestige of the aristocratic, melancholy genius from whom it was derived. It was a name to add distinction to any list of "Among those present." It was quite natural to assume that when he discoursed on art or scholarship his words should carry weight. People were all learning to say "as Byron Walker says" just as naturally as they say "as Byron says." And now he has gone and thrown away the blessed gift that was conferred upon him at the font.

"Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a ribbon to tie in his coat."

As Sir Edmund he no longer ranks with those whom the people instinctively love. He is a confessed high financier and his name is buffeted about in raucous political debate. His position now seems aloof and menacing and all because he allowed his shoulders to be touched by the accolade of colonial success. Too bad, too bad! Sir Edmund can never be to what Byron was. The bloom is off the peach.

THE PEOPLE'S EDITORIAL



JUST as Ourselves went to press for its last issue, F. D. Monk, M. P., (Jacques Cartier), moved in the House of Commons an amendment to the motion for supply: "That the recent mergers of heretofore competing industries and the issue of securities resulting therefrom should be the subject of public investigation, with a view of ascertaining how far such mergers or the methods of carrying them out affect the public interests, either as causing continuing high prices for the commodities produced or damaging the reputation of Canadian securities abroad or further as restricting the banking facilities of the country."

At the outset it is fair to say that an amendment to supply is usually considered a vote of want of confidence in the administration and is not passed. It is not amended and unless of some special character when it may be accepted by the government, its fate always is to be defeated. It is one of the ways in which subjects are brought up for discussion when the government of the day hands out boquets to the "Hon. member for the admirable speech in which he has given his views to the House and country," and asks him to "withdraw his motion as the object has been fully attained." The "object" to be attained is usually to quiet the people when they are clamoring against some

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abuse. Mr. Monk is deserving of a nice boquet from "Ourselves" for the splendid speech in which he supported his resolutions, even though he failed so lamentably when he touched that sore spot for the Bankers' Association—government inspection. He showed a painstaking examination of his subject which evidently convinced himself and enables him to convince every unbiased reader of his very able speech, that a state of affairs exists in this country in the manipulating of bank funds (the savings of the people), for the promotion of the merging of industries, by which competition is got rid of, the overcapitalization of such merged concerns by which prices of the products must be enormously increased in order to pay dividends on watered stock ; and the scandalous use of bank deposits in return for which bank directors become the recipients of free gifts of blocks of stock as compensation for their influence in passing loans to finance these mergers. For this, in effect, is the charge Mr. Monk makes. He says :

"If the bonds are not disposed of otherwise, they are placed with the bank which underwrites them, say at 95. But there are sub-underwriters, men behind, who are the promoters, who sub-underwrite the issue at a slight advance over the bank's figures, and it is this slight advance which constitutes the bank's profits. In many instances the directors of these banks and the directors of the companies that are about to be merged, form themselves into a group, or syndicate, and it is this syndicate which sub-underwrites the bonds. Com-

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mon stock is offered to the bank in order to induce it to underwrite the bonds. The bank, in return for 95 per cent. which it pays for the bonds, gets \$100 bonds and, say, 75 per cent. of common stock. What becomes of these securities? The sub-underwriters take over the bonds and common stock at a slight advance and endeavor to dispose of the bonds and naturally keep as much as possible of the common stock."

Those familiar with these transactions know what becomes of the common stock. They also know that the case which Mr. Monk put before the House was a fair sample of the actual state of affairs. He took a case of a merger in which the combined industries were worth \$1,000,000. On the merger of this million dollar industry one million dollars of bonds would be issued; preferred stock to the amount of one million dollars; and common stock for one million dollars; or \$3,000,000 in all, on which the public would pay interest or dividends.

Could anything be plainer than that prices of the products must increase in order to pay dividends on a capitalization of \$3,000,000 on a \$1,000,000 concern.

If prices did not increase the "Lords of Finance" would fail to realize on their scheme.

Not only must prices increase to pay dividends, but they must increase quickly enough to enable these gentlemen, directors of banks, promoters, directors of trust companies and the like who hold, practically as a free gift, almost all this common stock, to get it on the market at a good price. Once this is accomplished

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the watered stock is sold to the public who put their hard earned money into the pockets of these men who have managed the affair. And who having turned the common stock of one merger into gold, look about for a chance to promote their country's prosperity by offering their influence in the positions of trust which they hold for another block of stock in the next set of industries to be gathered under the wings of these birds of prey.

Does anyone still wonder how millionaires are made ?

With on the one hand absolute control, through the branch bank system of Canada, of every dollar of the people's savings, and on the other a protective tariff to make outside competition impossible, there is nothing these men cannot do with the business organizations of the country.

The writer submits it to those who have been forced out of what seemed profitable independent concerns, whether they did not find that about the time their bankers cramped them for funds, the combine did not come along with an offer to purchase. The combine and the Canadian banking system go hand in hand. What else is left for such a concern to do but sell or go into the combine ? The power of the bank is absolute in business.

As to the effect in general business of the methods of banks in promoting mergers, Mr. Monk asks : "Is it not evident that the funds of these large financial institutions tied up in this way are kept away from the usual chan-

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nels where they might benefit trade and fulfil the object of legitimate banking ?”

That is a very pertinent question, but if Mr. Monk were still more familiar with the actual business of the country he would not use the words “usual channels” in that connection, for the “usual channels” of bank deposits in Canada are not in “fulfilling the objects of legitimate banking.”; but in stock speculating ; in promoting mergers ; in throttling local expansion, and making millionaires into multimillionaires.

It has not been contradicted that not more than ten per cent. of the deposits in the outside branches is available for the use of the locality in which the branch is situate, the balance of ninety per cent. being taken to the head office. And this notwithstanding the fact that there is scarcely a community which is so drained of its wealth which is not crying out for the capital with which to expand its local business interests—interests whose expansion would mean more, vastly more, to the country than the building up of two large cities and the creation of a few titled millionaires. The city in which this magazine is published has exceptional natural advantages. Its banks have millions of deposits—but its business men can get no money, or next to none. It is not the fault of the local managers. Their hands are tied by the head office. If it had had a fair chance at the use of its own money the population should have been at least fifty-thousand. Its business men are able and aggressive ; all the leading railways centre here ; it is surrounded

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by the most productive and most beautiful farming country the sun shines upon ; its population in sobriety, in morals, in thrift, will equal that of any in the land. Its people toil, make money, and what they save goes into the hands of "the system" to enable it to throttle industry, choke off the circulation of knowledge, and even deny political freedom to the people.

The city of London has a long history of commercial activity. Its people are able, pushing, progressive, loyal to its interests ; yet London has been adopting all the tricks of census taking in order to get a showing of 50,000 people. London bankers have more latitude than managers in St. Thomas, but they, too, are cramped, and industry languishes in order to feed "the system."

So instance after instance can be cited to show the absolute failure of the branch bank system, and the absolute unfairness of the management of the financial institutions of the country.

In answer to Mr. Monk the Hon. Mackenzie King delivered a speech which cannot be read by any of his thousands of admiring friends without feelings of humiliation and disappointment. There is something in us all which makes us admire the clear cut aggressive young man who is making his way. Youth usually has a spirit of genuine fairness which too often is lacking in the crafty politician of many years and many battles. But it is not often that the "oldest sinner of them all" could deliver a speech bearing so many earmarks of disingenuousness as that delivered by the

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Hon. Mackenzie King on that day. It was unworthy of him.

Party politics, as such, have no place in the columns of this magazine.

It has already been said that an amendment to supply is a vote of want of confidence, and meets with defeat where the government is strong. But while it was fair politics to vote the resolution down, it surely was not necessary for the Minister to hold a brief for the combines as he certainly did that day. Mr. Monk had, even according to the Minister, made out a clear case. He had shown that these merged concerns represented over \$200,000,000 of authorized stock of which about \$170,000,000 had been issued, which proved the large interest involved. He had shown that only about one-third of this sum was put into the businesses. He had shown that the people were paying dividends on lakes of water, and that bank funds were diverted to assist in the perpetration of this robbery. Surely special pleading and college fencing were out of place in discussing a question of such vital importance.

If all this were done in order to "stand in" with the "Lords of Finance" the Hon. gentleman had not long to wait before he ascertained the futility of it.

Ourselves began this series of articles in the January number. In that article it was stated that "the system" uses all parties, but owes allegiance to none. It was not at that time expected, notwithstanding the evidence of derangement on the part of the Bankers' Association which the public had been so frequently

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witnessing, that so soon they would throw off the mask and throw down the gauntlet to the strongest and most progressive government with which Canada has ever been favored. ½

The government of Canada made an agreement with the government of the United States to admit into each country the natural products of the other free of duty, and to admit certain manufactures at a uniform rate of duty, making in some instances a slight, but in no instance a dangerous reduction in the tariff.

It would be thought that anything tending to expand trade would find favor with bankers. It would make more business for them. And since this kind of a treaty had been wanted by both political parties for a great many years, it was surprising that the leading Liberal bankers should oppose the agreement. Yet they do oppose it. The opposition is the most frenzied ever witnessed in Canada. At an enormous expense whole sheets of specially prepared copy, opposing the agreement, is paid for to be inserted in papers all over the country, regardless of the opinions of the editors of such papers on the question at issue. By this means they undertake not only to reach the people, but to lead them to believe that the views expressed in those articles are the views entertained by the editors of the papers in which they are read as if all Canada were in opposition to the agreement.

This sort of thing is not fair politics. It is not fair business. It is deceit. It is not consistent with the answer these men make to every request that is made

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for outside inspection of banks, when they always answer with very impressive airs "we are honest, we are above reproach." For the men behind this newspaper trick, the men behind the mergers, and the men behind the Canadian banking system are the same. In this political matter they may, of course, have some politicians, whom they are using, added to their army.

Why have these bankers done this ?

It is not because legitimate banking would suffer, because an increase of business activity would mean increased banking business ; it is not because they really believe that buying things from and selling things to the Americans is disloyal, because they do that themselves. They buy American stocks and sell them ; they lend Canadian money to finance American enterprises, and build up American industries. They hold places as directors of American manufactories, presidents of American railways, and yet they tell us after putting the energy of years into such experiences that they are still more loyal to His Majesty than any of us. They evidently do not want the common people to have a chance to increase their wealth by American trade lest, perhaps, it might increase their loyalty to such an extent that the rest of us might become rivals to the "Lords of Finance" in loyal attachment to the throne. They even want a monopoly of loyalty.

Why, then, do these men swallow all their past professions and hysterically denounce all that they formerly supported ?

The answer is found in a very old book in which it

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is written : "Where a man's treasure is, there will his heart be also."

With Canadian business cramped into a narrow channel on one side of which rises the hill-side of protection, and on the other side the Canadian branch bank system, all the results of the toil of the millions had to flow into their mill-race to turn their water wheels.

With freedom for the millions of Canadians to buy and sell, their chances for further robbery are somewhat diminished.

The spectacle presented by these men before the country today is not edifying. It shows success gone mad. There can be no spirit of personal hatred enter into the discussion of this subject, even though it is persons who are the agents of oppression and persons who suffer from that oppression. For back of it all these oppressors are but the agents of "the system"—they are just now showing how intoxicated man from whatever cause becomes an object of pity as well as ridicule.

"Those whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad." A year ago it would have been impossible to arouse the public to a sense of the real danger of the financial system of our country. Today everybody is talking about it. Business men, working men, farmers, all men are seeing how these men on the inside of the financial ring have fleeced the public. They are seeing now why that in this period of unexampled prosperity the towns and smaller cities have remained

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stationary. They are asking the question : How is it that all of the millionaires have made their money in one way and that the ablest lawyers, the most famous physicians, the most successful merchants and manufacturers have not become millionaires ? At least not unless they have been admitted to the "inside" and learned to play the game. They are all learning for the first time, because they did not think of it before, that the money in circulation in the country costs the banks absolutely nothing but the printing ; that the so-called government deposit to secure circulation is a myth ; that depositors are not secured, and that the bank act is a delusion and a snare.

For this change in the public mind the bankers are responsible. Intoxicated with their power they have thrown off the mask. This latest exhibition in politics has convinced people that the statesman who said that "patriotism is the last refuge of the scoundrel" knew what he was talking about.

The time has gone by in Canada for the assumed airs of the bankers to have any weight. They have been the trustees of the people's savings and have used the trust for their own personal gain. Any other trustee would have to disgorge. We cannot make them do that but we can and we do refuse to treat with respect any longer their assumption of "more than ordinary ability and much more than ordinary honesty." We can insist upon such amendments to the bank act as will correct some of the abuses which exist.

It is not in the power of any man or any set of men

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to devise and work out a vicious, greedy or unjust system against his fellow man, and retain through it all a pure and lofty character. Man is a creature of habit, and the mind which is busy devising abuses sooner or later become a victim of his own system—and the Bankers' Association is made up of men. The country is seeing them now in their millions, the victims of a system which has made them rich, but which has taken from them what money cannot replace. Such is the working of the law of compensation in the affairs of men.

They are turning on the searchlights and the public will find the remedy. Already the Postal Savings Department has increased the amount to be deposited to any one account in any one year from \$1,000 to \$1,500 and the total from \$3,000 to \$5,000.

If the public cannot have a fair and safe bank act the Postal Savings Bank can be used.

It was intended to take up another branch of this subject this month, but the events of the past few weeks could not be passed by unnoticed.

Ourselves acknowledges the many kind things business and professional men all over the country are saying and writing about the campaign we are making as well, as the work of a section of the press (the rest will swing in later). And last, but not least, we are especially pleased to have Mr. Carvel take a powerful hand in the parliamentary end.

The next number of Ourselves will further discuss this matter.

¶ THE CALL OF THE WILD

Oh, for the rapture of the untamed places,
Stainless and vast beneath the cloud-piled sky,
Where the lone hills up-rear their storm-hewn faces,
And the dark pine-trees toss their plumes on high !
High, surging freedom or a bondage galling ?
Voices of earth are urging me to choose ;
Brother to brother to my blood they're calling :
Bring me my overshoes.

Chained in a narrow circle of endeavor,
Pressed in a sordid strife for bread and meat,
Wasting a lofty birth-right that was never
Born to go down to such a dull defeat :—
Thrust back the symbols of my degradation,
Paper and ink a fettered soul denote ;
I am the son, and heir of all creation,
Fetch me my fur-lined coat.

Forth to the wild ways and the winds for brothers,
Out to the vastness where the tempest cries !
Life shall be life though fond and anguished mothers
Wail of the deadly fruit of such emprise !
Scorning restraint, 'tis vain to scold and hector,
Bind the grey toque about my gibbon's brow ;
Fling me my ear-laps and my chest protector,
I'm going anyhow.

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Brothers, I come to claim your glad admittance !

Yes, I'm all ready ; fling the portal wide.

Stay, let me have an extra pair of mittens,

One moment more and I shall be outside.

Ah, how this virile spirit of decision

Puts all my shabby discontent to rout ;

Lead me exulting to the wider vision

And firmly let me out.

"Well, here I am, but, say, this storm's a hummer !

Why don't they keep the sidewalks shovelled off ?

Walking is more pleasant in the summer—

Mother was right, I'm sure to get the cough.

Poets may sing of cheeks and noses rosy,

And frost-fringed lids, and beards as white as foam;

I'm glad I work where it is warm and cosy :

I think I'll turn back home."



SPRING

Dame Nature now, on pleasure bent,

Puts on her gayest duds,

And introduces to the world,

And chaperones, the buds.

MY FINANCIAL CAREER

Stephen Leacock in New York Life



WHEN I go into a bank, I get rattled. The clerks rattle me; the wickets rattle me; the sight of the money rattles me; everything rattles me.

The moment I cross the threshold of a bank I am a hesitating jay. If I attempt to transact business there I become an irresponsible idiot.

I knew this beforehand, for my salary had been raised to fifty dollars a month, and I felt that the bank was the only place for it.

So I shambled in and looked timidly round at the clerks. I had an idea that a person about to open an account must needs consult the manager.

I went up to the wicket marked "Accountant." The accountant was a tall, cool devil. The very sight of him rattled me. My voice was sepulchral.

"Can I see the manager?" I said, and added solemnly, "alone." I don't know why I said "alone."

"Certainly," said the accountant, and fetched him.

The manager was a grave, calm man. I held my fifty-six dollars clutched in a crumpled ball in my pocket.

"Are you the manager," I said. God knows I didn't doubt it.

"Yes," he said.

"Can I see you?" I asked, "alone?" I didn't

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want to say "alone" again, but without it the thing seemed self-evident.

The manager looked at me in some alarm. He felt that I had an awful secret to reveal.

"Come in here," he said, and led the way to a private room. He turned the key in the lock.

"We are safe from interruption here," he said, "sit down."

We both sat down and looked at one another. I found no voice to speak.

"You are one of Pinkerton's men, I presume," he said. He gathered from my mysterious manner that I was a detective. I knew what he was thinking and it made me worse.

"No not from Pinkerton's, I said, seemingly to imply that I came from a rival agency.

"To tell the truth," I went on, as if I had been prompted to lie about it, "I am not a detective at all. I have come to open an account. I intend to keep all my money in this bank."

The manager looked relieved, but still serious; he concluded now that I was a son of Baron Rothschild, or a young Gould.

"A large account, I suppose," he said.

"Fairly large," I whispered. "I propose to deposit fifty-six dollars now, and fifty dollars a month regularly."

The manager got up and opened the door. He called to the accountant.

"Mr. Montgomery," he said, unkindly loud, "this

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gentleman is opening an account; he will deposit fifty-six dollars. Good morning."

I rose.

A big iron door stood open at the end of the room.

"Good morning," I said, and stepped into the safe.

"Come out," said the manager coldly, and showed me the other way.

I went up to the accountant's wicket and poked the ball of money at him with a quick, convulsive movement as if I were doing a conjuring trick.

My face was ghastly pale.

"Here," I said, "deposit it." The tone of the words seemed to mean, "let us do this painful thing while the fit is on us."

He took the money and gave it to another clerk. He made me write the sum on a slip and sign my name in a book. I no longer knew what I was doing. The bank swam before my eyes.

"Is it deposited?" I asked, in a hollow, vibrating voice.

"It is," said the accountant.

"Then I want to draw a cheque."

My idea was to draw out six dollars of it for present use. Someone gave me a cheque book through a wicket, and someone else began telling me how to write it out. The people in the bank had the impression that I was an invalid millionaire. I wrote something on the cheque and thrust it in at the clerk. He looked at it.

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"What! are you drawing it all out again?" he asked in surprise. Then I realized that I had written fifty-six instead of six. I was too far gone to reason now. I had a feeling that it was impossible to explain the thing. All the clerks had stopped writing to look at me.

Reckless with misery, I made a plunge.

"Yes, the whole thing."

"You withdraw your money from the bank?"

"Every cent of it."

"Are you not going to deposit any more?" said the clerk, astonished.

"Never."

An idiot hope struck me that they might think something had insulted me while I was writing the cheque and that I had changed my mind. I made a wretched attempt to look like a man with a fearfully quick temper.

The clerk prepared to pay the money.

"How will you have it?" he said.

"What?"

"How will you have it?"

"Oh," I caught his meaning and answered without even trying to think, "in fifties."

He gave me a fifty dollar bill.

"And the six?" he asked dryly.

"In sixes," I said.

He gave it to me and I rushed out.

As the big doors swung behind me I caught the echo of a roar of laughter that went up to the ceiling

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of the bank. Since then I bank no more. I keep my money in cash in my trouser pocket, and my savings in silver dollars in a sock.



ANYWHERE

Continued from February Number.

When he arrived at this decision he was wearing his drill overalls, flannel shirt, a shapeless felt hat and a three days' stubble of beard. He went just as he was, to show his independence, which was doing himself a grave injustice, for when properly dressed and tidied up he was as good-looking a middle-aged farmer as one would wish to see.

He found Marcia in the barn, where she was busy with a young Englishman whom she had engaged with his wife to help her work the farm. She had an open copy of a recent agricultural report spread on the front of the fanning mill and was reading to him just how the cow-stable should be fitted for the reception of the cows she was going to buy. So intent were they on their work that they did not notice McTavish's approach until after he had overheard several sentences. Then he coughed and Marcia looked up.

"Mr. McTavish, is it not?" she asked as she extended her hand in greeting. She was dressed in a

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trim cloth suit with a sensible short skirt, showing a pair of ankles that fascinated and embarrassed her visitor.

"Yes," he stammered. "You are Miss Barrett, I suppose?"

"Marcia," she corrected. "I think I would know you anywhere. Besides seeing you when I was visiting Uncle Ezra I saw your portrait in one of the bulletins of the Farmers' Institute that I was looking through the other day. I hope to learn much from being the neighbor of so well-known a stock-breeder."

McTavish was instantly covered with confusion, and became speechless, as he realized how little he looked like that prinked up portrait. Moreover, this was a new type of woman for him. She was neither bashful nor forward, just free-spoken and sensible looking. He became fearfully conscious of his old clothes and stubby beard, and his independent spirit vanished. Without seeming to notice his embarrassment Marcia helped him out.

"I have often heard my uncle speak of you."

"I am afraid," he blundered, "if you heard him speak of me you didn't hear much good. Ezra and I didn't get along very well."

"Uncle Ezra was very set in his opinions and perhaps hard to get along with. You see, he needed a woman to manage him," and she laughed joyously. McTavish felt that he suffered from the same need himself and could say nothing.

"I hope we will be good neighbors," said Marcia.

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"I hope so," said McTavish, with wholly unnecessary earnestness.

"Pardon me for keeping you standing here. Won't you come up to the house?"

"No, no!" protested McTavish. Then he hurried on. "The fact is that I came over to see you about a bit of draining that is needed between our back fields, but since you are busy any other time will do as well."

"No time like the present," said Marcia. "I have been reading up on the subject of drainage and know how important it is and I don't want you to be delayed by me."

"Well, the fact is that your Uncle Ezra and I could never agree about this drain. He thought it would do me more good than it would him, and I thought it would do him more good than me, and we could never agree how the work ought to be divided."

"Aren't there drain viewers to settle such things? There must be something about such cases in the Municipal Drainage Act or in the township by-laws. I have them all over at the house and if you come along and show me what it is and what should be done we can surely arrive at some understanding. I haven't been able to get through these laws yet or to master the principles involved."

McTavish's mouth fell open and he looked at her with staring eyes. What manner of woman—no, girl—was this anyway. The Municipal Drainage Act, with its hundreds of amendments! Great Jehosaphat!" Suddenly he came to himself.

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"I don't know anything about the laws of the thing. I have never looked into them."

"Why," exclaimed Marcia, whose turn it was to be surprised. "I thought one of the first things one ought to do was to learn the laws governing the conditions of life in which one lived."

"I suppose that's so, but Gosh ! we haven't time for such lawyer's work as that."

"Well, isn't it usual in a case like this to call in a surveyor ?"

"O, it isn't worth while doing that."

"How much would this drain cost ?"

"I couldn't exactly say," McTavish replied with true country evasiveness.

"Would it cost twenty-five dollars ?"

"O, no. It wouldn't cost that much."

"Would it cost fifteen dollars ?"

"O, it would cost more than that."

"Twenty dollars ?"

"Well, no, not quite."

"Suppose we say it would cost eighteen dollars."

"Yes, it would be in that neighborhood."

"Now, Mr. McTavish, I am going to ask you to do me a favor. Since that drain is really needed, will you go ahead and let the contract for the work, keeping the full account of your own time in looking after it, and whatever you say is my share I'll pay."

"O, it isn't worth letting a job on. I'm not busy just now and my hired man and I will get right at it and do it."

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"Then it's a bargain," said Marcia, bestowing on him a smile that was all trust—and dismissal. McTavish tripped over his feet as he made a clumsy attempt to bow himself out of the barn.

"Gosh," he muttered to himself as he started home across the fields, and then again "Gosh!" at regular intervals. When he reached the house he kicked his old hat under the verandah and went into the kitchen and surprised his sister by shaving himself, though he had answered her question as to whether he was going somewhere with an explosive "No."

All afternoon McTavish and his hired man labored with plough, scraper and shovels at the ditch and made such progress that he couldn't help reflecting on the pigheadedness of himself and old Ezra.

"We lost more than the price of the drain every year in drowned crops," he muttered, "and she straightened the whole thing out in ten minutes."

"That night, after the chores were done and he had finished reading his paper, which had been brought by Bill Harrigan, who had been at the post-office, he said to his sister Jane, who kept house for him :

"Have you seen anything of Barrett's neice yet?"

"I've just seen her going in and out about the place."

"Don't you think you ought to make a visit on her soon and see if there is anything you can do to help her get settled."

"What? Me? What would I be doing with a stylish city woman like that?"

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"She isn't a bit stylish—I mean she isn't proud. I was over to see her about that back drain that Ezra and I always quarrelled about and she was as nice and sensible about it as she could be and we fixed the whole thing up in ten minutes. I think you ought to go and see her.

"Well, we never neighbored much with old Ezra."

"That's true, but we shouldn't hold it against her."

"She'll be English church," protested Jane, with Presbyterian primness.

"What does that matter as far as neighboring goes? The Harrigans are Catholics and they are the best neighbors we have."

"Well, I'll go," said Jane, with an air of resignation, "since you want me to."

She had been wanting to call ever since Marcia had come for she was full of curiosity as to what the city girl who was going to farm could be like. And now that she could put the whole responsibility for the adventure on her brother she was willing to make the call.

"I don't want you to go," shouted McTavish. "I just thought it would be the right thing for you to do."

"I'll go," said Jane with another sigh of exasperating resignation. McTavish stumbled up-stairs to bed in wrathful silence. The new hired man had gone long since—thoroughly tired out.

On the following afternoon Jane, wearing her black

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silk waist and plaid skirt, and having a bright soap and water shine on her face walked slowly and primly over to call on her new neighbor. It took Marcia fully half an hour to get her thawed out sufficiently to make social intercourse possible, but she finally managed it. She was busy with her flower beds that afternoon and showed so real an interest in roses, holly-hocks, sweet William, portulacca moss, asters, marigolds and the other standbys of country ornamental gardening that Jane was completely won. After a cup of tea in old Ezra's dining-room, which had been transformed by curtains on the windows, pictures on the walls and rugs on the floor, she was completely won. She found no evidence of Marcia being "stuck-up," that worst of all crimes in the country, so when she was leaving for home she would hear of no refusal of her invitation to come over and get some roots and bulbs from her garden.

"The place is just over-run with them and you are perfectly welcome, I am sure. And you must stay and have supper with us."

"Thank you," said Marcia, "I shall be glad to go. It is very kind of you. I was getting lonely over here even though everything is so interesting."

"I must be going home now to get supper for the men," said Jane as she shook hands heartily.

The dignity that she still felt necessary remained with her as far as the gate to the road, but under the stress of her emotion, when she felt that she was well out of sight, she caught up her skirt and half

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ran in her hurry to get home. There were so many things to do. Though Marcia was pleasant and unaffected, it would never do to have anything out of place. She must go over the house again though she had just finished the spring house-cleaning. She would have the new hired man beat the mats—he wouldn't mind, he was so obliging. And she would have to bake pies and make a cake. There were a thousand things to do, but the hired man would see that she had plenty of wood and water in. There had never been anyone like him for looking after little things like that. And then a question rose in her mind that brought her to a standstill.

Would they have the hired man sit at the table with them when Marcia came to supper?

Of course, he was well-behaved and knew his place—but still he was the hired man. She would have to talk it over with Dan. This she proceeded to do after the hired man had gone to bed that night.

"What do you think?" she asked, after explaining the problem to Dan.

"Of course he'll sit at the table," said Dan. "You needn't bother about him. He knows his place, and if I am not mistaken he has sat at the table in his time with just as good people as Marcia."

"Has he ever told you where he came from?"

"Not a word, though I gave him more than one chance."

"There is something queer about him. I wish we knew."

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"Queer?" echoed Dan. "Gosh! I should say there is. I've got to the point where I say 'please' to him when I ask him to do anything, and 'thank you' when he does it. Gosh! And it isn't because he doesn't want to do things, because no man was ever more willing."

"He looks like a man of education."

"He is that, and he knows farming, too. Gosh! the other day I went back to the field where he was busy cleaning out the slip-furrows. He was throwing out the dirt like a steamshovel and he didn't notice me coming. When I spoke to him he turned to me with a glare in his eyes that brought my heart into my mouth. I felt like I used to when I was a little boy and the minister or the school master spoke to me. It only lasted for a second, but it gave me a start. Gosh! He's the dangdest hired man I ever had."

"I wonder if he has anything on his mind."

"Well, if he has he will not tell about it till he is ready, but don't you be worrying about him tomorrow night."

"But still he's our hired man and she—"

"She won't mind. She eats with her hired man and his wife. Yes, he is our hired man, and I am thinking that if he wanted to he could hire and boss every man in the township. That look he gave me put me in my place for a few minutes."

"I hope he is not a man who has done anything wrong."

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"Now, don't you get suspecting him or talking to the neighbors about him," said McTavish irritably. "He is the best hired man we ever had and I want to keep him as long as he will stay."

"I'm sure I'm not going to talk about him," said Jane sulkily, "and when he is at the table tomorrow night you might just watch him and take your manners from him." With this sisterly drive Jane retired to the kitchen to spend her temper on the pots and pans that would be needed for breakfast.

So it was arranged that Phillip Doddridge would meet the girl with the grey eyes again, in circumstances that would make the need of explanations greater than ever—and would make them more than ever impossible.

[To be continued in the May Number]



A FANCY

A rivulet that's mad with love
Now through my waking garden flows,
And night and day, with tireless tongue,
It babbles o'er its artless woes.

Q TOLD AS NEW

JOKES OF ALL NATIONS

One evening a number of friends were telling stories and presently they began selecting favorites that showed the national characteristics of the various peoples that are represented in Canada. As the only new stories in the world are those we have not heard before some of these will probably be new to our readers.

SCOTCH

A man boarded a train at Toronto and went at once to the smoking car. He was in such a hurry to get his smoke that as soon as he had found a seat and began to dive into his pockets for his pipe and tobacco he looked towards a Scotchman who was sitting across the aisle and alked :

“Can you oblige me with a match ?”

The Scotchman opened his match-safe with much deliberation and handed him one match. In the meantime the newly arrived passenger kept hunting through his pockets for his tobacco pouch and at last exclaimed disgustedly :

“By thunder ! I find that I have left my tobacco at home.”

The Scotchman who had been watching the search with interest, reached over his hand invitingly and said :

“Then you’ll no be needing the match.”

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GERMAN

One year when the cabbage crop was a partial failure a German farmer was asked if he had put up much sauerkraut.

"No," he replied sadly, "Only half a dozen barrels—so as we could have a little in case of sickness."

ENGLISH

A traveller was telling an Englishman about some of the amusing things he had seen in his wanderings.

"I once saw a sign-post in Scotland that had this direction on it: 'Paisley, 12 Miles. Those who cannot read will please ask at the blacksmith shop around the corner'."

He then waited for the Englishman to laugh, but there was no laughter. Next morning, however, the Englishman came around laughing uproariously.

That was a great joke you told me yesterday," he exclaimed.

"Then you managed to think out the point of it?"

"Certainly I did. Why, the blacksmith might not be at home."

But it doesn't do to jump at conclusions every time an Englishman fails to laugh. A man who told an Englishman a joke that failed to raise a smile remarked sarcastically:

"I'll come around tomorrow to hear you laugh."

"No need, dear chap," said the Englishman suavely, "I laughed at that joke in Australia ten years ago."

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CANADIAN

A joyous booster from the Last West was trying to explain how people hustled in this part of the world.

"Why," he shouted enthusiastically, "in the town where I live I have known them to break ground for a new apartment house in the morning and by evening of the same day they would be evicting tenants for back rent."

YANKEE

A Yankee who was gifted with the powers of exaggeration, for which his race is noted, was telling about the fresh air movement in his part of the world.

"It aint as popular with us as it used to be," he said sadly. "Everybody was going in for it, even the governor of our own state, but one night when he was sleeping out of doors a careless hired man left the gate of the front yard open and he caught his death of cold."

HEBREW

"Rebecca's young man let little Ikey play with a five dollar gold piece last night and he swallowed it."

"And they lost it?"

"No, not quite. They used a stomach pump on Ikey, but all they could get back was four dollars and seventy-five cents.

¶ The Monk of Abbey Blanc

A monk sat in his cell
Telling his dark dull beads ;
 This sin and that sin
 He beaded off his deeds :

“This morn I footed far
Down towards the city there.
 This step and that step,
Lured me in the spring air.
 New birds were on the wing,
 My heart bounded to sing.

Lord, if my heart forgot,
Lord, if it gave Thee pain,
 This joy and that joy,
If the joy, Lord, was vain—
 For this I tell a bead,
 For this I bow my head.

Later, a flower girl climbed
Up from the city street,
 White face and drawn face,
I found her a cool seat ;
 Had I her life reproved
 She had been all unloved.

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Yet, should I, Lord, have bared
To her her inmost sin
 Weak fault and black fault—
She was so pale and thin ?
 If I was wrong to spare
 For this now, Lord, a prayer.

At noon a band of boys
Scaled up the white cliff's steep,
 Big boys and small boys
To shout and throw and leap ;
 I left my prayer to show
 Them where the wind flowers grow.

Should I, my lord, have kept
Rapt to my prayer and book,
 Deep eyes and far eyes
For Thee ; for them no look ?
 My Lord, if this be so,
 For it my head is low.

At even, when 'twas still
There went a workman by,
 Strong back and broad back,
And steady of dark eye—
 But when he stooped to drink
 He swore Thy name, I think.

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But, long had been his toil
His lips spoke not the heart ;—
 This word and that word
'Twas "Brother" my lips part.
 Lord, erred I so to speak ?
 If't be, I pardon seek.

A hush crept in the cell
Words of the Father still ;
 Red light and grey light
Had gone now from the hill ;
 'Twas grown to the day's close,
 The Father sought repose.

But ere he left his knees,
There came a voice to him :
 "Each deed and kind deed,
My son, has honored Him ;
 Men not by prayer alone
 Reach upward to My Throne."



APRIL

A light wind wooed a floweret once,
And all a summer's day it pled ;
But still the more it breathed its love,
 The more the floweret shook its head.

TO BE TAKEN WITH SALT

Continued from February Number

CHAPTER IX.

I have heard it asserted on excellent authority that it never rains but it pours, and though I trust I am not of too scientific a turn of mind to accept any unsupported statement, however plausible, I must admit that this saying appeared to contain at least an analogical truth. Just as I was beginning to despair of interesting anyone in the subject of eggs, I suddenly discovered that the scientific world is already deeply immersed in the subject. This discovery was brought about in an absurdly simple manner.

One evening when his digestion was not all that it should be, Lord Bigpot solemnly announced that in his opinion there was something back of every egg not accounted for by science.

Instantly the clamor was deafening. Every old hen in the Empire began to cackle joyously, from those that lay eggs by appointment, to those that hide their nests in the most unsuspected places. Of course there was something behind every egg—a hen. And behind every hen there was an egg and so on since the first hen was created. Here at last was an admission worth while and the hens were going to come to their own.

On the other side uprose the makers of incubators, in act more logical and more sane. What did it mat-

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ter if there was something behind the egg, so long as it was something incapable of scientific investigation. So far as they were concerned they could not see that hens did anything for eggs except addle them and why complicate a simple subject. Eggs we have and therefore we may study them critically, derive laws from their composition and trace their development in the laboratory from pure albumen to sulphuretted hydrogen. In fact the discussion raised an amount of sulphuretted hydrogen wholly unexpected, but of course the matter was left unsettled—and therefore of perpetual interest. It was from this discussion that I received my cue.

I realized once more that this is an age of scientific methods and that if my grandmother sucked eggs she undoubtedly did it under medical advice and in accord with a strict system of dieting. Consequently if I was to get at the facts of the case I must proceed along scientific lines. I must do something scientific that would gain the public ear and then the difficulties of my mission would vanish.

Casting about for a theme I hit on the belief of all simple minded people that "eggs is eggs," and decided to investigate its truth. Being somewhat simple minded myself I instantly came to the conclusion that this bit of tradition or folklore contained a truth not yet realized by the scientific world and prepared a paper in accordance with the best precedents.

In my introductory paragraphs I examined the

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philological aspects of the case and proved clearly that the proverb must have originated among uncultured people, owing to the evident misuse of the verb. Furthermore, its directness argued a semi-barbaric period, for if this great truth were to be expressed for the first time in this age the statement would be somewhat as follows :

“Professor Haeckel, with the modesty that characterizes all true scientists, found himself obliged to admit that on a last analysis cells are simply cells.”

Having demonstrated my thesis to my own satisfaction I proceeded to speculate on the probable origin of the phrase and showed that while some authorities ascribed it to an impetuous man satisfying abnormal hunger with eggs and then trying to express his appreciation of their value, others of equal importance ascribed it to some political leader who was obliged to admit the weight of eggs as arguments.

Following this I gave the ripest thought of the best authorities on the high value of colonial eggs.

Having completed my paper, I thought it wise to pay some attention to eggs in the concrete, and with this end in view proceeded to a market where I had seen them exposed for sale, and had paused more than once to admire the care with which they were arranged.

In the most conspicuous place I saw “new laid eggs,” each of which apparently had the signature and written guarantee of the hen on the shell, and the price of these was such as I was ambitious to secure

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for the great Canadian hen, which is not cackling over an unloved and unsought nest.

Next to these was a crate of eggs "just as good as new laid." To my unsophisticated mind it was hard to determine why, if they were just as good as new laid, any distinction should be made between them. Moreover, I have always held that an egg, like Caesar's wife, should be above suspicion, and here the element of suspicion was certainly introduced. But I had only begun my discoveries.

I found that another class was described as "fresh eggs," and I began to see that here comparisons were being made that were hardly in accordance with the best rules of logic. If an egg is fresh, no railing accusation can be brought against it; and certainly to make an egg more than fresh would be to gild refined gold or to paint the lily.

Beyond these there was a vast multitude that came under the indefinite classification of "eggs." This made me pause, and I began to see that at last I had found a clue that might lead me to the presence of my grandmother, and show that there was foundation for the belief that she knows how to suck eggs, for certainly the social classification of England bears a strange resemblance to the one I was examining.

To begin with we have the great fresh or middle class egg, which is the stock in trade of the dealer, and certainly it is the middle class of English society that makes itself felt throughout the world. From this point, however, the resemblance seems to be one

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of inversion, for just as the new laid egg is considered the most desirable as an egg, so the newly laid aristocrat is simply a bounder or parvenu.

Still it was clear that whoever had classified eggs had also something to do with the classification of English society, and I could think of no one whose interests would be alike wrapped up in both, save my elusive grandmother.

Wishing to pursue this thought further I bought half-a-dozen eggs of each class and had them wrapped up in different parcels by the dealer—a dangerously polite man with a weakness for making mistakes in his own favor, for which he was “So sorry !”

On arriving at my rooms I laid out my collection on the table preparatory to philosophizing over them in a leisurely manner, but I was suddenly called out and during my absence the maid gathered them up and mixed them beyond my power of sorting. An Englishman who happened to call at the time said it was easy to relieve me of my difficulty, and undertook to select the new-laid eggs from the basket. These I sent to my landlady to be cooked for my breakfast, and I must say that if they were new laid they must have been laid by a hen of a new and undesirable vanity. In fact, after breaking the first I lost all further interest in eggs and decided from that hour to let them and my grandmother take care of themselves. If the good dame is living up to her reputation I trust she is having better fortune than I have.

About the only moral I gathered from this adventure

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was the disquieting one that if English Society were mixed up by some similar cataclysm we might have some difficulty in restoring the original classification. At the same time I thought it might be worth while to arrange my mental stock in trade, which was in a sadly chaotic condition along similar lines

CHAPTER XI

The knowledge that I am no longer a Colonial but a naturalized Londoner came to me in a peculiar way.

One morning a letter brought me the information that an old friend, a United States American, was sojourning at the Hotel Cecil and would be glad to meet me and talk it all over. Without a moment's delay and brimming with pleasant memories and anticipations of gossip about old friends I hastened to the meeting.

We promptly adjourned to the American bar where we found a table and in the exchange of question and answer spent a pleasant hour. When our thirst for information was somewhat slaked I remarked :

"So this is only a visit. You are not going to join the army of American invaders."

"No," he replied with sudden heat, "if I were to come here at all it would be as a crusader."

"Indeed?" I commented enquiringly, with a rising inflection and a touch of my newly-acquired manner.

"Yes, sir," and his harsh nasal accent jarred on on my ear, "I feel like going to America and preach-

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ing a crusade. The sacred places of Anglo-Saxon civilization are now in the possession of a race of men with the souls of tradesmen. Speaking the English tongue, inheriting all but a century of British history and all of her art and literature do you imagine that I can walk through the streets of London without emotion. I confess that in Westminster Abbey the tears gushed from my eyes and I speak of it with pride, rather than shame."

His enthusiasm bored me, while his anger amused.

"My dear fellow," I began in a tone that was entirely friendly and if it sounded patronizing the patronage was unconscious. But I never got any further.

"See here," he rasped as he shot out a prognathous jaw and studied my face from a distance of about six inches, "Are you trying to work off a British polish on me? ON ME?"

It was in vain that I protested. He inventoried changes that had come over me from the cut of my clothes to the quality of my smile. He made derogatory remarks about my pronunciation and reflected with exhaustive contumely on the size of my soul. With infinite patience and good-humor I reasoned with him and tried to point out that he entirely misunderstood me and also the people of London. I tried to tell him that we really are not so indifferent to these matters as we appear, and pointed out with the kindest intentions in the world that his trouble was due to the fact that he had not met people of the

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right sort. That was clear from the anecdotes he told of those who had offended him. I argued that we deplored the conduct of those impossible persons as much as he did—but all to less than no purpose. The more I tried to explain the angrier he became. Finally the last vestige of our friendship was smothered under a violent outburst which he concluded with the remark :

“To be a native born Britisher is excusable, because it is an accident of birth, but to be a sycophantish climber and imitator is beneath contempt.”

It was all very annoying, and to some extent recalled some emotions of my own on first arriving. I remember being unwarrantably offended at some Canadians who had preceded me because they had acquired so many of the ways of the natives, but now I see that it only showed proper discernment and true loyalty on their part.

Of course I was annoyed that my meeting with an old-time friend should have such an ending, but I was not without my reward. The incident enabled me to entertain the company of Lord Bandy-legs' that evening with a diverting account of the fellow's insolence.

And now to conclude. Let me see, what is this book about anyway? Ah, yes, I was going to teach my grandmother how to suck eggs.

Extraordinary what ideas get into the heads of some colonials is it not?

THE END.

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The Banking System of Canada

The third of which appears in this issue, began in the January number of Ourselves. [A limited number of the January and February numbers have been reserved for new subscribers who may wish to obtain the complete series.] The interest which has been aroused in every section of Canada by this series of articles is amazing, and it would seem that everywhere the feeling against the bankers' monopoly is becoming so strong that nothing short of the most far reaching amendments to the banking act, when it comes before parliament for revision shortly, will meet the situation that has been created by the over reaching for wealth on the part of the men who run the banks.

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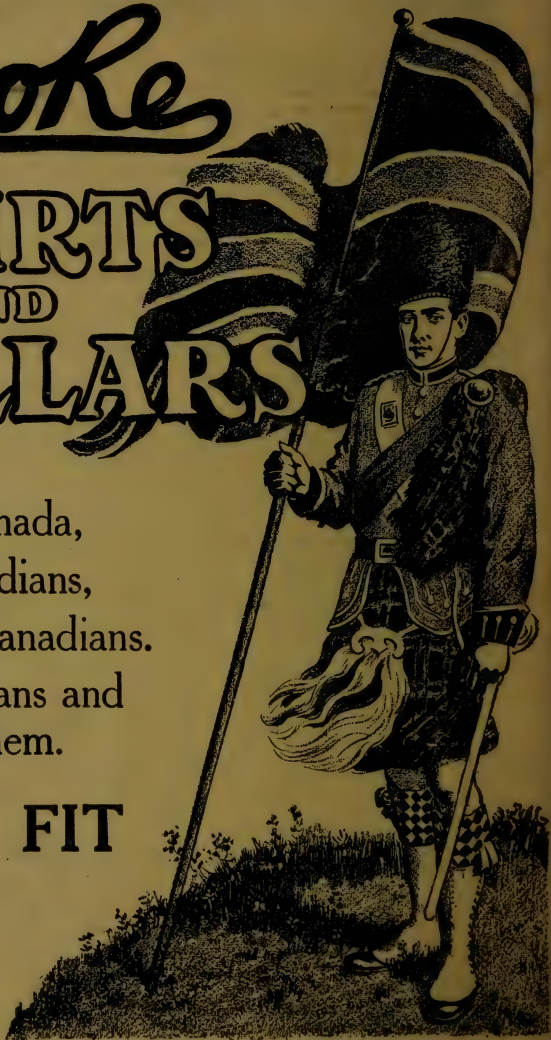
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MAY-JUNE, 1911

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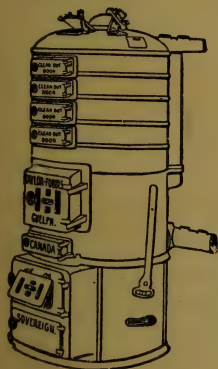
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THE PRODIGAL

LAST night the boy came back to me again,
The laughing boy, all-credulous of good—
Long lost, far-wandered in the ways of men,
He came and roused me with an olden mood.
He came the lover and enthusiast,
Shook off my years, and with enlightened eyes
Smiled at the shadow that the world had cast,
And looked at life with all the old surprise ;
And I, the slave of patience, took him in,
Gave him my heart and bade him welcome home
Thrilled with his dreams of all I yet may win—
Allured again in golden paths to roam,
And now I know life has no greater joy
Than, having lived, to be once more a boy.

OURSELVES

"A Magazine for Cheerful Canadians"

VOL. I.

MAY-JUNE, 1911.

NO. 7

THE MONTHLY TALK

MY IMPRESSION OF THE WEST



subscriber in Medicine Hat has asked me to write an article on the West and I hasten to comply. I do this the more gladly because I have never been west and consequently will not be handicapped by facts. Facts are the bane of entertaining writing

To begin with I want to put myself on record as liking the West. I like its enthusiasm and enterprise and also its cereal and political exports. Western hard wheat and Western hard politicians already have a world-wide reputation.

But I am hardly accurate in saying that I know nothing about the West. At one time I spent several days in the Immigration Department at Ottawa looking at interminable photographs of wheat fields and reading letters from successful settlers. These letters made a deep impression on me. They had a freshness of phrase and an engaging candor that charmed me. As nearly as I can remember some of them ran as follows :

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Bald Knob., Alta., April, '09.

Dear Mr. Scott :

When I left my home in Minnesota to settle in this glorious country my old neighbors gave me an egg shower, and the leading citizens accompanied me to the town limits while I rode out jauntily on a hemlock rail.

I now have two quarter sections of land, money in the bank and political aspirations.

Yours truly,

JIMSON WEED.

Connubial Corners, Sask, July 1st, '09

Dear sir :

When I came west in 1903 I was a school teacher, thirty-seven years of age, and did not know what love meant. Since then I have been married three times. This is a grand country.

Yours cheerfully,

Mrs. Lobelia Yansen-Douborowski-Smythe.

Lost Monkey-Wrench, Alta., July 12, '09.

Dear Mr. Scott.

When I settled in this part of the country I had to lick every man who came along because they all insisted on stopping off to tell me how many kinds of a fool I was. A few years ago a new railroad came winding through here and my section turned out to be the logical townsite. Eager promoters urged me to sell, but I said "Not by a damsite." I am now mak-

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ing money so fast that I have to wear boxing gloves to keep it from hurting his hands.

Yours faithfully,

LONESOME JONES.

And so on and so on and so on. One can't help loving a country that expresses itself with so much abandon. Whenever I begin to feel word-bound from too much repressed writing for the cultured readers of the East I can hardly restrain the impulse to accept an invitation to go through the West in a private car and get my vocabulary limbered up. Of course there were sheaves of letters of the conventional kind that told how poor but industrious people had won homes for themselves. These letters are of the kind that carry conviction, but it is not because of them that I love the West.

In addition to this course of instruction I have listened joyously to the tales of those who have returned East after making good. I have bent a sympathetic ear to their accounts of hardships and successes, but it is not because of this that I love the West.

I admit that the West is the bread-basket of the Empire, the land of largest hope, and that half the truth about it has not yet been told.

But that is not why I love the West.

I believe everything that is told of that wonderful country in its immigration literature, advertisements of boom towns and the tales of promoters.

But that is not why I love the West.

I love the West because it is the last battle field of

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the world's greatest epic. I have seen the Iliad explained as symbolizing the battle between Darkness and Night. Paradise Lost unquestionably symbolizes the battle between Good and Evil, but the unwritten epic of the New World is the story of man's war with nature.

Before the new world could be made of use to man its forests had to be destroyed and its prairies subdued to the plow. For centuries this war has been going on and now it is drawing to a close in the Last West. When the work has been completed and the last fertile acre brought under control the great singer will come and chant the epic for which we are waiting. Because the West is doing its part of the work so bravely the great epic will have a glorious climax. That is why I love the West.

Nature was not conquered by man in the old world, but by the pasturing flocks. Year by year they nibbled the seedlings, the older trees matured and died off and after the lapse of centuries tilled fields took the place of the forests. Their epics were of war and desolation, but ours is of peace and fertility. The battle of those who conquered the new world was with nature rather than with the few straggling inhabitants and if they had wars among themselves that is a matter of regret rather than of song. But the long warfare is drawing to a close and the time of peace and singing is at hand.

There are indications, however, that the ending of our great new world epic will not be all that could be desired. Judging from the political news there is danger

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that it may close like Paradise Lost. Those who are winning our last great battle complain that as they look back towards the East they see it

“With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.”

To them the mergers and trusts are monsters as destructive as any that were fabled by the poets of the older epics. But the West is full of confidence that these monsters can be overcome. That is another reason why I love the West.



A COUNTRY WITHOUT A GRIEVANCE

“I represent a country that has no grievances.”

That is surely the most remarkable announcement ever made by the Prime Minister of any country. It should become historic. The country without grievances is as fortunate as the country without a history, for history is usually a record of grievances and efforts to remedy them. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is to be congratulated on having added a new phrase to the language of high statesmanship.

At first the phrase is somewhat startling, when one considers the amount of noisy debate that is in progress, but its truth becomes evident as soon as Canada is regarded from an out-side point of view. To the rest of the world Canada must appear as prosperous, progressive and flourishing. Our troubles are all internal and entirely due to differences of opinion about reciprocity, big business, and such matters. To the rest

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of the world these are not of much importance. On the whole, Sir Wilfrid had a right to electrify the Imperial Conference with this flash of glorified complacency. It should be the keynote of the welcome that will doubtless be accorded to him when he returns to the "Land without a grievance."

That phrase is good enough to be the winning slogan of an election. I wonder if that was what it was meant to be?

For a while it looked as if the Liberal party might have a better platform for an election than it would dare to use. The indications were that the hosts of Big Business, with whom the Liberals have at least marched in amity since 1896 had deserted them and had decided to use all their influence to have the Conservative party returned to power. If that were true it would give the people such an opportunity as they may not have for another generation to put through some needed reforms. With business conditions as they are it would do little good to put in a new government that owed its promotion to the interests with which the people must eventually grapple. These political new brooms may sweep clean, as the old proverb asserts, but they are likely to be hard on the carpets. An old party that had quarrelled with the powers whose aim is to exploit the country for their own benefit, would be more likely to put through the right kind of legislation than a new one that was under obligation to it. But to take advantage of such a situation the Liberals would have to confess that they had been friendly with these powers and were anxious to right

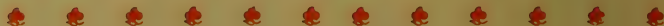
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some of the wrongs they had permitted. If they could make it clear that they were under no obligations and were truly penitent they might make a successful appeal to the voters, for we are learning that only skilled politicians can do effective work. A new party, no matter how excellent its motives, can be hoodwinked and be-fooled so as to be practically useless. It takes experience and political cunning to put through even good legislation. But it is too much to expect the big interests to entirely antagonize a political party that has not lost the confidence of all the people. They do things better than that. They keep both parties in good humor as long as possible and then they are sure of their favors whichever party wins. John D. Rockefeller is credited with being the first man to see that a critical opposition was about as dangerous to his schemes as an antagonistic government so he proceeded to curry favor with both. It is said that he found it best to supply both with the sinews of war and then let them fight things out among themselves, secure in the knowledge that whichever won it would be under obligations to him. It is said that when his son was entering business life his father concluded his words of advice with the remark: "And above all, my boy, never fail to speak friendly to a Democrat. They sometimes get into power."

The lesson taught by the astute Oil King has not been lost on his imitators in Big Business on this side of the line and however much they might like to get a change of government in Canada it is not likely that they will leave the Liberal party entirely in the


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cold. That they are annoyed and worried by the reciprocity negotiations is unquestioned. That is shown by the vigorous campaign they are making against it. But their opposition is not so much due to any injury it would do them as to the fact that Plutocracy always dreads changes of any kind. Changes cause unrest and then the people might learn things through discussion. "Let well enough alone," is their creed.



Q WHO'S WHO

THE OPPOSITION MINISTER OF WAR

COL SAM HUGHES, Minister of War for the Opposition, is another man who is dear to the people. When his name appears in the headlines people skip the name of Sir Wilfrid, Fielding, Mackenzie King, Major Currie and the other heavy-weights to see whom the Colonel is lambasting. In spite of the fact that he lives in a time of peace he has shown courage of a high order. As far as is known he is the only man in Canada who has dared to publicly call down a preacher. If you don't think that takes courage try it yourself and see what will happen to you.

There is a suspicion in some minds that Col. Hughes is connected with the Orange Society, but this is prob-

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ably another of those mistakes that are constantly made about the public men of the country. There is no doubt, however, that he invented the Ross rifle, and that in case of war with the United States he would have his passage booked in the first flight of airships that started south.

As an Imperialist Col. Hughes outranks Col. Denison and Castell Hopkins, but this does not prevent him from singing *The Maple Leaf Forever*, or from taking maple syrup with his pancakes. Although Canadians as a people are sober-minded and self-contained they love a man who is outspoken in his opinions and uses cayenne pepper as well as attic salt in his speeches. The report that the Colonel has recently joined the Boy Scouts has done much to increase his reputation as a youthful patriot. Long may he wave and may he never grow old.



ORGANIZER OF THE NURSING-BOTTLE MERGER

Max Aitken! Who knows anything about Max Aitken? There is a question that will soon be as popular in Canada as "What's become of Waring?" and "Has anybody here seen Kelly?" If you have never heard of him before you had better file his name for future reference, for when Canada begins to grapple with its mergers his name will be on every muck-raker's pen.

Max was born somewhere "Down East" about thirty-five years ago and according to reliable reports organiz-

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ed the nursing-bottle merger while yet in the cradle. He started out in life at the age of ten with no capital but a durable piece of gum and a well-thumbed copy of "Dare-devil Dick, the Boy Trust Builder." Enlisting as a cabin-boy on the high seas of finance he rose rapidly in his chosen profession and won the respect of every financial pirate in the Senate and out of it. When only twenty years of age his first great opportunity came to him. He found a group of pirates quarrelling about the division of their plunder and properly organized them into a corporation, gave the leaders offices with high-sounding titles, went to a desert island to hide their treasure—and never returned. Since then he has tied Canadian business into a series of knots and issued an amount of merger stock of various kinds that lowered the level of the Great Lakes eight feet. Then, just as The Globe discovered him and gave him a place in its series of Canadians of yesterday, today and tomorrow, he went to England and was elected to Parliament. Max is a hummer.



The golden rule of science is : Make sure of your facts and then lie strenuously about your modesty.

Many people regard an earnest selfishness as the only earnest purpose.

A man shows lack of nerve when he asks for advice and still more when he takes the advice that is given.

THE PEOPLE'S EDITORIAL

The Fourth Article of the Remarkable Series dealing with
the Banking Combine



F the Minister of Finance is holding over the revision of the Bank Act in order to give it fuller consideration in the light of the developments and discussions of the past few months all fair minded men will agree that the delay is wise. It would be unfair to say that this is not his intention. It is for all that the part of wisdom to see to it that the measure is not side-tracked. The bankers may well fear legislation with the public mind alert as it is now. While the writer has no thought of impugning the motive of the Minister of Finance, yet the Bank Act as it stands on the statute book is itself so remarkable a witness of the power of the united interests that now it is especially true that "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." It is not a question of trusting to the honor or honesty of Mr. Fielding, nor a question of his ability ; but of protection to the public. Mr. Fielding is a busy public man. His attention is divided. The bankers are specialists. At a time when the people were legislating against combines and trusts the bankers succeeded in getting an act through parliament which created the greatest combine in the country, and one by which they are able to foster and develop other combines, mergers

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and trusts to such an extent that all the legislation of all the parliaments against them is so much waste paper.

While they had the public mind absolutely at rest they went on from one act of pillage to another.

Were it not for the discussions of the past few months, notwithstanding all Mr. Fielding's ability and honor, and all the desire of the Premier to give the people of his native land the full benefit of his wonderful genius ; and all the alertness of the honest and able leader of the Opposition in parliament, there would by this time have passed through its several stages an act of the Canadian parliament which would have renewed the license to plunder the people of Canada, which the present Banking Act has afforded a few gentlemen who count their money and their victims by the million.

The occasion came when to challenge these gentlemen became a public duty, and while public men feared the interests and dared not speak, Ourselves, in its January number started a discussion which will not be ended until the last word has been said to the Lords of Finance, and that last word will not have been spoken until the people have their rights.

If the Bank Act were not before the writer and the black type did not tell the story, it would seem impossible that any sane parliament should ever have given such powers to any man or set of men as is given to the Canadian bankers.

Such an act in its entirety could never have been passed by any parliament in the first instance. It came

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by degrees. It evolved from a condition and a set of convictions which came down to us. We believed in branch banks because they were British. It was part of our system. It came over the seas with our fathers, and so we believed in our bankers. Then they represented accumulated wealth, which they lent us through these branch banks. The convictions became ours ; because ingrained in us when we did not know what combines were. Bankers claimed to be the soul of honor and we believed them.

There never was a time in the history of the world when it was safe to concentrate power in the hands of a few. Yet we, by an act of parliament, passed over into the hands of probably less than a dozen men the savings of the entire people of Canada, and with it the power to crush any business man in the country—the power to restrain any branch of trade by combinations and with this went the power to control the election machinery of the whole country. It makes an endless chain which travels round and round, involving every interest and every walk in life.

Scarcely a week passes but some new merger is talked of, or some reeking scandal from an old one engages attention.

Just now one titled director accuses a number of others of a misappropriation of a good many millions of stock in the formation of a huge merger. An answer has been hinted at that the titled gentleman got his share of the "profits" of the merger, and that he figured common at par while it was sold at 30. That kind of an

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answer may do very well for one of these gentlemen to throw at another. But what the public is interested in is the fact that though common might be worth only 30, or nothing at all at that time, the object of such transactions is that prices may be so helped by the merger that that which has in reality no value, but is water, becomes after a time at the public expense worth par and sometimes more. It is loaded off on innocent holders throughout the country, while the speculators pocket the selling price and thereafter the consumer must pay dividends on capital which never went into the industry.

If parliament takes the trouble to enquire into this merger it is to be hoped the investigation will be full enough and wide enough to show the whole transaction up in its nakedness. So far as the public is concerned it is of little importance whether a set of promoters who set out to corner the production of one of the most widely used articles which enters into building construction, gave to each other a fair division of the swag. It is though of infinite importance that the real truth be known as to the actual amount of real money which went into the merged concern, and the actual amount of stock upon which the public is to pay dividends, the value of which did not go into the business, but into the pockets of the promoters.

Another thing which should not be lost sight of is, what was the manner of financing this merger of so many millions. What bank or banks advanced the money to float it? How many millions of this watered

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stock were handed over to bank directors and their friends to secure the loan ?

No investigation of Sir Sandford Fleming's charges will be complete which does not answer these questions.

The bank director is always back of the promoter in these mergers. Were it not so these schemes would fail for want of money to float them.

Again it must be stated that bank directors are trustees for the depositors and shareholders. Yes, and in a larger sense trustees for the public ; for who can read that Banking Act and come to any other conclusion than that the people and parliament placed the banking business in the hands of these people as a sacred trust. Not only that, but the constant answer of the bankers to every charge has been, "We are honest, you can trust us." They make themselves trustees whose honor or honesty must never be doubted.

What would be said of the trustee of an estate who would accept presents of stock or any other thing to influence his dealings with his trust ? And who would listen to his assertion that he was not influenced if the gift was proven ?

The case is equally good where instead of a gift the bank official takes a business interest in the merger.

The banks withdraw accommodation from legitimate lines and use the money by millions to promote the formation and floatation of these mergers.

The effort is to make the merger so complete as to control the output and the price of the output. Once this is accomplished the people must pay a high enough

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price to make the common stock pay dividends. It is then sold through the exchanges to innocent people all over the country. If an attack be afterwards made upon the combine the public finds that all the titled gentlemen who figured in the merger have slipped out from under and that the ones who would be injured by any remedy to be applied would be a lot of innocent and often helpless people, who bought the stock for real money, although real money never went into the business at all ; but instead went into the pockets of the promoters and bankers.

The cement business, which might be a paying concern when it only had to pay dividends on, say fifteen millions, would be an entirely different proposition when it had to be charged up with dividends on thirty millions, though as a matter of fact it only had the benefit of fifteen millions of actual capital.

Combination of industries is defended on the ground of cheapness of production. It is probably true of a great many industries that they could with profit join and save in cost of management. But that does not carry with it the idea that two industries worth \$50,000 each could in justice pay dividends on half a million when only a hundred thousand dollars went into the concern. Yet that is just what is being done all over the country and that is what the bankers are encouraging. For it is out of that watered stock the controllers of our banks become rich.

In the early days branch banks had their uses. They were in a degree distributors of money. Along with

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them existed a set of private banks. These concerns took longer chances and charged larger interest. A few of them failed and the bankers asked parliament to take away from these private bankers the right to use the word bank. So it was made an offence against the act, punishable by a fine up to \$1,000 or imprisonment up to five years or both, for any one to use the word "bank," "banking company," "banking house, "banking association" or "banking institution" unless authorized by the Bank Act or some other act of parliament.

There never was a time when our friends the bankers have not been ready to get legislation to protect the public from the weakness or dishonesty of other people's methods. But it is not shown by the history of legislation where this readiness to protect the public has ever been put into operation unless it was for the benefit of the chartered banks. It was not vulgar selfishness, of course, which brought the legislation which did away with these private banks. It was pure patriotism, and the fact that it did away with rivals in many small towns and gave new openings for branches of their banks to gather more deposits was only an incident.

Having got rid of the "private banks" they secured additional deposits; but there remained another class of business in banking which the Bank Act would not let them do in the usual way.

If any one tries to remember he will recall that those private bankers charged high rates of interest.

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It was generally 12 per cent. per annum and sometimes 2 per cent. per month.

When the bankers secured an absolute monopoly they consented to a clause in the Act which limits the rate of discount to 7 per cent. per annum. The public thought it was a decided gain to wipe out the private bank and its 12 to 24 per cent, and substitute in its place a branch of a big bank which could only charge 7 per cent. ...

That left a class of business undone, for the public soon found that the branch bank was not there so much to lend money as to borrow it in deposits, and that a large number of borrowers could not get money at all.

Many of these loans, the large majority in fact, are perfectly good.

How did the branch bank manage these?

The borrower, when refused at the bank, would be told that John Jones, down the street, could "fix it." John Jones' office is the branch bank's annex. This is the broker who does business shaving notes. The public has got rid of the private banker and his 24 per cent., and have in his place the broker who discounts at 60 to 100 per cent.

In many places these private bankers do a terrible business. They can use as collateral any paper they bring in. Forged paper is one of the forms of security most valued. Forged paper is always met -It must be met. The bankers must have their suspicions. Yet that thing goes on. It goes on for the enormous discount that is paid.

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The ordinary borrower and business man who deals on the square cannot pay the broker's discounts and the bank wont discount for him, so all that honest, thrifty, useful class in the community go without reaping any benefit from the banking system of the country, while it is wide open for a very undesirable business which finds its way through the broker to the branch bank.

Loan companies in Ontario are financial institutions which are empowered to take deposits up to a certain amount, according to paid-up capital. Banks can take deposits up to any amount without regard to the amount of paid-up or subscribed capital. The smallest bank must have \$250,000 paid-up capital; but it can take deposits of that many millions if it can get them.

A few years ago a few loan companies were "wanted" by a group of speculators in Toronto, who wanted to get the use of their deposits in swinging a couple of stocks. The managers of these companies induced their stockholders to get charters allowing them to trade in stocks instead of in real estate securities as they had done before. It resulted in the failures which might have been expected. And again the branch banks profited by the failure. There can be no question but that a loan company properly conducted on real estate lines does more for the community, in which it gets its deposits, by lending money for the purchase and improvement of real estate in that community than the branch bank which sends these deposits away to the

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head office to be used in the way in which the funds in the banks are being used.

According to the December statement, the Bank of Montreal had a paid-up capital of \$14,400,000. It had deposits of \$175,745,989, or more than twelve times its paid-up capital. We had, according to that statement, twenty-eight banks with a total paid up capital of \$99,676,093, and their total deposits were \$895,706,276. This enormous sum of money is passed by a trusting, confiding public over into the hands of the gentlemen who control the banks, and for the most part it is used against the best interests of the people for whom it is held.

That is not all ; the enormous sum of \$280,910,695 is deposited on demand, which practically means without interest.

Then the bankers issue the currency, except ones, twos and fours. This amounts to the full amount of the unimpaired capital of the banks, and is about \$100,000,000. This they issue for the cost of printing. They are notes which bear no interest, but the banks charge interest when they pay them out for a note discounted. Any of these notes which are destroyed of course are not redeemed, and the bank is so much ahead.

To secure this circulation there is a fund amounting to 5 per cent. of the average circulation deposited with the government, upon which the government pays 3 per cent. interest, or the same interest as the bank pays depositors. So that it costs the bank nothing and it does not protect the public in any real way.

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It will be seen that parliament dealt liberally with the trustees (the bank), even if the banks had honesty tried to perform the work parliament intended.

With the right to issue one hundred millions of currency for nothing and lend it to the public at interest ; with the right to take near three hundred millions of deposits without interest and lend at interest ; with the right to take near seven hundred millions more at the nominal rate of 3 per cent., and lend it at 7 per cent ; with the exclusive right to do all of the banking in all of its phases ; with the power to pay all of its managers any reasonable sum for their services, and the business guaranteed to them out of which such salaries shall be paid, it is only reasonable and fair that the public get from the gentlemen a faithful discharge of that trust. That faithful discharge cannot be had from the bankers by the system which now prevails, and will never be discharged by any set of men unless :

(1) A system of independent government inspection is inaugurated.

(2) Directors are prohibited from borrowing either for themselves or any company with which such directors are interested.

(3) Loans are limited to a small percentage of the paid up capital of the bank to any one corporation or individual.

A PIONEER JOURNEY

From "Pioneer Days of the County of Bruce" by David Kennedy



WE selected a large pine some distance from the bridge and in a thick swamp covered several feet deep with water and snow slush, making it very difficult, and hard to reach. But for all that we got at it and had the tree skilfully cut down upon supports high enough to enable the sawyers to do their work more perfectly, and it did not take a very long time for us to get all the material cut and ready for the making of the scow.

But the next, the greatest difficulty of all, was to get this lumber to where it could be made up, and then conveniently launched into the river. The planks were green and heavy, they were more than thirty feet in length, two inches thick and eighteen inches wide.

You may imagine that it was no small job to carry these heavy, long timbers such a distance, and through such a thicket, covered with slush and water. However, by persistent toil and constant perseverance, it was accomplished in time and without accident, and in a short time the scow was set up and completed, after causing us to make several trips to Durham for nails and other needed supplies. And to add to our trials and disappointments, by the time we got our scow completed the river, from the effects of heavy rains and melting snow, had risen to such a height that we found ourselves shut in upon a small piece of high land at

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the end of the bridge, where our stuff was placed, and we were surrounded by water from three to five feet deep, so that our condition was anything but an enviable one, and still worse than all, we were informed that the water was so high that we could not pass under the bridge at Walkerton, although it had been built twenty feet above low water, so you may imagine how greatly swollen the river had become.

And I can assure you that we had all become heartily sick and tired of this place and its surroundings. We had no shelter from wet or cold, day or night, nothing but a continuance of wet clothes and wet feet all the time for over two weeks. That we were compelled to remain in this miserable, comfortless abode, where we were exposed to the inclemency of the weather at this changeable season of the year, and when I tell you that we had neither bed, table nor chair, cup, saucer nor plate, knife nor fork, and we never had our clothes off during all this time, and for several weeks afterwards, you will not be surprised when I tell you that we often wished that we had never left our homes of comfort and plenty to endure such inexpressible hardships. Our food consisted of fried pork, boiled potatoes, scones made from flour, mixed with cold water, and a little saleratus and salt, baked in a frying pan over coals, and sometimes a drink of hemlock tea, and we always had to use our jackknives to cut our pork with and a scone for a plate, so I can assure you that in a few weeks we did not look a very spicy looking crowd, but quite the opposite. Nevertheless

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our numbers continued to increase. There were many from all parts coming in looking for land, and stopping at Durham on their way up, heard of our making a scow, and they were advised to come down to us and try if we would not take them down the river with us on our scow. We had five in our own company, and were joined by three, Messrs. Martindale from New Brunswick, a father and two sons, and there were also two brothers, John and Jake Atkinson, from somewhere near Toronto, and a Mr. Boyle and another whose name I have forgotten. Altogether there were twelve of us awaiting the lowering of the waters in the river. Some of these parties had gone back to Durham and some went down to Mr. Walker's, all to be in readiness to start so soon as the water got low enough to allow of us passing under the bridge at Walkerton, which we hoped we would be able to accomplish in a few days time.

And upon the first Monday we got our scow loaded up and ready to start upon the Tuesday morning. Leaving this comfortless and inhospitable place early in the morning, we started down the roaring river, and we had not gone very far when it commenced to rain, and we soon got well soaked. However, we were becoming well accustomed to such things and did not mind it much, so anxious were we to proceed forward on our journey, and before starting we had set up the cook-stove in the scow and put a length or two of pipe on and made our fire in imitation of a steamboat, and we had rowlocks and paddles for oars, be-

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sides a long sweep behind to steer the scow. This sweep or helm was twelve feet long, and had great power in the steering of the scow, and we were greatly assisted by the Messrs. Martindale, who were accustomed to river navigation where they came from, in the lower province, so, while passing down the crooked and swift flowing river, about noon we saw the first little clearing, and having brought with us a long tin dinner horn or trumpet, we commenced blowing in imitation of a steamboat whistle, When Mr. Jōseph Walker, the founder of the now pretty town of Walkerton, and the other male inhabitants of the place, came running to the water's edge, cheering and waving their hats in the air, and so great was the tumult and noise of cheering and blowing the horn that those pulling at the oars did not hear the instructions given by the man at the helm to pull hard on their oars, but thought that he wanted them to desist rowing, and the scow at that time was headed in for the shore. The swift current soon got a side sweep upon her and sent her round about at great speed, just missing one of the piers of the bridge by a few inches. We had a very narrow escape from utter destruction, for if we had struck the pier our scow and all upon her would have suddenly been dashed to pieces and lost, the current was so very swift and the water so deep that escape would have been almost impossible, and those on shore who saw the occurrence became pale with fear, and we all got a great fright. But fortunately we all escaped being swept off by the sudden sweep, and after re-

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ceiving on board the remaining passengers and getting a small supply of potatoes and flour we were soon again on our rapid course down the river. But we had not passed far from under the bridge when we again were nearly having another narrow escape. So high was the water and swift the current at that time, and as there was a small island near the bridge, and upon it there was a large bent cedar tree, leaning over the deep water only a few feet from the surface, and under this tree the swift current seemed to draw us, so that it required all our skill and efforts to be put forth to prevent ourselves and everything upon the scow being completely swept off into the water. It was another hairbreadth escape.

The weather by this time had changed from the warm, wet morning, for it had cleared up now, and had become cold and windy, which caused our wet garments to make us feel rather uncomfortable, and we suffered more or less from the cold. But we continued to proceed down the river without meeting any serious mishaps, and towards evening we ran our scow in to the shore and tied her up fast to a tree for the night.

And then looking for the best place to spend the night, we took shelter under a large tree. We soon made a fire and prepared wood for the night and some hemlock branches to lay down upon, and as I was appointed to be chief cook and butler for the time being I had a very busy time in preparing food for so many. I had three frying pans in use, some frying pork and

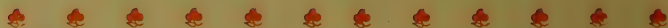
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two baking scones, which I had made by filling a large pan with flour and then putting in a little salt and a small quantity of saleratus, and after this mixing with cold water until it became a stiff dough, and then pressing it into a frying pan, and if the pan had lately been used for frying pork that made the scone taste all the better. But whether they tasted good or not they were in great demand, and it seems astonishing the quantity it required to supply the wants of a dozen very hungry men, and I could not provide the victuals fast enough to keep them all engaged at one time in eating, and it took a long time before all were satisfied.

So, after the appetites of all had been satisfied with eating, the next important business with the majority of those present was to fill their pipes, when smoking became the order of the evening, and afterwards the telling of anecdotes and stories occupied the greater part of the time. I would say just here that although many of our company were almost entire strangers to each other, yet our intercourse and treatment of each other was of the kindest and most considerate nature. Perhaps our fellowship in suffering may have had something to do in the matter, and we were brought to feel our greater dependence upon each other. Such has generally been the case in newly-settled communities. To return to our story, as the evening passed on, drowsiness took possession of the speakers, when wearied nature had to give in, and sleep gained the ascendancy and silence prevailed. Yet the fire required fre-

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quent attention, owing to the night being so cold and windy, and some little time before daylight we had a thick fall of snow, which soon covered the unprotected sleepers to some depth, but the sleepers continued to enjoy their peaceful repose, seemingly quite unconscious of their unpleasant condition. But such are some of the varieties of life, and I felt tempted to say, great is the power of endurance. Then I got up and made a good fire and prepared a good pot of potatoes, to be ready for breakfast, and I got some hemlock to make hot tea, baked more cakes or scones, and fried pork. So I soon had breakfast ready, and we all took a good drink of hemlock tea, as it was considered a good preventative of colds, and we no doubt stood in need of something of that kind, after such severe exposure.



ANYWHERE

Continued from March-April Number.

The Second Installment of the Editor's New Serial Story.

CHAPTER III.

Sloan had attended to his morning mail and was settling down to routine work when the door of the outer office was opened and a cheerful voice boomed resonantly.

"Good mor-r-ning, Miss Johnson! How are you this morning? But I needn't ask. You are looking so

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extraordinarily well and so perfectly charming. What marvellous weather we are having for this time of the year. Is Mr. Sloan in? Then may I trouble you to hand him my card?"

"Never mind the card, Jimmie! Come right in!" Sloan called from his private office. Superlative Jimmie Winthrop accepted the invitation and bustled in. He was a little round man with a round body, a round face and big round eyes that were always wide-open with surprise. His friends called him Superlative Jimmie because he habitually used his adjectives in the superlative degree. All his geese were swans and every piece of business he transacted was the most wonderful that ever demanded the attention of the human mind. His voice was always vibrant with excitement and his ordinary conversation bristled with exclamation points.

"Well, Jimmie, How are you this morning?"

"Splendid! Splendid! But I needn't ask you how you are, you are looking so amazingly fit! Hard work seems to agree with you better than with any man in the city. And I hear that you are getting a magnificent practise." As he said this the little round man took a seat opposite to Sloan and beamed on him with unsmiling admiration.

"O, I am doing pretty well," said Sloan with a nervous laugh. "How are you finding business?"

"Never better. Every day has its own problem and I am occupied all the time. Modern life is becoming so complex that we lawyers have a continual intellectual feast making the necessary adjustments."

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sion, for in spite of his peculiarities Superlative Jimmie was one of the best lawyers in the city and he knew that his morning call had some business significance. But he knew from experience that it would be useless to hurry his visitor. It was absolutely necessary for him to pay a few extravagant compliments and blow off a certain amount of enthusiasm before he could get down to facts.

"Really, Sloan, I think you have the most charming office in the city. The view of the bay from where I am sitting here is a never changing panorama of delight."

"It's not bad," grunted Sloan, uneasily.

"Not bad! Why it is a continual esthetic feast! By the way, where is Doddridge this morning? Brilliant fellow that Doddridge."

"I wish I knew?"

"How's that?" and the round eyes became rounder and wider. "You don't know where he is?"

"I do not. If you had looked at the sign on the door you would have noticed that we are no longer partners."

"How perfectly astounding!"

"O, I don't know. He just made up his mind that he wanted to go away and he went. That's all I know about it."

"How incredible!" The little man fidgetted with curiosity and excitement.

"There was no quarrel or disagreement of any kind. We parted the best of friends. Phil just came

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into the office one morning and said he was going away and wanted to pull out of the business. I tried to argue him out of it but it was no use. He went away and I haven't seen nor heard from him since."

"How romantic. And I have heard nothing about it!"

"Well, I didn't say anything about it because I didn't know what to say. You know he always was a peculiar fellow."

"So original! He always had his own point of view about everything. He was the most stimulating man intellectually that I ever knew."

"I think it is just as well not to say anything about it. He will probably turn up ready for business again as soon as he tires of the whim that took him away."

"Quite so. I agree with you entirely! Marvellous fellow, Doddridge! He will make his mark yet, even though he is erratic."

Sloan made no reply to this outburst and after a brief silence his visitor got down to business.

"I have come to see you about the most interesting matter that has ever come under my notice. I thought that perhaps it would be best for us to talk it over together before any action was taken."

"Well!"

"Marcia Barrett is your ward, is she not?"

"Yes."

"A very remarkable situation, so young a man to be guardian of so bewilderingly beautiful a young lady."

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"I am not exactly her guardian. Her father was a good friend to me when I was working my way through college and he wanted to help me along by making me the executor of his will."

"Quite so ! A very unusual responsibility to place on the shoulders of a young man. Ahem !"

"What is the trouble ?"

"Miss Barrett has consulted me about a phase of your handling of her estate and——"

"The devil, she has What—does she think I have done wrong ?"

"I wouldn't exactly say that she thinks you have done wrong, but she thinks she is in a position to do a public service by opposing you in one of your plans. Remarkably unselfish and high spirited girl !"

Sloan glared at him and waited.

"As I understand it, her father's estate consists almost entirely of the heavy chemical business which he conducted and which is still going on under his name."

"Yes !"

"This concern imports dye-stuffs and such things as are used in the textile trade."

"Well !"

"We understand that there is a movement afoot to form a merger of all the leading concerns in the textile trade—in fact, we understand that you are the moving spirit of the scheme. Now this merger will naturally have its own purchasing department and will do its own importing and in that way my client's business

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will be rendered superfluous. There will be no customers for the goods of Barrett and Company."

"But I have offered to take care of her, to see that she gets a block of the merger stock that will be much more valuable than her little business."

"She told me as much, but that is not the point. She regards mergers as entirely iniquitous—remarkably acute mind—and thinks she will be performing a public service by stopping the formation of this one."

"She can't stop it! It is inevitable. The whole tendency of modern business is towards larger organizations, and this one must come."

"I quite agree with you that such organizations seem inevitable, but this case is peculiar and very interesting. As you happen to have charge of her estate anything that you do to imperil the value of her property will be a breach of trust, a rather serious offence. As you have already admitted the merger will put her concern out of business. We are therefore of the opinion that owing to your relationship to the merger we can prevent its formation for the time being."

"But that is sheer idiocy! Marcia can't stand in the way of progress like that. It will mean that she will lose everything."

"Not everything. Her uncle left her a competence of which I have charge. That is how she happened to consult me. Even if we should lose in this contention she will still be well provided for, and even if she were not her sense of public duty is so strong that I think she would still put every obstacle in your way."

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"But can't you make her see the uselessness of her stand? She wouldn't listen to me, but I thought she would come round to it when she had time to think it over."

"I am afraid not. When her mind is made up it is very hard to move her. Marcia is a very remarkable girl."

"Where is she now?"

"She is living on the farm that her uncle left to her. I understand that she is farming it herself."

"Couldn't we get her to come up to town and talk things over? She must see reason in the matter."

"I am afraid it would do no good. Her orders to me are very absolute. Unless you recede from your position I am to ask for an injunction. I thought it would be an act of friendship to warn you before you have gone too far. You understand, of course, that my position in the matter is purely professional."

"But you must see how perfectly absurd her position is."

"Of course, it does seem rather absurd for her to put herself in opposition to a tendency of the times, but I must say I think she has taken a very strong stand. A wonderful girl! You can't help but admire her. In spite of everything, don't you really admire her?"

O, hell, yes! Of course I admire her, but she must get this nonsense out of her head. If she will not come up to town I must go down and see her and try to

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talk her over. This is a place where I miss Phil Doddridge. He could talk her around if anyone could."

"He is wonderfully persuasive, but I am amazed at what you told me. Vanished, passed out! This world is full of surprises."

"What is her address?"

"Blairsville."

"Very good. I shall take the matter up with her at once."

"Perhaps that would be as well, though I am afraid you will find her very firm. Possibly you may be able to think of some other arrangement."

"I don't know what I can think of. I am sure of one thing, however. The Textile Merger is going through in spite of her. If she loses by it the fault will be her own. I have done all I could to protect her interests."

"Except in promoting the merger. But we will not argue the matter. It would do no good. Really it is a very extraordinary case. Very extraordinary!"

Having performed his mission Superlative Jimmie left Sloan to his troubles and passed out through the office scattering cheering adjectives as he went.

"You should go out to the golf links for a while in this weather," he called to Sloan when he had reached the outer door. "Nothing like the open air and gentle exercise when one has a difficult point to think out. Good morning, Miss Johnson!"

If anyone else had said this Sloan would have felt that he was being laughed at, but Superlative Jimmie

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never laughed at anyone. Life was too earnest and amazingly interesting for him to joke about anything. And he had never had a more interesting case in his life. As he waddled down the street he muttered to himself such gratifying words as "Extraordinary ! Amazing ! Incredible !" and others of equal weight.

Sloan was completely non-plussed by the turn affairs had taken, and for the first time since Doddridge had disappeared he really longed for his return. Here was a case for his nimble brain. But there was no use bothering about that. Doddridge was gone and he must attend to the matter himself. He tried to take up other business, but it was no use. He could think of nothing but the obstacle that the stubborn Marcia had thrown in his way.

At last he took up his desk telephone and asked Miss Johnson to get Issacher Towne on the telephone. Presently the bell rang and he found Mr. Towne on the wire.

"A little matter has come up about the Textile Merger that I should like to talk to you about. No, nothing serious, but I should like your opinion before going ahead. At two-thirty? All right. I'll be at your office at two-thirty. Good-bye."

After he put the receiver on the hook he muttered :

"I guess old Issacher has been up against tougher problems than this. I wish I could have got along without him, but if I can't I can't."

Then he called in Miss Johnson and proceeded to dictate a letter to Marcia.

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CHAPTER IV.

The story of how Marcia got the roots and bulbs must be passed over lightly. This is unfortunate, for it would have contained a complete history of a neighborhood in Ontario from the arrival of the first settlers to the present time, with many shrewd speculations about the future. However prim Jane might be when visiting, in her own home she felt that it was her duty as hostess to talk. Never before had she enjoyed the privilege of pouring a lifetime's store of local information into the ears of one who could not dispute her statements or try to set her right on important points. All Marcia could do was to listen, and she was not long in finding that a country garden, though neglected and running to sod, can have more history connected with it than could be found in the public archives by days of study. Though it is impossible to give all this information—it would require a book rather than a chapter—a sample may not be out of place.

“You will have a piece of this Sweet William, won't you? My mother got it from Mrs. Whalen, who used to live where the Harrigans do now. She said it was there when they bought the place after old man Hare died. The Hares must have planted it, though if all they said about Hare was true, I can't see how Mrs. Hare ever had the heart to plant flowers. They say there was no doubt at all that Hare was the man who turned king's evidence and saved his neck by confessing about the Burke and Hare murders in Edinboro about a hundred years ago. They say that his deathbed was

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awful. You never heard about the Burke and Hare murders I guess, but everyone around here knows about them. When John Gillies was sailing he picked up a little book in Montreal that told all about them."

Then Jane went on to recite the pamphlet in detail in spite of Marcia's gentle attempts to lead the conversation into less sensational channels. The portulacca moss yielded the history of the Harrigans from whom the first seed had been secured; the Tiger lilies laid bare the family skeleton of the Gillies family; the rose-bush had entwined with it the not uneventful history of the Gillespies who had long since moved to the West to live down the past and make their fortunes. Thus one by one the treasures of the garden recalled the intimate histories of many people who had been "lost in the world's debate." In country gossip at least, the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generation. And all the while Jane was rushing into the house and out, keeping track of the supper and entertaining her guest. But there was no maliciousness in her babble, and in spite of herself Marcia found much in which to be interested. The homely humor with which many of the stories were spiced often provoked a ripple of laughter and then Jane would go on with renewed energy, her angular face glowing with excitement and exertion. On her trips to the kitchen she would raise her voice as she departed and lower it as she returned so that there might be no interruption to her flow of talk. But everything must end in time. At last the ham was

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boiled and the potatoes were cooked and standing beside the kitchen door Jane blew an echo-arousing blast on the long tin horn to call the men to supper.

"They'll be hungry," said Jane. "Somehow men seem to be hungrier for their suppers than for their dinner when they are working in the fields, and I always make them a heavy meal. Now if you come into the house you will find water and towels in the spare bedroom to fix up after working in the ground. The clay will be hard on your hands when you are not used to it."

Marcia allowed herself to be led into the stuffy little room that no one occupied oftener than once or twice a year and refreshed herself with the cold water and spotless towels. While she was occupied in this way the men were washing in the tin wash-basin on the block by the kitchen door. Then they combed their hair at the little looking-glass in the kitchen. As Jane bustled about the supper she left Marcia in peace and talked to Dan in shrill whispers. At last Marcia stepped out into the room that was at once the dining-room and kitchen and at that moment Dan, feeling that his hair was sufficiently slicked, entered from the kitchen. After they had shaken hands he turned to introduce his hired man.

"Miss Barrett, this is Phil Dodd, who is working for us this summer."

Phil was taken completely by surprise. He knew that they were to have company but did not suspect for a moment whom the guest might be. He blushed till

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the color showed through his sun-burn, his tongue seemed to shrivel up and no countryman ever looked more bashful and awkward. He had sense enough left to take the hand that was extended to him and mumble something, but he was suddenly grateful when he heard Jane saying :

"You will sit here tonight, Phil."

He took the offered chair and by the time he had the courage to look up Marcia was seated opposite to him. A glance convinced him that his overalls, sun-burn and peeling nose made a perfect disguise, even if there was any liklihood of her remembering him after the encounter at the ticket office in Toronto. She met his look with a frank smile that put him at ease.

"How is the spring work coming on ?" Dan asked as he passed her a liberal helping of boiled ham and potatoes. Jane immediately began to press her to take mustard pickles, home-made tomato catsup and bread and butter.

"Very well, I think," Marcia replied as well as she could while being so burdened by hospitality. "Parker is plowing the west field for corn. I have decided to put in only corn this year as I was so late getting started."

"Perhaps that is as well."

"It took us quite a while to prune and spray the orchard as the work was of a kind Parker had never done before and that delayed us."

"How do you find your Englishman ?"

"He is a good worker, though sometimes I think he

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is rather slow. And I don't think he enjoys taking orders from a woman, especially from one who gets her information from the bulletins of the agricultural department."

"Kind of set in his ways, eh?"

"Yes, but I don't blame him very much. He worked on a farm all his life before coming here and he has his own way about doing things."

"And that way isn't our way. I think you would have done better if you had got someone like Phil here to help you. He is so willing that he nearly kills me. He is almost as bad as the hired man my uncle John had."

"How about him?" Phil asked, scenting a story. He had already found that Dan was a story teller who would have made a hit in any city club. His entry into the conversation led Marcia to note with some wonder that he had the cultivated voice of a public speaker. Then, for the first time, she noticed that his hands were soft, though scarred from recent work and that his face was burned and not tanned. To add to the mystery, there seemed to be something about him that she dimly recognized. But Dan's response to his hired man's question came so quickly that she had no time to think of the points she had noted at a glance.

[To be continued in the July Number]

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I TOLD AS NEW PUZZLING

"Can't you get an automobile, father?" asked the charming girl.

"I am afraid not," said the father sadly.

"But the Winchesters have one."

Yes, my dear, but they are rich and can afford it."

"And the Kerreallys have one."

Yes, but they are poor and don't care whether they get rich or not, so they can afford it."

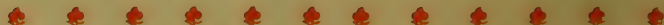
"Oh!" said the charming girl as she went to the hammock to think over the disadvantages of belonging to the middle class.



MAKING PROGRESS

"Have you managed to get your garden fence chicken proof?"

"Not quite," replied the gentleman farmer, "but I have got it so that if a hen gets in she can't get out."



To grant an ordinary man equality is to make him your superior.

One of the blessings of being a humorist is that all your mistakes pass off as jokes.

THE VOTER

Behold the honest voter.

Intelligent he stands.

With wrinkles on his forehead

And hard and horny hands.

Now mark him as he listens

To what the leaders say :

"The tariff is a problem—

"Huroo, huroo, hurray !"

"Our villainous opponents—"

"Yah, yah, yah, yah, wow wow !"

"They try to press (Voice "Dama them !")

"Of thorns upon your brow.

"Now mark our course" (loud cheering)

"To flag and country tru !

"And mandates of the peepul !"

"Whirroo, whirroo, whirroo !"

"And now friends in conclusion—"

(Loud cheering much prolonged)

"No dinner pails are empty.

Each market-place is thronged!"

And after the election

When we are placed in power—

(They start to march with banners

And cheer for half an hour.)

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Even thus the honest voter,
With patriot zeal bestows
His vote upon the party
That leads him by the nose.
Intelligent ? yes, very,
But when he gets more wise,
He holds his vote more precious
And sells to him who buys.

—Peter McArthur.



¶ The Prodigal Hired Man

A Parable by Malcolm Macdonald

“And behold there was not a man to till the ground.”—Genesis.

Farmer Eusilage Corntassel Fuzzletop was a farmer.

A farmer—mark that. Not an agriculturist. Culture of any kind was a species of idleness woefully beneath his contempt. He fancied there was no money in it and whatsoever was not of money was sin to Farmer Fuzzletop, “ ’Taint agriculture,” he said. “It’s farmun’. Yeh can’t farm with no books, b’gosh, ye can’t.”

He had a sore back and a chrone grouch and a hundred acres of rich clay loam on the 14th Concession of the township of Squedunk. His hands were hard with labor and his brain was soft with resting, but he made money for the acres were rich in humus, and contained

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various brands of plant food and yielded many pumpkins and much corn, and Farmer Fuzzletop hired Algeron Jacob Squinkerjink, that he might increase his acreage of pumpkins and grow more corn, and feed more cattle, that his cheese checks might be large and rich in butter fat.

And Mr. Squinkerjink served him many moons—rising up early and serving him—and Farmer Fuzzletop waxed prosperous, for the hogs thrive exceedingly and proportioned their fat and lean with due respect to the English market. And the cows no longer went about with humble mien, but had the impudent air of good condition and Farmer Fuzzletop acknowledged that much of his success was due to Mr. Squinkerjink, for he was a “good man” and could plow straight and milk cows and dig pumpkins, second to none.

And it came to pass one summer that the rain fell not for the space of six weeks, and the corn panted in the hot sunshine and folded its leaves to check evaporation, and the pumpkins became as the conscience of a meat trust and the checks deficient in fat and when Farmer Fuzzletop marshalled his host in the autumn days—lo, there was but a paltry \$500.

And Farmer Fuzzletop counted his \$500 and mourned over it, and the leanness of his wad produced leanness of soul for his soul was in his wad; and he cut down his household expenses and ate scraps and achieved catarrh. And he remembered not the day of Thanksgiving, but sold his Thanksgiving turkey and bought medicine for his catarrh.

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And he communed with Mr. Squinkerjink in the milk house and he said, "Behold times is goldarned hard—by goll." And he abandoned the drain through the low places and laid off Mr. Squinkerjink for he wot not what must he do that his Five hundred might be saved.

And the face of Mr. Squinkerjink was like unto the map of South America and he bit three hairs off his mustache and spat on the milkhouse floor, for he was exceedingly sore and his heart was full of protest, and cursing and bitterness. But Farmer Fuzzletop was firm and his face bore the expression of Gibraltar and he straightway hitched up his sorrel and put the five hundred in the mouth of his sack and tucked the robe around his leanness and said "G'lang dang yeh."

And there was mourning in the house of Squinkerjink. for to go forth unto the stranger is loneliness and the bitterness thereof an unmixed evil—consuming much tobacco.

Now the bank patronized by Farmer Fuzzletop was the Bank of the Big Mogul of Bagodad. It was a mighty money grocery, dignified, reserved, imposing, with the air of a Bastile. There was a head office in New Bagdad and branches to the four winds. It was good for the country that way the Grand Lama told Mr. Fuzzletop. "Money can be rushed where it is needed," he said, and Mr. Fuzzletop had a life-size impression, framed in gilt and splattered with gold leaf, that the Bank of the Big Mogul of New Bagdad was a philanthropic institution existing solely for his benefit. Fuzzletop's cows had a cheap wood cut of the same impression concerning Fuz-

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zletop—a blissful illusion promoting digestion and swelling the milk supply and the exports.

An enterprising bank, too, for the Lamas went right after business like a full-grown department store minus the bargain counter. They advertised in the papers, humbly offering to accept as little as one dollar on deposit and to pay it an annual salary of three cents, so the depositor could withdraw it when feeble and live comfortably during his declining years. Thus did they in true philanthropic spirit, although the volume and nature of the business secured necessitated the pruning of the salaries of subordinate petty lamas mandarins to bare living expenses.

Now the Grand Lama of the Bank of the Big Mogul of New Bagdad had a nephew, who lived on the bank of the River Bagolio in Southern Krapshootio, where flourished the lemon and the orange and the banana. And the nephew lifted up his eyes and looked forth over the country and beheld thousands of apertacs of land whereon grew nothing but the cactical and the prattergrass, for it was too dry. So he subscribed like a true modern knight to the funds of his party and secured a charter, and organized the Bagolian Irrigation Co and hired many men and dug a great ditch through the cactical and prattergrass, and took dynamite and lyddite and all manner of explosives and blew up great masses of rock toward the way of the river Bagolio, that the waters might pass over and percolate. And the nephew applied for a loan to his uncle, the Grand Lama ; or rather the Bagolian Irrigation Co. applied for a loan to the Bank of the Big Mogul, for so it is written in the

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chronicles of the Grand Lamas. And Farmer Fuzzletop's five hundred together with many five hundreds of many other fuzzletops went scooting to Bagolio to rejoice the heart of the Bagolian Irrigation Co. and cause the Bagolian desert to bloom with orange blossoms.

Mr. Squinkerjink wore out the concession lines of Squedunk for two weeks, hoping some one would borrow Farmer Fuzzletop's \$500 and start something that would give him a job, for he yearned mightily for jobs. But the five hundred had flown to New Bagdad. He felt in a vague subconscious way that the current should be flowing the other way to make good the claim of the Grand Lama, but the thought did not occur to Farmer Fuzzletop. Farmer Fuzzletop was busy with the chores.

Then Mr. Squinkerjink grew morose and sat in the kitchen for sundry days poking the kitchen stove, with a clouded brow. And he yawned with a loud voice and scolded the little Squinkerjinks and railed upon Mrs. Squinkerjink and made mention of things in general with blasphemous language. Finally he concluded that it was many different and profane kinds of country.

Now Mr. Squinkerjink had a cousin in Krapshootio and the cousin sent letters unto Mr. Squinkerjink and said:—"Behold everything here is very prosperous, for the Irrigation Co. buildeth huge pump houses, and diggeth a mighty ditch, and there is much money; and the demand for labor increaseth. Go to—sweet cousin, pack up your goods and your cattle—and MIGRATE."

So Mr. Squinkerjink paid his rent and collected his things and bade good-bye to Farmer Fuzzletop and

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Farmer Fuzzletop bade good-bye to Mr. Squinkerjink and his countenance was sad for Mr. Squinkerjink was a good man and could make cows lay and plow straight and dig hay and mow pumpkins second to none.

And the Grand Lama sat in his stronghold in New Bagdad and knew not of the sorrow in Squedunk.

The spring time came and the sun shone on the farm of Farmer Fuzzletop as it shone on the orange groves of Bagolio. And Farmer Fuzzletop's fields came out from under the sun and sang a pretty song to Farmer Fuzzletop ; and they said "come and till me and sow me with oats and with peas, and plant me with corn and buckwheat and pumpkins, for I am flowing with plant food and yearning to produce abundantly, and fill your barns, and your silos, and your cellars, and make you rich. Thus they sang for it was spring time when the birds sing with love, and the fields mate with labor that food might be brought (or born) forth in due season for the filling of the hungry. And Farmer Fuzzletop took a shingle and shaped it after the manner of a bill-board and he wrote thereon "Man Wanted," and he tacked it up on the front gate in the sight of men. But no man came who wanted to be wanted. So he took fifty cents from his wad and hied himself forth to the editor of the local newspaper and prevailed upon him with fifty cents to print in his paper "Man Wanted," and to scatter it broadcast unto the ends of the county : But there was no man. And it came to pass at the end of the third week that one came from Bagolio announcing that he bought horses for the Bagolion Irrigation Co.

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And Farmer Fuzzletop sold his extra team, and went and lay hold upon the shingle and pulverized it. Then he spake unto Mrs. Fuzzletop and said: "Gol darn an' dog-on sich a dog-on goldarned country. Yeh can't git nobuddy teh work fer yeh ner nuthin nohow."

And the fields sang and sang, for it was spring time, and they were good fields and well fertilized. And Syamkerjunk plowed with Billy and Nance in Bagolio to the delight of the Bagolian Irrigation Co., and destruction of the Cactical and the prattergrass.

Behold, is it not written in the book of Doughnutes: "Forasmuch as where the carrion is there do the crows gather together, so likewise where the dollars (or dough rises) congregate there shall the hired man be."?



The sinner gets many pleasant pickings that never fall in the way of the righteous.

It is wonderful what a personal interest the average man takes in discussions as to what constitutes genius.

Every clear statement of truth is a blasphemy

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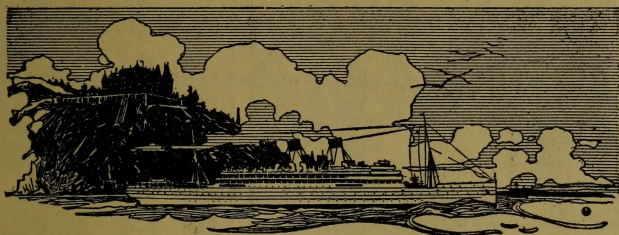
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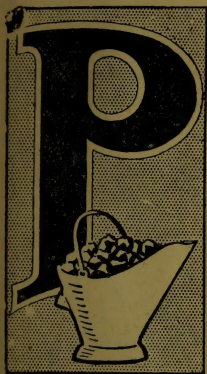
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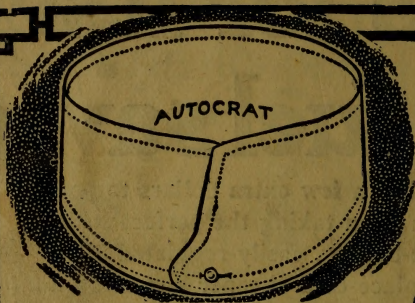
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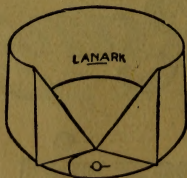
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